Pres. C. W. Eliot
Cambridge

THE FRA

For Philistines and Roycrofters



October 1915

Elbert H. Gary
Michael Monahan
Julia Ditto Young
Louis Schneider
Byron's Letter
Wanted-A Man

ELBERT HUBBARD
Publisher East Aurora N.Y.

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I TRY to fix my thought on the good that is in every soul, and make my appeal to that. And the plan is a wise one, judged by results. It secures for you loyal helpers, worthy friends, gets the work done, aids digestion and tends to sleep o' nights. I do not believe in governing by force, or threat, or any other form of coercion. I would not arouse in the heart of any of God's creatures a thought of fear, or discord, or hate, or revenge. I will influence men, if I can, but only by aiding them.

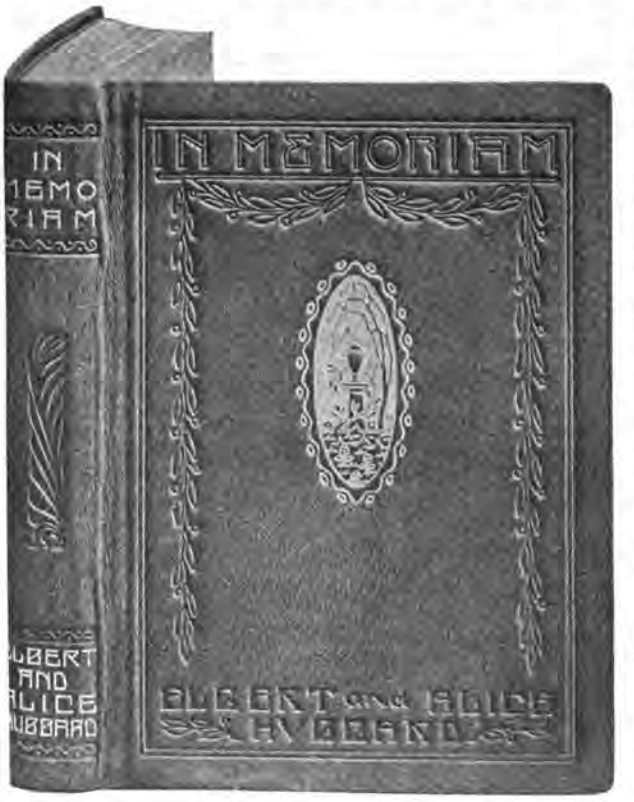
—*Elbert Hubbard.*

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Being a book of testimony to the character and influence of Elbert Hubbard and his gracious helpmeet

In Memoriam is the most unique publication of its character ever printed. It is a collection of letters and excerpts coming from all nations, creeds and professions — a spontaneous tribute of regard, respect and admiration for two great souls.

Elbert Hubbard belonged to the tribe of Ben Adhem — he loved his fellowmen. And **In Memoriam** is full of quaint and curious experiences, little intimacies and interesting confidences of men and women with whom he had clasped hands and exchanged greetings, or influenced with the magic of his written word.

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THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

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Nut-Picks, German-Silver Tipped, 25 cents each, six	1.50
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SMALL FRUIT-TRAY
Diameter of tray, 8 inches
Price, $1.25

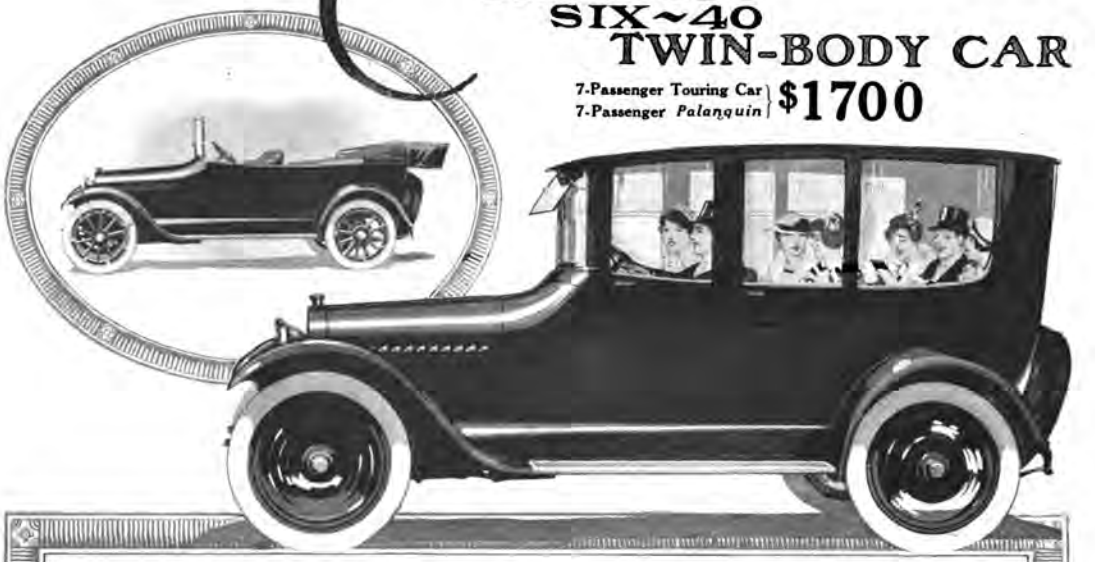
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THE FRA

Chalmers
SIX-40
TWIN-BODY CAR

7-Passenger Touring Car } $1700
7-Passenger *Palanquin* }



Touring and *Palanquin* Car Both for $1700

Here is the motor car investment good for every day in the year. It combines a luxurious, artistic, aristocratic closed body with the Chalmers Six-40 seven-passenger touring car body.

The combination furnishes, at the price of one motor car, all the service, style and comfort which have heretofore been made possible only by the purchase of both touring car and limousine at a cost that ran into the thousands.

This closed body is so distinctive, so much finer than anything else of its kind, that we have given it a new and characteristic name—*Palanquin* (pal-an-keen).

AS the reader knows, the *Palanquin* was the last word in a luxurious closed equipage used by Oriental nobility before they adopted motor cars like the rest of the world. We have adapted the luxury of the *Palanquin* to motor car service.

Twin Bodies Designed Together

The *Palanquin* equipment is built *with* the Six-40 seven-passenger touring body. It fits it exactly. It is not patched on. When installed it is built right into the car.

The *Palanquin* can be quickly put on or taken off in your own garage without the expense of a shop expert. The change is simple and easy.

When not in use it can be readily taken apart and placed in a small corner of your garage.

Notable Artistry of Design

The beauty of the Six-40 fenders, the lustre of its coach finish, the distinction of its high and narrow radiator, the appeal of its sweeping, graceful lines, create, in combination with the dignity of the *Palanquin* body, an external charm that is not surpassed by equipment at twice the cost.

The wide windows are of heavy plate glass, curtained with substantial silk, and four of them may be opened if desired. Simply pressing a convenient switch, lights the whole interior so a newspaper may be easily read.

Plenty of Room

The interior is arranged to give seven adult passengers plenty of room even when heavy wraps or coats are worn or carried.

The doors are unusually wide and swing out of the way, permitting easy entrance and exit without soiling the apparel. Both front seats are enclosed and the owner may drive with perfect comfort.

Wonderful Prices

Prices of Touring car and Palanquin Combination:

Touring car only	*$1350*
Touring car complete with extra Palanquin equipment	*1700*
Palanquin equipment only (ready to be quickly fitted to any Chalmers Six-40 seven-passenger touring body) . .	*350*

The dealer can also show you our other closed cars—3-passenger Victoria Cabriolet, at $1450, and Limousine at $3350.

Chalmers Motor Company **Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.**

Quality First

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Lord & Taylor

announce

THE ROYCROFT SHOP

LOVERS of things quaint, artistic and beautiful will be interested in learning that the fine old firm of LORD & TAYLOR has been appointed *sole distributors of ROYCROFT HANDICRAFTS in New York City.* ¶ This famous House has decided to devote *a permanent department* on the Main Floor of their New Fifth Avenue Store to the Exhibition and Sale of a complete assortment of Roycroft books, fine bindings, distinctive furniture, bowls, vases, ferneries, and odd pieces in hand-hammered copper — of unique and peculiar designs — elegantly modeled and wonderfully colored leather jewel-cases, hand-bags, card-cases and desk accessories. ¶ These are all the creations of the busy brains and dexterous fingers of The Roycrofters — or King's Craftsmen — at the famous ROYCROFT SHOPS, which are in the village of East Aurora, in the County of Erie, the State of New York. ¶ All Roycrofters in New York are invited to visit this unique Exhibition. ¶ Opening Day, Monday, September Twenty.

LORD & TAYLOR, Fifth Avenue, New York City

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THE Dealer who sells Pompeian Olive Oil is urged by us never to order more than a THIRTY-DAY SUPPLY. No extra discounts are given him on LARGE Orders — and in consequence Pompeian Olive Oil is always "New Stock"—FINE and FRESH.

Each and every Shipment of Pompeian Olive Oil, which comes to us in Casks from Abroad, is stored in cool, dark, glass-lined Tanks; kept like butter is kept in a Creamery. It is packaged from day to day to meet the demand. In this manner the full "Fruity Flavor" of the choice Mediterranean Olives is retained

Pompeian Olive Oil is MORE than just PURE—it is Tasty and Palatable.

Pompeian Olive Oil is never sold in bulk. You may purchase it in full-measure Half-pint, Pint or Quart SEALED Tins — air-tight and light-proof— from Grocers and Druggists. Order a Tin Today!

Send for Salad Recipe Book. It's FREE!

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DUST-PROOF,
TINS

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8 oz. . .	$ .25
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Roycroft Modeled-Leather Bags



PRICE, $12.00
Modeled in Fuchsia Design. Leather-lined
Has inside pocket and coin-purse
Size, 8 x 10½ inches, Price, $12.00
Size, 7 x 9 inches, Price, $10.00



PRICE, $7.50
Envelope Bag, modeled in Colonial Design
Has top handle. Lined with moire silk
Fitted with change-purse, mirror, notebook and pencil. Size, 3¾ x 8 inches



PRICE, $10.00
The Bag shown above is modeled in Empire Design. Leather-lined.
Has inside pocket and coin-purse.
Size, 7 x 9½ inches, Price, $10.00
Size, 8 x 9¾ inches, Price, $12.00



PRICE, $3.50
Bag suitable for woman or child
Bronze-brown color
Size, 5½ x 5¾ inches



PRICE, $6.50
Modeled in Carnation Design
Lined with ooze-leather
Fitted with mirror and change-purse. Size, 6¾ x 7½ inches

Send for Beautifully Illustrated Catalog. It's FREE!



PRICE, $8.50
Envelope Bag, modeled in Lily Design
Has inside frame. Lined with ooze-leather
Size, 5 x 8¼ inches

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

A delight to the eye—is the New 1916 Roycroft Catalog. Shall we mail you a copy?

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"ALL MAGAZINES ARE THE SAME—! BUT NOT THE FRA!!"



HE "Popular" Magazines buy their Covers from the same Artists and their Contributions from the same Contributors! The Editor is a "Hired Man," with a Hired Man's Freedom of Speech; and the Policy of the Publication is dictated by the Board of Directors. 'Tis true, 'tis true 't is pity; and pity 't is 't is true.

¶ THE FRA—why bless you—we say what 's on our chests to say—and it 's something that starts something! We make a good many Friends, some "Enemies"—manage to get more Subscriptions than Cancelations—encourage those Writers who can Think outside the Rut—print a Magazine that is called, "the most beautiful Magazine in America"—are not afraid of a New Word or a New Idea! Knock when it is needed, and Boost with just as much Enthusiasm—and are way beyond the influences of any Individual, Class or Condition.

¶ It 's Free Speech in Magazine Form—that 's what it is!

¶ If you are NOT a Subscriber to THE FRA you should be!—We 'll send you this individual, intelligent, go-ahead Magazine for a year—also a beautiful Roycroft Book, gratis—for Two Dollars.

¶ If you ARE a Subscriber—you have some Good Friend who will benefit by THE FRA—why not subscribe for him or her? You get the Roycroft Book just the same. Or, we will send it to your Friend, as you direct!

¶ Please let us hear from you.

THE FRA, East Aurora, N. Y.

Every subscriber to THE FRA should have a free copy of our New 1916 Catalog.

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Do You Want To Know

HOW to live—how to raise brains and minds—how to stay well—how to keep youthful and useful and brainful?



¶ If you want to know these things—and a hundred or more "way-ahead-of-the-times," commonsense, helpful things for the good of your own physical self and mental self—read

Autology

¶ Speaking of this book Elbert Hubbard said, "Doctor Moras has written a Commonsense Book on Autology, and by so doing has placed the Standard of the Creed of Health further to the front than any other man who has lived for a thousand years."

¶ And Elbert Hubbard believed in and practised the Science of Commonsense as applied to livingness which Doctor Moras has so clearly and inspiringly presented in this wonderful, epoch-making book.

¶ Written to project forth the author's consciousness of the "personal" and the "public" wants to the end of typifying the good and of refining the bad by means of light, air, water and foods—written to the end of creating the finest brain types and of generating the best intellect of families—AUTOLOGY is a priceless volume and fully justifies the claim of its author as being a mathematical science of livingness.

To FRA subscribers, Doctor Moras will gladly mail a sparkling little brochure entitled, "A Guide to Autology," which gives a brief and interesting synopsis of the more pretentious book, AUTOLOGY. Send for it today.

Address: EDMOND R. MORAS, M. D.

522 Sheridan Road HIGHLAND PARK ILLINOIS

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The Man in the Multitude

That the human voice may be transmitted across our continent by telephone is the marvel of this age of wonders. Yet the full significance of the achievement is not realized if it is considered strictly as a coast-to-coast connection.

The Transcontinental Line not only bridges the country from east to west, but, by having finally overcome the great barrier of distance, it has removed the last limitation of telephone communication between all the people of the nation.

This means that the voice can be sent not only from New York to San Francisco, but from *anywhere* to *anywhere*—even from *any one* to *any one*—in the United States.

Wherever you are, it is possible to reach any one of our hundred million population. You can single out from this vast throng any particular individual with whom you desire to speak.

To bring this about, the Bell System has spent years and millions, extending its lines everywhere, anticipating the ultimate triumph. It has had the foresight and the courage to unite this great country, community by community, into one telephone neighborhood.

With success achieved by the Transcontinental Line, the established Bell highways make you, wherever you are, the near neighbor of your farthest-away fellow citizen.

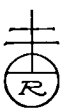
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

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2. Standard Oil Co.
3. Oliver Plow Works
4. New York Central Railroad
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6. John B. Stetson & Company
7. J. B. McCreary Company
8. Mack Brothers Motor Car Company
9. Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company
10. A. L. Ide & Sons
11. Steger & Sons Piano Mfg. Company
12. The Owl Drug Company
13. Hartford Lunch Company
14. Embalmer Supply Company
15. C. E. Shoemaker & Company
16. Bills Brothers
17. Buffalo Pottery
18. Schoellkopf Aniline & Chemical Works, Inc.
19. The Yellowstone Park Hotel Company
20. Wayne Knitting Mills
21. Edward Everett Cady, D. D. S.
22. Col. Chas. W. Bopp
23. Chalmette Laundry Company
24. Mentholatum Company
25. J. L. Hopkins & Company
26. Jas. S. Wilson & Son
27. Power City Bank
28. Pittsburgh Taxicab Company
29. Denny-Renton Clay & Coal Company
30. H. L. Doherty & Company
31. Franklin Life Insurance Company
32. Wm. H. Hoops & Company
33. J. W. & A. P. Howard & Company
34. Hotel Sherman, etc.



Will you let us Bid on your Fall Printing?

First— The Roycroft Printshop is situated in a Village and the Building and Equipment are paid for—there is small "*overhead.*"

Second— The very large Book and Magazine Work that we do pays well for superior *superintendence.*

Third— Because of the vast volume of Ink and Paper we use we can *underbuy* nine Printers out of ten—anywhere!

Fourth— The Wage Scale is the same as in New York, Chicago, Boston—No higher! No lower!

Fifth— Naturally, we attract high-grade Printers because the man with Brains likes to use them and get away from the treadmill! Many Roycroft Printers have won Prizes in International Competition.

Sixth— You will find Roycroft Prices compare favorably with the prices you pay now! And you will find that we are as much interested in giving you good work as you are in receiving it.

Seventh—Whether the work you have in mind is a letterhead, a little folder, a booklet, or a pretentious catalog, we are equipped with men, machinery and materials to serve you well.

Eighth— It will not cost you one cent to let us "bid" on your next job and submit samples and suggestions. You want something "different"—give us our chance.

Address:

SUPERINTENDENT OF PRINTING
ROYCROFT SHOPS, East Aurora, N. Y.

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So Tired—

¶ The weariness that begs you to go to sleep right where you are—and that wakes you wide, wide awake as soon as the lights are out. Yet you owe yourself to society—and you must keep your freshness and vivacity. Be careful what you take to "keep going"—you need a tonic—a harmless one—

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic



¶ Take it with each meal—you'll find it wholesomely invigorating—strengthening—nourishing. A wine glassful before retiring will act as a nerve rest—turn social "fag" into pleasurable sleepiness.

¶ Recommended for all who are overworked by society or bread-winning.



All Druggists—Most Grocers

¶ Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product, not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14½ per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

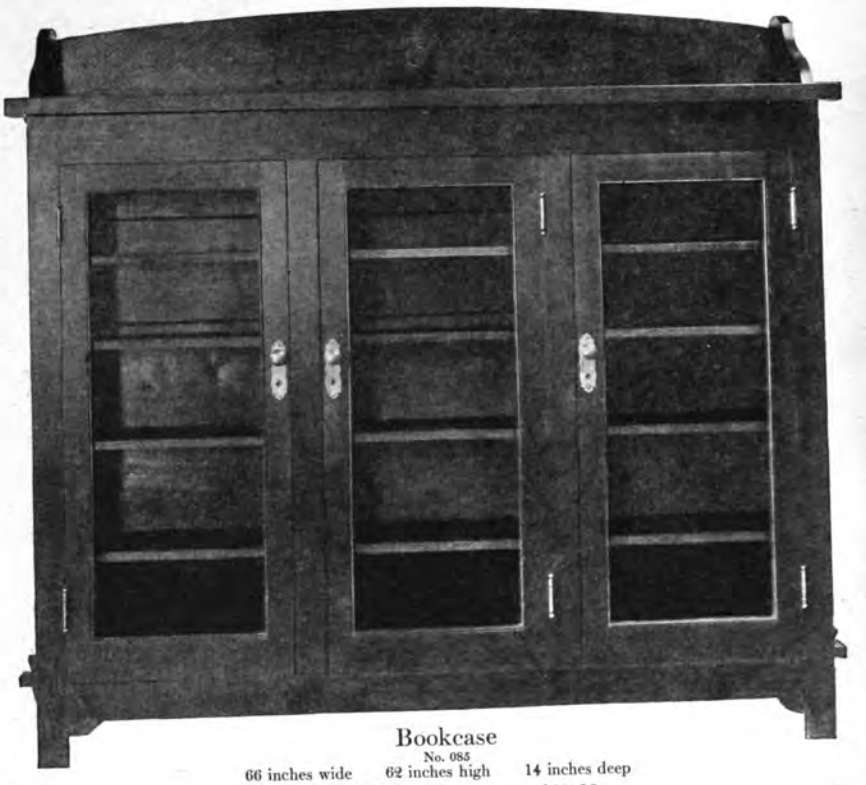
Interesting Booklet on Request

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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ROYCROFT FURNITURE IS BUILT TO LAST A HUNDRED YEARS!



Bookcase

No. 085

66 inches wide 62 inches high 14 inches deep

Oak, $70.00 Mahogany, $85.00

Adjustable shelves — Plate-glass doors

All drawer-pulls, door-trimmings, etc. are of hand-wrought copper, finished to harmonize with the wood

ALL Roycroft Furniture is made of the solid wood — no veneer. When you buy a Roycroft *Mahogany* Bookcase — it IS solid mahogany, every part of it, whether you look at the back or at the front panels. A beautiful finish brings out the soft tones.

¶ We use no nails — every part must fit, wedge or dovetail into every other part to the smallest fraction of an inch. Pegs or pins are then inserted to reinforce.

¶ The leather used for cushions and upholstering is a high-grade bold-grain Spanish cowhide that will give unlimited wear.

¶ Roycroft Furniture is made to wear. The chairs are ample and will bear great weight and sudden rough usage without strain or damage. The hinges and locks on the doors of bookcases and music-cabinets are of wrought copper and are securely inserted. All drawers in the sideboards, bureaus, etc. are fitted to work with smoothness. Roycroft Furniture gives endless satisfaction in service and durability. Added to that, it lends a quiet, impressive dignity to a room that is much appreciated.

All prices f. o. b. East Aurora. Send your order to

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

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Morris Chair
No. 045
Seat, 25 inches wide 23 inches deep
Oak, $55.00 Mahogany, $62.00
Bold-grain Spanish leather cushions



Magazine-Rack
No 079
13 x 15 inches at top 16 x 18 inches at base
50 inches high
Oak, $16.00 Mahogany, $20.00



Book-Blocks
No. 0117
7 x 7 inches at base (when closed) 7¼ inches high
Oak, $4.50 Mahogany, $5.50



Armchair
No. 0106
Spring Seat
22½ inches wide 19¾ inches deep 16 inches high
Back, 24 inches high above seat
Oak, $20.00 Mahogany, $22.50



Reading-Table and Bookshelves
No. 0??
15 x 26 inches at top 30 inches high
Oak, $15.00 Mahogany, $18.75

Over 250 articles of Copper and Leather are shown in the New 1916 Catalog.

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IN "The Happiness of Nations," by James Mackaye, the gospel of utility and the religion of commonsense are preached with an earnestness that impels one to acquiesce in the author's conclusion that the progress of science is coincident with the progress of society.

"If the present generation," he says, "is to effectively promote the process of converting the earth, and eventually perhaps the universe, into a great happiness-producing mechanism, it must convert itself into a great knowledge-producing mechanism." This interesting book is published by B. W. Huebsch, New York, at $1.25.

TO cast a weight farthest; to vault a bar highest; to stick a bull downward between the shoulder-blades, clean to the heart—these things command applause.

To live a considerate life; to do a good job today and a better one tomorrow; to meet your brother every time you meet anybody; to stand with your feet in the inevitable muck of convention and suck with your nostrils the high air of sane idealism—these things justify a man to his own conscience and before every decent tribunal.

¶ It is man's business to be strong and to be trained. Man is his own devil. When he is strong enough to whip himself, all other enemies are as straw, and may be laid flat by the push of a knuckle. The real gymnasium is the one in which the muscles of the soul are made competent.—*Richard Wightman.*

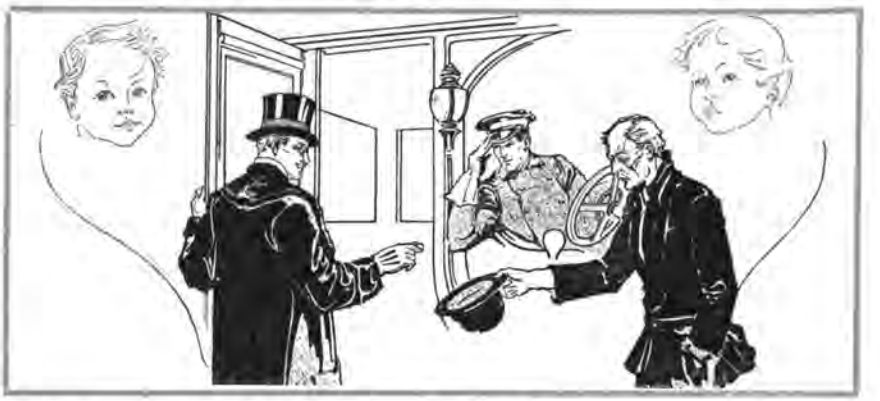
Success is ten per cent opportunity, and ninety per cent intelligent hustle.

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IN books we find the dead as it were living; in books we foresee things to come; in books warlike affairs are methodized; the rights of peace proceed from books. All things are corrupted and decayed with time. Saturn never ceases to devour those whom he generates; insomuch that the glory of the world would be lost in oblivion if God had not provided mortals with a remedy in books. Alexander, the ruler of the world; Julius, the invader of the world and of the city, the just who in unity of the person assumed the empire in arms and arts; the faithful Fabricius, the rigid Cato, would at this day have been without a memorial if the aid of books had failed them. Towers are razed to the earth, cities overthrown, triumphal arches molded to dust; nor can the King or Pope be found upon whom the privilege of a lasting name can be conferred more easily than by books ☙ A book made, renders succession to the author; for as long as the book exists, the author remaining immortal, can not perish.—*De Bury.*

☙

Suppose you be, not merely seem!



Partial Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it depends.
How to develop analytical power.
How to think "all around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in Thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.
The Six Principles of Will Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
The SEVENTY-NINE METHODS for using Will Power in the Conduct of Life.
Seven Principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal Power.
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
How to develop a strong, keen gaze.
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.
How to become aware of Nerve Action.
How to keep the body well poised.
How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming power.
How to throw off Worry.
How to overcome the tyranny of the Nervous system.
How to secure steady nerves.
How to maintain the Central Factors of Body health.
Difficulties in Mastering Harmful Habits.

This is only a partial list—a complete list of contents would almost fill this page.

Both Had an Equal Chance

—Power of Will Made the Difference

Why is it that two men with equal opportunities, with equal mental equipment, sometimes end up so differently?

One fights his way to influence, money and power, overcoming seemingly unsurmountable obstacles, while the other tries one thing after another, gradually losing his grip—never succeeding at anything.

It isn't luck—there's no such thing in the long run—*it's a difference of WILL-POWER, that's all.*

No man has ever achieved success until he has learned to use his will—upon that does success hinge. When the will fails, the battle is lost. The will is the weapon of achievement. Show me a big, successful man, and I'll show you a strong-willed man, every time, whether a business man, a statesman, lawyer, doctor, or fighter.

Anyone Can Have a Strong Will

It has long been known that the Will can be trained into wonderful power—by intelligent exercise and use.

The trouble with almost everyone is that they do not *use* their wills. They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstance.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become powerless to lift a feather. That is exactly what happens, in most people, to the faculty we call "Will-Power." Because we never use the Will, we finally become *unable* to use it.

"Power of Will"

by Frank Channing Haddock, Ph. D., a scientist whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson, and Royce—is the first thorough course in will training ever conceived. It is based on a most profound analysis of the will in human beings. Yet every step in the 28 fascinating lessons is written so simply that anyone can understand them and apply the principles, methods, and rules set down with noticeable results almost from the very start.

A Veritable Godsend

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PATRIOTISM is an ancient virtue that flourished long before others which perhaps make in the long run more for human welfare, but are less acclaimed of song and story ☙ Patriotism of a high order of course regards the good of others, especially of others in a body of impersonal humanity, above one's own ☙ But such brotherly love and humanity must logically merge very soon into love of all, including those beyond the bounds of the national unit.—*Mary Stanhope.*

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"THE MELANCHOLY (?) DAYS"

An Aspiration of the Masterful Mind

BY CHARLES FLEISCHER

Leader the Sunday Commons, Boston

NATURE acts on human nature. And Man, in turn, reacts upon the Universal Mother.

The natural man, or the primitive savage, is the harmonious voice of his elemental kindred. But the over-civilized and too-sophisticated man has become detached from the rest of the Universe.

No longer responsive, the Man-Child misreads the Mother's moods.

Only when Man had reached this orphaned state, could the poet sadly sing of the exuberant, flaming, fruitful, triumphant Autumn as "melancholy days."

Nature knows no death. Root, stalk, flower, fruit follow gleefully in her fertile calendar. "Sere and yellow," if anything, is lovelier than freshest green. The seed is the very symbol of her deathlessness.

It is Man's self-pity, born of his sense of frail mortality, which has moved him to read gloom and death into this gorgeous season.

When man recaptures his ancient sense of kinship with the universe, not only will he be most jubilant at this time, but throughout his life—with knowing masterful mind—he will note calmly his passing youth, watch serenely his waning physical force, and hail joyfully the fruitage of his powers—mounting steadily from spiritual strength to strength.

And the Child he will see as the symbol of Man's deathlessness and the promise of the eternal youth of the race ❧ ❧

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THE FRA

DEVOTED·TO·BUSINESS·AND THE·BUSINESS·OF·LIVING

FELIX SHAY
EDITOR
JOHN T. HOYLE
MANAGING
EDITOR



TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
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TWO DOLLARS
THE YEAR
FOREIGN POSTAGE
SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

ELBERT HUBBARD · PUBLISHER

OCTOBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED FIFTEEN

Vol XVI

No 1

The Little Journeys Camp

Bert Hubbard



IT was not built with the idea of ever becoming a place in history: simply a boys' cabin in the woods ❧ Fibe, Rich, Pie and Butch were the bunch that built it.

Fibe was short for Fiber, and we gave him that name because his real name was Wood. Rich got his name from being a mudsock. Pie got his because he was a regular pieface. And they called me Butch for no reason at all except that perhaps my great-great-grandfather was a butcher.

We were a fine gang of youngsters, all about thirteen years, wise in boys' deviltry. What we did n't know about killing cats, breaking window-panes in barns, stealing coal from freight-cars, and borrowing eggs from neighboring hencoops without consent of the hens, was n't worth the knowing.

THERE used to be another boy in the gang, Skinny. One day when we ran away to the swimming-hole after school, this other little fellow did n't come back with us.

You see, there was the little-kids swimmin'-hole and the big-kids swimmin'-hole. The latter was over our heads. Well, Skinny swung out on the rope hanging from the cottonwood-tree on the bank of the big-kids hole. Somehow he lost his head and fell in.

None of us could swim, and he was too far out to reach. There was nothing to help him with, so we just had to watch him struggle till he had gone down three times. And there where we last saw him a lot of bubbles came up ❧ The inquiry before the Justice of Peace with our fathers, which followed, put fright in our bones, and the sight of the old creek was a nightmare for months to come.

AFTER that we decided to keep to the hills and woods. This necessitated a hut. But we had no lumber with which to build it ❧ However, there were three houses going up

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in town—and surely they could spare a few boards. So after dark we got out old Juliet and the spring-wagon and made several visits to the new houses. The result was that in about a week we had enough lumber to frame the cabin ❧ ❧

Our site was about three miles from town, high up on the Adams Farm. After many evening trips with the old mare and much figuring we had the thing done, all but the windows, door, and shingles on the roof. Well, I knew where there was an old door and two window-sash taken off our chicken-house to let in the air during Summer. And one rainy night three bunches of shingles found their way from Perkins' lumber-yard to the foot of the hill on the Adams Farm.

In another five days the place was finished. It was ten by sixteen, and had four bunks, two windows, a paneled front door, a back entrance and a porch—altogether a rather pretentious camp for a gang of young ruffians.

But it was a labor of love, and we certainly had worked mighty hard. Our love was given particularly to the three house-builders and to Perkins, down in town.

OF course we had to have a stove. ¶ This we got from Bowen's hardware-store for two dollars and forty cents. He wanted four dollars, and we argued for some time. The stove was a secondhand one and good only for scrap-iron anyway. Scrap was worth fifty cents a hundred, and this stove weighed only two hundred fifty, so we convinced the man our offer was big. At that we made him throw in a frying-pan.

For dishes and cutlery, I believe each of our mothers' pantries contributed. Then a stock of grub was confiscated. The storeroom in the Phalansterie furnished Heinz beans, chutney, and a few others of the fifty-seven. John had run an ad in *The Philistine* for Heinz and taken good stuff in exchange.

For four years after that, this old camp was kept stocked with eats all the time. We would hike out Friday after school and stay till Sunday night. At Christmas-time we would spend the week's vacation there.

MANY times had I tried to get my Father to go out and stay overnight. But he would n't go. One time, though, I did not come home when I had promised, so Father rode out on Garnett to find me. Instead of my coming back with him he just unsaddled and turned Garnett loose in the woods and stayed overnight ❧ ❧

We gave him the big bunk with two red quilts, and he stuck it out. Next morning we had fried apples, ham and coffee for breakfast ❧

What there was about it I did not understand, but John was a very frequent visitor after that. ¶ You know we called Father, John, because he said that was n't his name.

He used to come up in the evening and would bring the Red One or Sammy the Artist or Saint Jerome the Sculptor. Once he brought Michael Monahan and John Sayles the Universalist preacher.

Mike did n't like it.

The field-mice running on the rafters overhead at night chilled his blood. He called them terrible beasts.

FROM then on we youngsters were gradually deprived of our freedom at camp. These visitors were too numerous for us and we had to seek other fields of adventure.

John got to going out to the camp to get away from visitors at the Shop. He found the place quiet and comforting. The woods gave him freedom to think and write. It so developed that he would spend about four days a month there, writing the *Little Journey* for the next month. How many of his masterpieces were written at the Camp I can not say, but for several years it was his Retreat and he used it constantly.

He reminded us boys several times when we kicked, that he had a good claim on it—for did n't he furnish the door and the window-frames? ❧ ❧

I never suspected he would recognize them.

How do you like THE FRA?—What feature or features appeal to you? Is THE FRA Extra Good, or Good or Fair or _____? Come now! Write us a letter and tell us straight! THE FRA MUST BE a GREAT Publication!!

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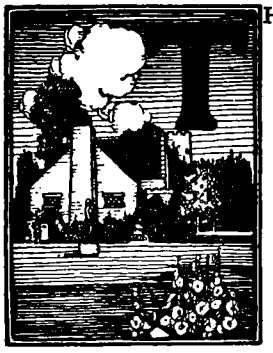
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" I speak Truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and dare a little more as I grow older."

FELICITATIONS

Felix Shay

Political Plattsburg



THE Press-Agent of the Plattsburg Encampment has not wanted for appreciation. The magazine or newspaper that has not given him several sticks of type is unaware of the danger that besets this U. S. A. ¶ Not to be outdone, this article is gratuitously donated—gratuitously, because *The Fra* is out of Politics, out of Society, and may not have a lively sense of favors to come!

One inspiring statement that never fails to appear in Norman Hapgood's almost revitalized *Harper's Weekly* and elsewhere is that the Encampment is made up of university men, doctors, bankers, society favorites, major and minor diplomats and the upper strata generally. ¶ These inside-the-lines articles slobber with snobbishness. Class consciousness sticks up its flat head and blinks its beady eyes! ¶ I am told that the circular which proclaimed the Camp did not fail to mention that the young men from the First Families would be there! The West-Pointer in charge, in presenting his introductory address, assured the Tin Soldiers assembled that after drill the only regulations would be those considered good practise by gentlemen.

The pictures show the self-abnegating gentlemen, who have paid thirty dollars for a thousand dollars' worth of self-glorification, to wear glasses, thickly rimmed with tortoise-shell. Others are buck-kneed, and many, many, are corpulent, but they have the Patriotic Spirit ❧ Who 's Who is there!

Citizen Fixit is there!

Tweek! Tweek! The Politicians are there, too!

" What then is this encampment for?" asked Files on Peerade.
" They yearn for blood, they yearn for blood," the Color-Sergeant said.
" Why are the Politicians here?" asked Files on Peerade.
" Shh! Keep it dark! Shh! Keep it dark!" the Color-Sergeant said.
" For they 're out electin' Teddy; it 's a new and cagey way;
He 's comin' in his Huntin' suit, and speakin' here today.
Why the bloomin' regimentals?—it is Len's turn to repay.
—And he 'll get a wire from Wilson in the mornin'."

WAIT a minute! Which do you want first—the Military Bushwaw or the Real Inside Stuff? ❧ You want the Leather-Neck Propaganda first? Very good! You shall have it!—You see, England or Germany or Japan will be so pleased with the European Effort of Nineteen Hundred Fifteen that when it 's all over they will want more, like Oliver Twist! " Give us more gore! "—See? And they will come over and get ye ef you doan watch out! ¶ Who will save us?—" *We* will! "

From seven States and Newport, from the grill-room of the Knickerbocker, from universities, and Frat houses and clubs, from Y. M. C. A. Secretaries' Desks, from tennis-courts and the dansant, and the five-o'clock teas, there rise up men of pedigree; " these names mean leadership in National thought! " Who will *lead* to save the Nation?

But before the query is well enunciated, down the road are seen two classic figures arm in arm—Len and Ted of dear old Harvard, Len and Ted of San Juan Hill, Len and Ted of the Progressives! Len and Ted will lead us! ❧ Nothing to complain about their social standing, is there? All sound as to Family—Eh? What? Nothing to complain as to the way Len made Ted a Lieutenant-Colonel when Ted wanted to be Governor of New York? Nothing to complain as to the way Ted reciprocated? ¶ Nineteen Hundred Sixteen is coming!

Ted needs campaign material, and needs it badder 'n bad! Nothing to complain about Len 's lending a hand. It 's Len's move! If Ted puts it over, he 'll need a Secretary of War, won't he? ¶ Well, who 's complaining, anyway?

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A U. S. REGULAR lying on the grass at Plattsburg says " the Cits. are cutting out the setting-up stuff—it is n't worth a dam, anyhow! " He advises us from the elevation of authority that it 's the " Hikes " that count! ¶ So you see these embryotic, thirty-day Army Officers will learn how to drive a tent-stake, how to fry eggs, which foot is their left, how to dress and undress, and how to go without their morning barth, and how to " hike." " Gracious Jeems, what a mess I am! " Ah! But, gentle reader, you 're too literal! ¶ It 's the Idee! The Idee!

The Country will watch them sweat out their cocktails, will become enthused over their blistered tootsies, will become inflamed with patriotism or something, and all of us, including Mother Jones and Joe Weber, and Wm. J. B., Sam Gompers, Harry Lehr and Harry Thaw, will run off and enlist.

T-rum!—T-rum!—T-rum! T-rum! T-rum!

EUROPEAN countries now at war will have to build a wall of Law and Penalty around their countries to keep their young men home when this slaughter has subsided. Should they not, hundreds of thousands of splendid young fellows will come to us. They believe us sane. They will come to find Teddy and Len goose-stepping it up and down the Battery, while the newsboys call, " Hep! Hep! "

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD believes that Volunteers are not worth a bit of cuss stuff! Yet when Len got a-goin' he was a Volunteer—" a Contract Surgeon! " I asked Ali Baba what that was, and he says, " A Horse-Doctor! " And Uncle Billy wheezed, " Then I suppose you 'd call Len a Veterinarian of the Spanish-American War! "

Messrs. Washington and Wayne and Grant and Lee and Jackson and Sherman and Sheridan and Pickett, you in Valhalla, you will please understand that General Wood says Volunteers ain't no good!

You British Boys over there in the trenches in France, and around on the Peninsula, you who never saw a gun 'till May First, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, understand, General Wood says it, you ain't no good!

THE silent man in Washington, I take it, never misunderstood the meaning of the Plattsburg Show. He simply waited 'till the big act came on before he cut the guy-ropes, and let the tent down on them.

In August, Teddy made a speech at Plattsburg. All that went before was preliminary.

He appeared this time from Saint Helena, and Bertrand Wood was there and all the Grand Marshals from dear Old Harvard.

Not 'till next morning came Waterloo!

The headlines read, " Sharp Rebuke to General Wood "—and it is believed that he " may be further punished by detachment from the office of Commandant of the Department of the East. It is even suggested that the former chief of staff may be courtmartialed——"

Bwana Tumbo believes in " preparedness," and preparedness is subject to several interpretations; just now we simply can not spare the U. S. Army, for campaign purposes, much as we 'd like to oblige Old Fire-Eater.

Alas, alack, a back-drop of war-scenes will not serve Ted as well in Nineteen Hundred Sixteen—as it did in Nineteen Hundred!

Syracuse, '14

ONE night this Summer, after Chapel, The Roycrofters were interested to see that an invader had taken possession of a corner of the campus.

Dark-eyed, slim, straight and earnest, she stood there under the moon and told us that God had made man and woman equal; that man had unequivocally unbalanced the scale, and that the world would be out of whack until the balance was restored. She knew her subject and she held us for an hour.

Even Ali Baba, who has always strongly maintained that a Woman's place is in the Home, said, " By Harry, she got *me!* "—just as though the subject were then settled forever.

She represents a type of woman not to be denied—well bred, well educated, intense, impersonal, self-sacrificing, a worker; enlisted in a crusade for Liberty.

November, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, New York State decides, by vote, whether its women shall continue to be classed politically with children, lunatics and convicts, or whether they will be granted Equality, and the right to help clean up this boss-ridden commonwealth. Already the politicians are licked, and know it; defeat, should it come, will be visited on the woman by ignorance, conservatism and mental incompetence.

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IT takes all the courage of the old Abolitionists to speak against this age-old tyranny, this dominance by and for men; this slavery of mother and offspring alike—slaves to greed; slaves to graft; slaves to vice! Men like to think their institutions perfect; and Change and Progress are always called Disaster ❧ I doubt whether Wendell Phillips ever fired his eloquence with more soul than this little college girl showed us; for is not the freedom of White Women quite as inspiring as the freedom of Black Women? Poise? Plenty of it! Reserve? I assure you—yes!

The personality of her theme impressed one. It was necessary to look twice to see the girl. She told us, "I have known many of the women in the home—known what fine, self-sacrificing souls they are—realized what a keen spirituality many of them have—and what a force just their type of womanhood would be, if only it were constructive, instead of conservative—organized and social, instead of unorganized and personal."

One thing this little girl accomplished: she got the Wiseacres to ask her questions, and then tied them up in knots, and they either had to admit conviction and conversion, or endure the encouragement of the Bleachers ❧ East Aurora will vote for Suffrage, full strength! All other arguments aside, Politics in New York State needs new blood, clean blood, and it is the women who can furnish it.

The existing political parties have intermarried so often they have wens, and a noticeable touch of the dipsy-dip.

"Jew Money"

THE Slaton Article in the August *Fra* brought us a thousand garrulous letters: "You were bought with Jew Money," they read. "Jew Money" did not buy *The Fra's* opinion; it did not need to.

"Jew Money!" What a fine, Fifteenth-Century swing there is to those two words! How quick we are to lift this noble sentiment out of the cruel and ignorant past for use in the land of the free and the home of the brave ❧ Jews are not the wealthy people of the world and never have been! Yet "Jew Money" has prospered any nation that ever cultivated it. Contrariwise, history will convince you the country that has cast away its Jews, lost its "Jew Money," has floundered.

I 'll tell you what "Jew Money" buys! Down through the centuries since Titus desecrated Jerusalem till Torquemada rewarded the Jews, who made Spain the glory of the Middle Ages with the Inquisition, till the Little Father in Russia arranged the Bloody Sunday celebration, "Jew Money" has bought off envy, jealousy, avarice, bigotry, injustice; by hook or crook it has secured an hour of calm from the oppressor, because it had no choice.

Unoppressed "Jew Money" is loyal money ❧ "Jew Money" financed Columbus, without interest; helped finance Washington; saved Europe from Napoleon—took chances! ❧ "Jew Money" has educated ambitious boys; it has encouraged young writers; it has appreciated unappreciated painters! "Jew Money" has supported universities, the opera, the theater, and it has bought books, books.

"Jew Money" saves thousands of babes each Summer, providing pure milk and pure air; it builds tuberculosis hospitals; it cares for old age—"Jew Money" is active money! "Jew Money" has created great commercial structures; it has discounted bills. "Jew Money" has opened up towns and states and countries to prosperity; it is largely responsible for the commercial dominance of this country.

¶ For years I have known Jews intimately, as employers and employees, as friends, as associates, as playfellows. I tell you much of "Jew Money" is found in the pocket of him who is fair in his business dealings, keen, alert, generous to public enterprise, a high-minded, broad-spirited citizen, respectable, intelligent, permanent; a responsive father, a kind husband, a faithful son; and a true friend.

¶ "Jew Money!!" Never, in all America, let us hear that odious phrase again!

A Sing-Sing Burglar

PERHAPS you recall the advertisement published in *The Fra* several years ago? The caption read, "A Show for My White Alley!" Convict 7654, Sing Sing, wrote it: "An inmate of a New York State Prison, convicted of burglary—Guilty! I may be released on parole in May, 1909, on the condition that I secure a position with a reputable employer.

¶ "My bridges are burned behind me and I want to earn an honest living. If you have any faith in human sincerity and can give me a 'boost,' write me. I 'll make good."

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HE had been the star reporter on a Southern Sheet. New York noticed him and invited him up. He came to conquer, and may be he did, but not exactly as he dreamed it.

It was a Bookmaker's Clerk who introduced him to the girl ❧ She was not an actress, had never been on the stage. In some way she was connected with racing. He did n't quite understand, though she did say that the Bookmakers, Little Jakey, and Al McKenzie, were awfully good to her and "let her win." She understood him from the start.

Old and irksome as is the story, when that man out of prison told it, it seemed terribly tragic and peculiar and personal. He was young and bald, almost, and bent and gray and bony and lifeless. The prison had shrunk his soul. He seemed unhealthy — mentally, as well as physically. He had taught his face to show no emotion. When he looked at one he only moved his eyes. He worried up and down my office and gave me some of his prison experiences. Now and then he would punctuate his remarks with : " My God! See — I am taking four paces, the length of my cell." ❧ Of course, he and the girl got to know each other too well, and he gave the girl most of his time, and the job least of his time, and very soon he lost the job.

Nor did he tell her. She had some expensive tastes. So he kept mum. Each day he pretended to her to go out to work.

One evening at the start of the Theatrical Season, on his last few dollars, he took her to see Kyrle Bellew in *Raffles,* and there the great idea came to him. He had to have money to pay what he owed at the hotel!

He would go up on Central Park West and get into one of the apartments left locked up for the Summer. He noted dozens of them the Sunday before. The tenants were still away. Immediately he put the thought aside. Whether it was easy or not, it was criminal. But on the way back to the hotel the girl reminded him that he had promised to motor up with her to the Yale-West Point football-game ❧ On his way upstairs to his room, his foot struck against a carpet-layer's tool, left there by the Devil!

THE apartment he selected for his attempt was just off Central Park West in the nineties. The top-floor curtains were drawn and dark. The place seemed prosperous ❧ Whoever had passed in before him had left the street-door unlatched, and he mounted the stairs unmolested. But first he pushed the top-floor bell, and crossed the street quickly to note the effect. No one responded. Then he silently hastened in and up.

The top floor was partly illumined by the hall-light on the floor below. He inserted the tool between the lock and the jamb, and pulled. The door cracked. He stood breathless, empty with fear. After a minute he pulled again, and the lock groaned and gave.

Then before he put his foot inside that flat he heard the downstairs door slam. It was a slim woman in a green opera-cloak.

Running to the balustrade and looking down through he saw her mount the first flight. She lives on the second floor he thought. No! She is coming up to the next. She makes the landing, passes the third-floor entrance—and before she realizes it, he had slid by her on that last flight. When he slunk past her her surprise was such she did not even scream.

Instead she automatically climbed the remaining steps, saw the broken door of her apartment, and found her senses and lost them. Madly she flung up the window at the end of the hall and shocked the night with " Murder! Help! Police! Thieves! "

HE turned toward the Park, because on the Avenue corner a policeman was talking to a negro. He hurried in an uptown direction, and met a car one block above and boarded it, which was a mistake. It brought him back past the same corner, and there the cop halted it. " Anybody get on this car near here? " asked the cop of the conductor.

" That young fellow over there."

" Come, me boy, I want you," said Brass Buttons ❧ ❧

The youth argued that it was an outrage, and that some one would suffer. The truth to tell, he did n't look like a burglar—any more than he was. The cop was bluffed.

To help it along the excited lady of the adventure failed to identify him. She was n't sure. Let him go—what else to do? The boy looked all right. The " Real One " had apparently sneaked off. The cop dropped his hand from the boy's shoulder; " Get out of here," he said. Then spoke up the unsophisticated one. He overdid it. He did not know New York Irish cops. " I will see your Captain about this! " ❧

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"Very well, me Bucko," said the descendant of Kelly, Burke and McGinnis. "Come *now*." At the Station-House they found the "tool" in his inside pocket. In his haste and excitement he had forgotten all about it.

They gave him some very rough treatment, and attempted to make him tell the name of his "pal." They could not believe the green young fellow had played the game alone.

In the Tombs three days later the bookmaker's clerk called on him, and returned twenty dollars, borrowed money, and promised to return. Instead he hustled back to the hotel and helped himself to a hundred dollars' worth of the young fellow's clothes and things.

¶ The girl never answered his note at all ❧

The shyster lawyer who took his twenty, told him to plead, "Not guilty," though a truthful story to the judge would have been the thing, and a plea for mercy. The judge saw the lie on his face, and gave him the full term—five years.

THE FRA advertisement brought him two mail-sacks full of offers. It would seem that Business America would give a man a lift who needed it. All kinds of concerns offered a living wage, a future, complete confidence!

The prison authorities selected one of the great typewriter concerns in the Middle East, and the Pardon Board let him go free four years and four months after his incarceration.

Three months after he took up his work he wrote me that he had made good, and that they were going to take him out of the shop and give him a chance to sell typewriters ❧

In six months' selling he changed from the worst salesman in the office to the best. The first two weeks he spent a lot of time working up courage walking around and around the block before he would go in to give his sales talk to a prospect. Once started, he spurted ahead of the others. There was no foolishness left in him. He was unearthly earnest.

At the end of six months they made him Selling Agent for that Typewriter Company in a Midwest city. At the end of the first year he had annexed nearly all the nearby towns and had broken all sales records for that territory.

TODAY, I received a letter, which has followed me here and there for three years. It 's from my Sing-Sing Burglar: "Things have gone all to the devil. I 've lost my job and my grip. I need your help. Will you send me $5.00, General Delivery, Chicago, to see me through, and suggest what I should do. It seems that I 'm slipping back."

As He Sees It

THE State Penitentiary is indeed unusual that does not entertain the one-time Mayor of some prominent city, found up to his elbows in graft! Each Spring and Fall the newspapers announce the season's catch.

¶ How the Yellows love to give us the intimate details; its circulation-building "news." ❧

You know "news" is the abnormal.

A cat catches a rat. That 's not News. A rat catches a cat—Ah! That 's News!

Too little is heard of the Public Official who makes good, who is a builder and not a boodler! I consider his story vital "news." ❧

Four years ago James H. Preston was elected Mayor of Baltimore City. It was a close race and no votes to spare. He won. Perhaps because the newspapers could not find anything in particular against him.

On general principles, they cuffed him a bit before and after. Much to their surprise he hit back, which is not ethical.

The morning after election, Preston said something like this to certain newspapers: "I understand that I have been elected by the vote of the citizens of this city to attend to its Business. I intend to do it to the best of my ability, and in the interest of general disarmament and permanent peace, keep off!"

Once or twice a newspaper slapped at him to find out whether he really meant business—and they found out. He returned slap for slap. His public speeches rarely failed to give particular newspapers a little undesired publicity. It was poor sport, for the newspapers.

IN the meantime, this Mayor who does his work as he sees it, paved two hundred miles of street, and all but eliminated the famous Baltimore Cobblestone. He completed the beautiful Lock Raven Dam, which insures Baltimore against water-famine. He completed a twenty-three-million-dollar sewerage system. He built a boulevard over a seeping, slimy stream called Jones Falls, which polluted the center of Baltimore. He reformed the public-school system. He built one of the finest Polytechnic Schools in the United States. He built new piers and improved the

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harbor and port facilities, and prepared the way for Baltimore to become a great Transatlantic and South American Port. He placed a thousand great luminous globes on the principal business streets, to make the evening promenade pleasant and cheerful.

In Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, he organized the Star-Spangled-Banner Centennial, to call attention to Baltimore, the Birthplace of the National Anthem—also, to call attention to the New Baltimore, of which he is the Father and Mother and Guardian, all in one.

All with a lower tax-rate than in the previous four years! No shortages. No defalcations. No increase in administration forces.

THE years passed, and election-time cut short his good work. Did it? No!

He was elected unanimously the second time, or almost unanimously. To let the Mayor understand how much Baltimoreans thought of him, they ran some one against him. The name of his opponent has slipped my mind, as it slipped the minds of the voters on Election-Day.

The newspapers were strong for Preston ❧ The vote was 99 44-100 pure.

Maryland is holding this man in reserve for some great office, and he will fill it to overflowing, whatever it is. His ability to render service should and will have National scope.

¶ I like very much to give Mayor Preston this boost, because he put me out of the Baltimore City Hall one day and told me not to come back—and I went.

The Fatherland's Father

LATE in August I visited New York City and was much interested in the disclosures made by the New York *World* suggesting that German spies were reorganizing us, and that the Home-Office of *The Fatherland* was to be found in Berlin. I read Mr. Viereck's denial of this charge, also some of the reviews this way and that! For the first time since its rush into print, I wondered had *The Fatherland* more personality than patriotic cant and twaddle would give it!

I remember Viereck. There are those who say he is in some way related to Royalty. Whether so or no, he 's a Prince of a Poet. His *Haunted House* hants one at most inopportune moments. I decided to call on him ❧

Viereck is slim and blonde; five feet four; weighs one hundred and ten pounds. He peers and squints through glasses. He is pent up, perturbed, with an annoying halt in his speech—annoying because you fear the rush of his sentiments will blow off the top of his head before his thoughts are decently uttered.

¶ From the time I sent in my card till he asked me in, ten minutes elapsed. I gathered from his greeting and subsequent demeanor that it took courage to admit a long-haired friend of Elbert Hubbard's from East Aurora. By the Beard of Von Tirpitz, a fellow could expect anything! He knew nothing about my submarine policy at all, at all!

IT was easy to talk of poets and poetry, and he told me that Dicky LeGallienne, who was Associate Editor on the *International,* of which Viereck is Editor, resigned wrathfully when that publication exhibited German tendencies.

War's horrors are wanton when poets put aside the pomade and shoot at each other with sheep-dip!

He told me that an article of his once published in Reedy's *Mirror* had attracted Hubbard's attention; that Fra Elbertus had questioned Reedy regarding the author. Mr. Bill thought it a good joke for Hubbard not to know Viereck, and sent the letter to Viereck, who in turn replied that it was strange that " two great men had never heard of each other! "

He wanted to know why Hubbard had ignored the German Embassy's warning to keep off British boats! He wanted to know just how we secured circulation for *The Fra.* He autographed and presented me with a book of his poems. He believed *The Fatherland* would live and prosper after the War. He could not believe the Iron Cross would come to him for his propaganda on this side. " One person's work is so unimportant! " he said. He believes that the map of the world at the end of the War will show an autonomous Belgium and Poland under German suzerainty. That there will be fewer English Colonies. The ideal condition would be a great and wholesome alliance of the three " Anglo-Saxon Powers " —England, Germany, the United States.

You would like this young chap. You would forgive him his mistakes of spirit. His blood speaks, and no tie binds like blood. Youth is always tempestuous, I am told, and never right!

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Forward—Charge!

LABOR-DAY afternoon, I chanced to meet an Old Soldier, all brave and good to see, in his Northern Blue. I saluted him and asked him, "What command?"

My! but he was pleased. Old Soldiers are too easily forgotten, I fear. "—— N.Y. Infantry!" he told me, and blessing on me, I remembered! "Then you were with Hancock at Gettysburg, and you faced Pickett's Charge on the third day!"

He grew an inch in stature. Was he there? Was he? "Why, sir, it seems like yesterday——!"

I invited him up on the lawn, and from the minute Heth's men sighted Buford's cavalry until Lee led his weary army back over the muddy Maryland roads, we reviewed it. How real it was with this young old-boy marking it out on the lawn with his cane.

I HAVE spent days on the Gettysburg field, and I have spent days on the Balaklava field in Southern Russia, where the Light Brigade rode and "flashed all their sabers bare."

Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg will fade out of memory long before the Light Brigade ever stops galloping to Tennyson's meters! But the God of Battle knows that never since men fought with men has Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg been equaled.

A Master Poet may glorify the one, but the facts are firm. Measure the ground! Locate the guns! Read the reports, the statistics! Picture it!

Spend an hour or two with Kinglake's *Crimea* and learn how a quarrel between brothers-in-law, Lord Raglan and Lord Lucan, brought on the Balaklava disaster!

Take away the trumpet, the roll of Tennyson's lines, and the one is a mistake so appalling that the enemy stopped firing to watch the mad riders. The other, the super-courageous and conscious effort of desperate men for a Cause that refused to recognize defeat

The Light Brigade went forward at Balaklava a-horseback. The gallop of the horse is itself an inspiration, an intoxication! Their danger was neither visible to them nor did they anticipate or appreciate it.

They rode through clouds of smoke!

Nolan's misunderstood taunt sent them galloping, and the Russians, their opponents, stood stupidly by, and let them pass through. The cannonade was terrible at times, and again it was nothing.

None will deny that the Light Brigade dash down that Valley flares the imagination! But it was no more premeditated than a fall downstairs

Pickett's men knew, for five hours or more, that they were to break the center of the Union line. For two hours they had seen the Union artillery on Cemetery Ridge in action. They knew that outside their trenches death waited them. They wrote their farewell notes, smoked their tobacco, and listened expectantly for the signal.

Forward! came the command. Guns on shoulder, they step out to cross a mile of open meadow. Halfway over they come to a rail fence. They halt! Climb the fence! Halt! Left Dress—Forward, and off they walk again. They kicked up the dust and whistled *Dixie*.

¶ On the hill in front, every big gun of the Union Army dumped Hell down on them! Scrap-iron, wire nails, grape-shot, canister. Five thousand men were with Pickett at the start, and perhaps twenty per cent arrived. Seventy-five great Union guns belched death on their depleted ranks. They were enfiladed, too; a battery on Little Round Top sideswiped them, lest any live.

On they walked, guns on shoulder. Death emptied their ranks! The rear ranks closed up! On they walked! Not a shot did they fire until they closed with the Yankees, and close they did. They broke the center, just as they were told. Armistead fell five yards inside the guns.

¶ Hold their advantage? Why, bless you, child, they had the heart to, but there was n't enough of them left to do it!

I HAVE walked across that Gettysburg meadow toward the umbrella-shaped trees, and it is not a short walk, and longer I judge with all Inferno out in front.

I have spent alternate days between the Crimean campaign-maps at Sebastopol and the Balaklava fields.

I have examined, critically.

Last winter I met Mrs. Pickett, now a charming, beautiful, white-haired lady, then "the Baby Bride of the Confederacy." I know, she knows, that Pickett's Charge means all too little to Young America!

Pickett's Charge lacks a Tennyson.

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Yet the colorful rush of the Light Brigade "Charging an Army," for calm and beautiful courage is not comparable with that inspiring walk of Pickett's Southern Boys across that Pennsylvania meadow one July day back in Sixty-three.

East Aurora's Disgrace

EAST AURORA'S Main Street, a mile or more long, is paved with brick, curbed, and lined with great old trees. Snug little houses, well painted and set with flowers, supply the border to the picture. We have telephones, electric light, gas, and a modern sewerage system. No one is very rich in East Aurora, no one is poor, and there is a sufficiency of self-respect.

Now then! But one Railroad comes to town, the Pennsylvania—and the station that it has inflicted on us for years and years is stenchful and dilapidated. The initials of three generations are snicked in its sides. The paint is gone. Its corners and window-ledges are greasy from contact with village loafers. Only emergency toilet facilities are provided, and the spit-boxes are not accurately placed.

Protest has availed us naught.

The Roycrofters send a high-power motor to every train to get its friends and visitors away from this disgraceful deposit, as quickly as possible ❧ ❧

Lest you think we emphasize the indignity, the Roycroft Pig-Pen is one thousand per cent better than the Pennsylvania Railroad-Station in East Aurora! You will find these two structures pictured side by each on another page of *The Fra.*

Of what use is the Pennsylvania Palace in New York City when East Aurora remains neglected! ❧ ❧

Do You Foozle or Finish

NOT one person in ten thousand will finish a job. Some are scatterbrained and wander off and forget. Some are lazy, and the tired feeling conquers them before the three-quarter mark is reached. Many are too weak in will-power to force their faculties to hold tight when the holding is hard. Some sputter out at the start. Some quit.

Last Fall, I saw a hundred or more college boys line up for a cross-country race, beautiful specimens of young manhood. A dozen colleges were represented.

Especially was I taken with the tall, leggy towheads, tanned and in the top of condition. I noticed two that wore cunning bandages and braces, and they had their bodies slicked down with oil, to keep out the cold.

I had my eye on them to win.

They face the tape! The starter's gun! The crowd stretches down the first two hundred yards! I was right! When the runners passed me, the two handsome youths were competing for the lead. The crowd cheered them on ❧ Then they turned a corner and disappeared. I walked around the college grounds for a while. I noted the architecture of the buildings. The deep-tinted lichens held my gaze. Presently I heard cheering, and I hastened over to the tape where the race was to be finished.

To my surprise, up the road came a runt of a man, slightly bow-legged. I had not noticed him at the start at all. He wore a very cheap running-suit, and his shoes seemed inherited. His pace was easy, strong. On his chest was the letter that identified a small inland college; on his face, the look of one who knows just how to run a long race, how fast, how slow; how to finish, and how to let the clever boys take the applause at the start.

I waited half an hour, and neither of the slender, swanking, young blondes, who had called forth cheers at the start, came in at all.

IN business, there are ten suitable applicants for each fifteen-dollar job; three for each twenty-five-dollar job; one for each fifty; and above that, Lord bless me, you must spend months searching out the man.

The average employee of the average business house, receiving the average salary, proves his lack of ability, lack of foresight, in filling the average job ninety-five per cent instead of one hundred five per cent.

The word, "Average," describes him!

Does he cheerfully do all he is asked to do, and a little more? No! He complains, explains, grumbles! Does he learn all there is to know, not only concerning his own job, but about the job higher up that he aspires to fill? Not he! But you hear him in the wash-room telling the Sympathetic Listener, "Either the boss gives me a raise on the first of the year or I quit!" Oftentimes the boss gives him a raise, but in an unexpected place, and likewise he quits!

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An Unpublished Letter of Lord Byron



EAR GIRL: Back of us lies a pleasant land, a country wherein you and I disported ourselves together in untrammeled freedom and unheeding joyousness, and for a time forgot that, certainly, sooner or later the Commonplace would inevitably encroach upon our domain. That time has come—we are at the parting of the ways, and this letter is my kindly farewell to you. In it, I shall write as if all the world could read, while, in very truth, the letter must be destroyed lest a fear-and-hate-encompassed people should happen on it, and thereupon brand you with their unreasonable and uncharitable stigma. The reason why you meant so much to me is, that of those I have known, you are the one above all others, who always, and under every circumstance, played the game as though every pawn were a kindling brilliant. You knew no weariness—in your philosophy there was only the Now. You and I held always that each was necessary to the other's happiness, and yet, the fact that you must have known that our paths divided just ahead occasioned you never a moment's depression. You may forget; your vows of constancy, if they ever recur to you at all, may provoke but your tolerant smile; but, by the gods, the fire of laughing, reckless Youth still runs riot in your veins, and I shall ever remember that when the Past was yours and mine together, there was never a moment when Life, for you, was not a thing to be appreciated with the keenest zest, to be enjoyed with the utmost abandon, and to be remembered without a regret. Herein, were you incomparable. I have known many men and women, but of them all, you got the most out of the chances that were yours. All others who have assisted me in decking with garlands of abandon the hours of recreation, have had some compunction aroused by either fear or conscience. You had none; I know them not, and so, between us, we made the world seem bright. I am an idealist, a dreamer ☙ Fancy carries me to a land where the eye grows never dim, where the ear is ever clearly attuned, where the step is buoyant, where there is nothing that any one fears; but Life has shown me a world in which Death is inevitably the ruler; a world, the light of which lessens with every day that passes; a world wherein Fear compels us to a conformity and conventional poses, and in which the warm, uncalculating love of Youth fades into the callousness and coldness and disinterest of Age. You say I am moody, tonight. No, my dear, I am only truthful. In the cheery, jolly days of a few years ago, I had but to beckon my friends and they would gather with acclaim, and sit down and hold revel while the red wine ran, and the flowing bowl was drained again and again. Mirth was King. His courtiers were madcap revelers, and they were a loyal crew. Hebe was their Divinity; but Time, Time the Tomb-Builder, poured the waters of Lethe in their cups, and it corroded their veins and thinned their blood; and their erstwhile joyous laughter became transformed to a discordant cackle, and their mirth changed to mocking. They say, and they believe when they say it, that Wine is an enemy; that Women are wicked; and that Life is a vanity of vanities. Blame them not, for they are old; but grieve with them that the fires of exuberant Youth do not always burn. Life is a servitude. The rulers of the world are slaves. To rule, they must labor, and the labor crushes them with its inertia, and the garlands they win do but deck tombs, and that, so long only as the daylight lingers. Such garlands dissolve in the shadows of the first night, and the mists of morning fall on the bare graves that they for the moment adorned. Our only friend is Memory. Her eye brims with understanding; her voice is caressing and tender; her touch is magnetic with sympathy. Today, Youth lures us to go; tomorrow, Age will command us to stay, and then will Memory be my sweet-voiced guest, and she will sit by my side, and look into my dimming eyes, and sing the songs of Yesterday. She will dwell on the glory of morning; she will recall the friends who joined with me in ready homage to King Mirth; she will speak of Hebe; and then will come your name, my royal, clear-eyed, straight-limbed Sweetheart; and at last will I know that Old Age is not too heavy a burden to carry in payment of having once been young. Doubt will whisper, " She was fickle, inconstant; she

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never really cared for you," but the Ghost of Youth will flit across the strings of the heart, and that will pulsate, "She was young; she was beautiful; her kisses were endearing; her embrace was full of fire and passion and life; the response of her body was complete in its amorous abandon; and if she changed or forgot, we all change and forget; but while the glamour lasted, its spell was transmuting, and that for which the Universe was created, was our unstinted portion." And when Time has taken me so far that even Memory's voice can no longer awaken the heart to answer, then will it suffice to record of me, "This Man Lived."

And as you and I wander through Life after Life in unlimited series, perchance we will meet, and like a rush of fern scents wafted from years long past, will come again Memory, and you and I, though we know not why, will be glad; and it will be because we laughed and sang together, long before, and gave small heed to the droning world, which, had it known our hearts, would have used our name to adorn the moral of one of its degenerate tales. And so, Farewell, and Farewell!

The Cause of Crime

J. J. Sanders of the Arizona State Prison



WHAT is the main cause of crime?

One of the main causes of crime is the utter lack of educated or trained will-power of the average individual. Ignorance of the psychic laws governing emotion has more to do with wrongdoing than has anything and everything else combined. Any person who allows anger, fear, jealousy, worry or despondency to rule his better self is a potential criminal. No person can be said to have an impregnable character who yields to any of the negative emotions. All human character is weak that gives way to anger, fear, jealousy, worry or despondency.

Can impregnable characters be built through education and training of the will?

Science says they can, and science speaks from practical experience. Love and courage are positive emotions. Anger is the negative or opposite pole of love, while fear is the opposite pole of courage. Love and courage are Christian virtues. No person is a true Christian who is ignorant of the law governing these virtues. If the Men's Forward and Religion Movement would insist on every one becoming efficient in the science of psychology, what a character-building movement it would be! If the children in the Sunday Schools of America were taught how to overcome each and every negative emotion, what impregnable Gibraltars of character they would become! The teachers in the public schools would soon catch the spirit, as would also the parents and guardians of American children; and as a result Americans would very soon become the strongest in human character of this or any other age the world has ever known. Any person who has acquired self-control and self-mastery can not be said to be a potential criminal. Nothing can swerve such a character from the path of rectitude

THE late J. P. Morgan rated character above tangible security in loaning money. With this greatest of American bankers, character was a very strong business asset. He knew from practical experience that a man of indomitable character would fulfil any obligation he incurred Nations are no stronger than the composite character of their people. The poet Goldsmith tritely expressed this truth in the *Deserted Village* when he said: "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay."

¶ The accumulation of character is of vaster importance to the growth and well-being of a nation than is the accumulation of wealth. Our nation has been scientifically accumulating wealth, while character has been allowed to rustle and hustle as best it can without the aid of science. It is all very well to accumulate the wealth, but why not apply scientific principles to the building of character as well? Character should be the first thought of a people striving for a fixed place in the Sun of Nations.

The cheerful loser is a winner.

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Decision of Character

Charles H. Arnall



DECISION of character is one among the greatest secrets of success in life, and yet very few of us realize its importance until too late in life. God Almighty has seen fit to create in every individual the germ of this quality, and if we will but heed the dictates of our own conscience, and study carefully and intelligently the qualities which have enabled others to succeed, we will find that decision of character plays the most important part in the race for success in life.

Character is something we cultivate. If we associate ourselves with good people; spend a goodly portion of our spare moments reading good literature; be honest and truthful in our dealings with our fellowman, we will cultivate a character that will be of great advantage to us ❧ ❧

THOUSANDS and thousands of brilliant men have failed for the want of courage, faith and decision, and stood watching those less gifted press on to the higher and nobler things of life, for no other reason than decision of character.

We all know that " there is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," but not every one has the ability to tell the time of the flood, and many, after telling it, have lost its advantage through lack of nerve to embark upon it before the ebb came, and the opportunity was lost.

Good People as Joy-Killers

Charles Edwin Knowles



WE are sometimes informed that if everybody were good the Millennium would be here. Fiddlesticks! ❧ There never will be a Millennium—I mean by Millennium a condition of brotherhood—until goodness is supplemented by thought, or, in other words, until the good use their cabezas. Millions of good people do not think.

Good people board an elevator and neglect to tell the operator where they want to get off ❧

Good people keep you busy bringing neighbors to the telephone.

Good people, when your desk is piled with work, cheerfully remain.

Good people permit the baby to maul a kitten.

¶ Good people tell you that you look pale ❧

Good people leave a door ajar in a darkroom.

¶ Good people kid a man about his girl.

Good people are pleased with the tricks of a performing bear.

Good people jaw the telephone-girl.

Good people borrow books.

Good people plant themselves midway in the aisle of a trolley-car.

Good girls endanger eyesight by wearing hatpins whose points project three or four inches.

¶ Good people hammer the piano in an adjoining flat at two o'clock in the morning.

Good people beat their rugs near your open window ❧ ❧

Good people neglect to throw ashes on the icy sidewalk ❧ ❧

Good women at the last moment postpone their engagement with the dressmaker.

Good people teach little children the doctrine of eternal punishment.

Good people try to stop Sunday baseball ❧

Good people condemn a legislator when he fails to " get things " for his own district ❧

Good people require the delivery of a tiny parcel rather than lose " class."

Good people pursue you to your summer cottage, to which you have fled for needed rest.

¶ Good people get Johnnie an air-gun.

Good people shove ahead of you at the ticket-office window.

Good people write mud-throwing letters to the newspapers.

Good people noisily enter a concert-room in the middle of Rubinstein's Melody in F.

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Wanted—A Man

Elbert Hubbard



PLATO once defined a man as a "two-legged animal without feathers."

One of his pupils—Diogenes, who was a joker as well as a philosopher—upon hearing this, immediately left the class. He reappeared shortly, bearing a plucked Rostand rooster. Holding it at arm's length, he exclaimed, "Here is Plato's man!"—and the class in the Grove Academy roared.

But Plato precluded the possibility of a repetition of the joke by adding the words, "with broad, flat nails," to the definition.

Since Plato's time, many and various have been the definitions of a man.

He has been likened to almost everything: from a son of the sun to a sonovagun, to a bifurcated radish and a cheese paring.

Generally speaking, the popular conception of what constitutes a real man was based upon the idea of leadership. We thought he must be a masterful man, he must excel, he must have an unbending will that bends all minds to his own ❧ ❧

But alas and alack, how often do we find that the strong man, the leader, becomes a menace, if not a positive curse!

Look over the sea! Europe is suffering from being over-led. And in America the people have handed over their thinking apparatus to professional politicians, and we have a government by experiment.

We are being swept along by slogans, lured along by mirage-like pictures of future prosperity and happiness, being joshed, jollied and cajoled into the belief that if somebody can be destroyed prosperity will flow.

Thus are votes purchased and delivered.

AS far as I can glimpse the situation, this country just now is in need of a man.

We are suffering from a plethora of lawyers, a multiplicity of laws, and a flood of legislation—most of it negative.

There are businessmen in America with a wide, generous outlook on the world—quiet men with executive ability who realize that the sweetest words in the world are these: "Enclosed please find check."

And then for roseate beauty there is nothing quite equal to the payroll.

This country is suffering from industrial status ❧ ❧

We have every requisite here in America for the greatest prosperity the world has ever seen. Yet things halt, and we practise the hesitation.

¶ Stocks of goods are reduced and money is plentiful, but brooding over us is a "psychological condition." This condition is one of uncertainty, apprehension, doubt.

Lawyers maintain no payrolls. Nine-tenths of them live by "getting the law" on somebody.

¶ The reign of the lawyer does not make the waste places green; nor does the pedagogue make the pay-envelope pudgy.

The biggest thing in America is business; and what we need is a businessman with legislative experience as our chief executive.

Herbert Spencer has enumerated those men who have lived in history who are so far beyond the rest of mankind in mentality that they form a class by themselves.

And they were not conquerors or "leaders"—they were all working men, familiar with ways and means, not too good, and with no fine pretensions as to setting themselves up as different from the rest of mankind.

They were not too wise, nor too virtuous, for daily use.

James J. Hill, Henry Ford, and Elbert H. Gary, all have jobs of their own, so they can't get away.

IN looking over the country, scanning the horizon for a quiet, commonsense, practical man who can strike the rock of our national resources, so that the gushing waters will flow forth, it looks to me that John Wingate Weeks of Massachusetts is the man.

The popular route to the White House is via the office of public prosecution.

Why not via the office of Public Defender? Defamation has had its day. Let 's build!

The man wanted is the average man, focused and concentrated—also consecrated. We need a man who has something in his idea garage, who uses his head, hands and heart.

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I think of no higher tribute you can pay a man than to say that he has commonsense and knows how to cash it in. ¶ Weeks is friendly without being a "good-fellow."
Commonsense is most uncommon, and a really competent man is as scarce as an albino crow ❧ ❧
Weeks believes in taking things as they come along, and making the best of them. He does not hunt for opportunities: he just seizes them as they arrive and utilizes them.
Weeks throws out ideas, and other men seize upon them, thinking they are theirs.
Weeks gives everybody credit. He asks for no bouquets. He is so rich in ideas that he never asks for recognition.

BORN on a farm in New Hampshire, John Wingate Weeks spent the first seventeen years of his life among horses, cows, pigs and chickens. He became chummy with living things, growing things; and incidentally he got a line on himself.
And then he heard the call of the sea; and for four years he sailed the seven seas as a middy, acquiring the tang and the tan of a "sea-dog," and also his diploma as an officer from President Garfield.
Weeks loved the sea and seafaring folks, and would undoubtedly have now been Admiral Weeks, if there had been ships enough to go 'round at the time he received his papers.
As it was, he left the service of Uncle Samuel and spent the next eight years surveying in Florida. George Washington was a surveyor —so was Lincoln—so was Herbert Spencer ❧
Surveying gets a man out in the open—it makes him exact, mathematical, systematic. No surveyor ever says "pretty near," "I guess," or "good enough."

FROM Florida, Weeks went to Boston, where he met young Hornblower; and Weeks entered into partnership, and the firm of Hornblower and Weeks became established. ¶ It grew from a small bank, with an office staff of two, into one of the biggest banking-houses in New England.
And Weeks became one of the most successful and most consulted men in the banking business. He was called the specialist in banking diseases, and put one or two feeble institutions upon their feet.
He inspired confidence.

The biggest National Bank in New England owes its establishment to John Wingate Weeks ❧ ❧
After filling many city offices, Weeks was made Mayor of his home town—Newton—and ten years ago was elected to Congress.
Two years ago he entered the Senate.
A hard worker, courageous yet courteous, firm yet kindly, Weeks has endeared himself to all parties and factions.
Republican though he is, he is also a democrat, with a small d, and both Progressives and Democrats will do more for Weeks than for all the Republicans put together.
In Congress he served on the House Committee on Banking and Currency and on the Committee of Agriculture, where he did good work.
He straightened out the tangle of the Forest Reserve Bill, and put on the Statute-Book a Bill for the Protection of Birds.
Farms, factories, forests, are his playthings. He is a workingman—familiar with every phase of the life of the toiler, sympathetic without being maudlin. His way of helping people is to set 'em to work.
He it was who licked the Postal Savings-Bank proposition into shape; and while Chairman of the Post-Office Committee, he put an Appropriation Bill, aggregating two hundred forty million dollars, right from committee through Congress, without the alteration of even a comma.
Weeks had much to do with the framing of the Aldrich-Vreeland Emergency Currency Bill, under which we escaped a financial panic in the early stages of the European War.
John Wingate Weeks is an authority in finance, in diplomacy, in naval and military offices, in civic government.
Weeks is a worker, a builder, a thinker, a doer. Just now we need such men.

"A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of lucre does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking."

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WHERE ART THOU, GOD?

David Dillard Haggard



HERE art thou, God?
My soul cried out in longing for the infinite;
I long have sought Thy face—
But to my darkened soul there comes no light.

I sought to find Thee, Lord,
Among the throng within the marts of trade.
Alas, I found not Thee—
But greed and self 'gainst self and greed arrayed.

In search of Thee
I scanned the books of men whose names endure.
O waste of words!
Their thoughts are stale—they guess, they are not sure.

I seek in vain,
And in my eyes unbidden teardrops start.
I laugh—it dawns on me—
That Thou, O God, art ever in the heart.

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LOYAL ROYAL ROYCROFTERS



GRENVILLE KLEISER, YALE COLLEGE
PROFESSOR AND TEACHER
OF ORATORY
EXTRAORDINARY
See Article — A Builder of Men



BRAND WHITLOCK
U. S. AMBASSADOR TO BELGIUM

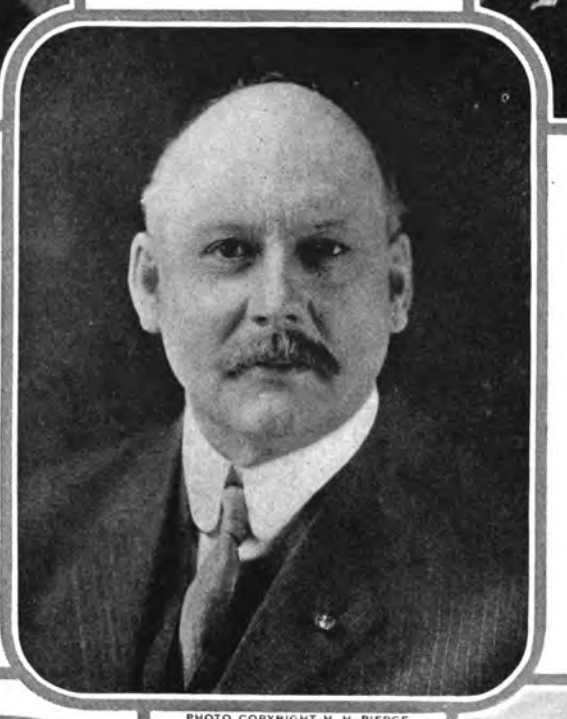


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SENATOR JOHN WINGATE WEEKS
See Article — Wanted: A Man



CARRIE JACOBS BOND
WRITER OF BEAUTIFUL SONGS
Author of "A Perfect Day," etc.



DANIEL PROTHEROE
THE WONDERFUL WELSH TENOR

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SOME OF ELBERT HUBBARD'S FRIENDS



HENRY FORD
ELBERT HUBBARD



ELBERT HUBBARD
DR. STEINMETZ



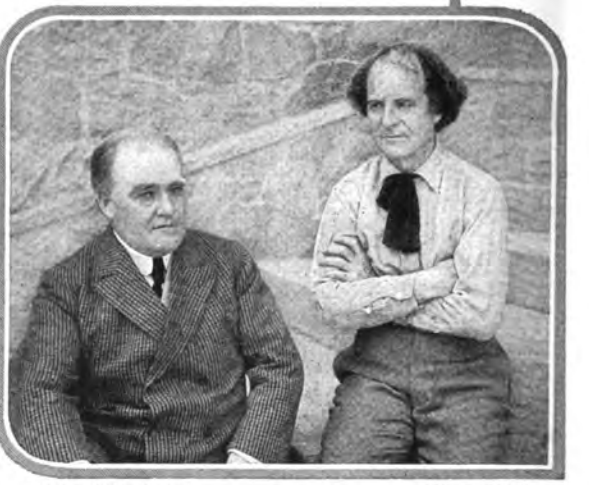
FREDDIE WELSH ELBERT HUBBARD



ELBERT HUBBARD DR. COOK ELBERT HUBBARD II

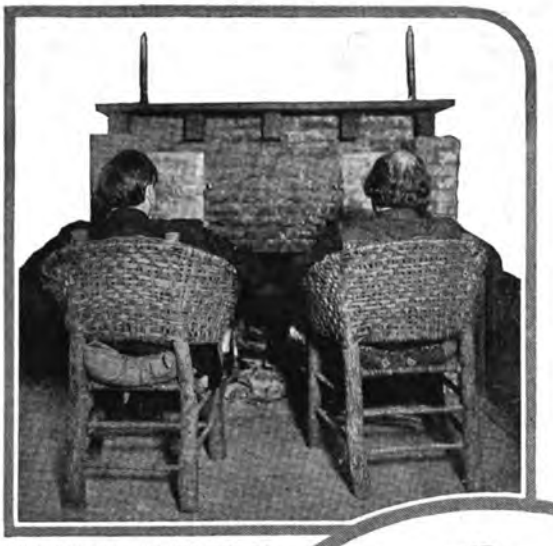


ELBERT HUBBARD "CAPT. JACK" CRAWFORD



ALFRED HENRY LEWIS ELBERT HUBBARD

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GEO. BICKNELL ELBERT HUBBARD



ALEXIS FOURNIER
ALICE HUBBARD

PAUL BARTLETT
ELBERT HUBBARD



RICHARD
LE GALLIENNE
ELBERT HUBBARD
BURR MC INTOSH



ELBERT HUBBARD
JOE CHOYNSKI



ELBERT HUBBARD JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER



JOHN BUNNY ELBERT HUBBARD

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BOSTON PILGRIM PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION AT EAST AURORA



NIAGARA SILK MAIDS AT EAST AURORA



NATIONAL LAUNDRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION AT EAST AURORA



LITTLE JOURNEYS CAMP



ROYCROFT PIG-PEN, EAST AURORA

See Editorial on Page 16



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STATION EAST AURORA



ROCHESTER ADVERTISING CLUB AT EAST AURORA

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THE LETTERS

TO ALICE AND ELBERT HUBBARD

Julia Ditto Young

THE CHARGE

Greatest of lovers walking among men,
Over whose destiny romance held sway,
You have well written of the powers at play
In other hearts, that seem to beat again.
And have you dreamed of that keen future pen
Which in the sunlight of a broader day
To over tell your story shall essay,
Making your bliss and burdens common ken?
Six chiliads of letters you did change,
Letting the tears gush and the fancy range—
Now for the sake of all made strong to dare
Because you loved, take the minutest care
Of that expression prodigal and strange,
And house it from the robbing light and air.

THE RECEPTACLE

Call not upon your craftsmen skilled and bold
To frame a chest, for bravest oak may burn,
Iron will rust, copper corrode—but turn
Unto the East, and from its tawny gold
Cause to be fashioned in a flawless mold
A great fair casket, worthy to inurn
These sheets wherefrom the very gods might learn
Wisdom and joy, so richly are they scrolled—
Rubies for love must gem the gleamy shrine,
Moonstones and emeralds for hope and calm,
And rosy tissues and sweet cassia balm
Must the dim sumptuous sanctuary line,
Till later lovers beg to hear the psalm,
And reverent the world saith, "It is mine!"

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The Cocktail

Michael Monahan

Dedicated to the friends of *true* temperance who, like the writer, would not care to be deprived of that creature comfort which Paul recommended unto his faithful disciple—*vide* I Timothy, v:23.



I WAS finishing an after-dinner cigar in a corner of my favorite French restaurant in New York, when a couple entering took a table not far from mine and at once engaged my attention ❧ The man was of middle age, that period when gratification can no longer be postponed. He was big and high-colored and prosperous and sensual, a frank devotee of the fleshpots, with an air of having and getting things as he wanted them. You know the type, a sufficiently familiar one in the great city.

The girl was far too young to be his companion, save in an innocent sense, and I judged that Innocence and this gentleman could not long travel together. She was pretty, too, and of delicate appearance, that delicacy so charming when added to youth and health; with nothing about her to challenge suspicion, except for her vis-a-vis and his manner toward her. It was unmistakably that of a lover, as their conversation hinted—scraps of it floated to me in the general current—and as one might easily divine, he had no right to be. Nor had she, poor little fool, any right to be there with this man old enough to be her father; and I saw fear and reluctance struggling in her face. They were probably employer and employee—that odiously common intrigue of New York life, and at the thought so evocative of all that offends and disgusts in the yellow journals, I turned my glance away.

But soon again I was drawn to observe this ill-assorted couple by the girl's low but audible protest on a drink being offered her. In these affairs the kind of drink usually tells the story—it is the apodosis of the drama. I was once more all attention.

IT was a Clover cocktail which the girl seemed unwilling to take, while her companion pressed her smilingly, yet, as I thought, with a hint of impatience. This species of cocktail is sweet to the taste and therefore favored by women. It can, of course, be made light or heavy, *i. e.,* to mask under its innocent, confection-like appearance a solid punch of alcohol, with other potent ingredients best known to the decoctors. Intoxication has seldom been made more seductive—the "Clover" is a true *anguis in herba.* Or it might be likened to a church picnic, which has the curious property of changing by and by into a hell fit for Dante's obscene fiends! I scarcely need explain that "quick action" is the theory of this peculiarly American drink, and to the same it owes its popularity. You swallow it whole—only an amateur *sips* a cocktail—and it seems to arrive instantly in your brain. This is the "kick" so prized by Jack London and the more confirmed lovers of John Barleycorn. Certainly the first effects, especially to the novice, are strangely potent and delightful. The real world disappears as by magic and there remains but illusion. All is smiling and rose-colored about you, and you are invaded with an impulse of universal philanthropy. The faces of strangers beam upon you with unwonted friendliness, and you are quick to respond with smile and salutation. The ease with which you can talk to people whom you never saw before is, to say the least, extraordinary; but it does not surprise your sublimated self ❧ You are conscious of an increase and expansion of mental power, or rather a liberation of faculties which you had scarcely deemed yourself to possess. Nay, you are as a god above ordinary emotions, moved to these acts of condescension by your superior happiness and virtue. And not the least circumstance of this benign and grandiose illusion is the fact that your own voice has never before sounded so sweet in your ears! ❧ ❧

Excellent!—the Devil has never made a finer entry. Mephistopheles is without guile, and Marguerite need not fear for her maiden treasure. . . . . But after you have had two or three of these drinks, another sort of illusion sets in, which works even a more astonishing

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change within and without you. You are at first a bit uneasy and maybe a trifle appalled at this intimate disclosure of your lowest self with which, normally, you are careful to seek no acquaintance. But your friend the Devil, whom you have summoned by this all too potent cocktail, hastens to calm and reassure you. Moreover, he becomes your very confidential adviser, and discreetly suggests some very rare pleasures which you have not heretofore tasted, from certain squeamish notions of morality. He will be only too happy to show you where these are to be had—forbidden fruits such as never grew before in earthly garden. God help you indeed when you begin to have a longing for these! The Devil is of an accursed fluent plausibility, which he doubtless contracted of his aunt, the renowned Snake. You debate the matter with him more and more feebly. You end by going with him into the night that seems to be alive with evil eyes which divine and approve your guilty purpose. . . . . .

THE cocktail, in a graceful, long-stemmed glass, of a lily-like design, was set before the young girl, and her companion raised his glass to pledge her. But she drew back her hand, at first half-extended, and seemed to demur with unfeigned reluctance. The pleading strains of the music, the low-voiced but urgent insistence of the man betraying his passion, and the potent invitation to happiness which is the very atmosphere of such a place where men and women meet to honor the Image of Pleasure—all urged her to take the cocktail. I half-rose to dissuade her and then cursed myself for a fool as I realized the unconventionality of the thing. She made the woman's mistake of hesitating too long, and then finally gulped it down, to the visible joy of her " friend."

During the little dispute he had tossed off two Martinis, presumably to encourage her, and they had not seemed to affect him. It was too evidently *vieux jeu* with him.

But the effect, on the girl, of her one Clover cocktail was almost instant and startling. She began to look about her with assurance, to laugh boldly, and to meet fully the ardent gaze of her elderly admirer. In a little while he easily persuaded her to take another, after which she seemed to have eyes and ears for him alone, as if walls and doors secured them from observation. ¶ At this point I again turned away from the couple, for there was now nothing left to conjecture or speculation —the cocktail had reduced the elements of a disquieting situation to a sordid certainty. I scarcely followed them with my eyes when an hour later he led her, flushed and with uncertain gait, from the room. The orchestra was playing with unconscious irony, *Les noces de Janette* (Jenny's Wedding!).

AND I who believe that wine is a precious gift of Nature, a cordial to body and soul in many hard places of our pilgrimage, a source of healing and joy and inspiration, I who regard as meddlesome fanatics the men that are seeking to snatch it from us in their present puritanical crusade throughout the country—I, not the less, following this couple in imagination, was forced to think of all the tragedies, the scandals, the divorces, the betrayals, the violations of wifely honor and seductions of the innocent which may be traced to this fatal stimulant—a few spoonfuls of liquor subtly drugged in a tiny glass! Inventive America has discovered nothing more deadly, no surer means of destruction, no more potent and far-compelling poison ❧ We talk with horror of the Frenchman's absinthe, which has been debarred from countries where wine and beer are virtually untaxed and their use universal—of absinthe, which at least has yielded form and color to the dreams of genius. But where are the visions of art, the perfect pages like those of Baudelaire, the haunting verses like those of Verlaine, that we owe to the cocktail? The devotees of the cocktail drink their dreams, but never write them. I ask, has it given birth to any literature save the odious chronicles of the yellow press? Has it not rather spawned the evil dramas in which lust and shame and crime have their account, and supplied the opiate that puts aspiration to sleep and binds talent a hopeless slave? . . . . .

This is a story no less tragic and mournful than that of the ruined girl, the dishonored wife, the false friend and the wronged husband, who can all be seen, if you look carefully enough, at the bottom of your cocktail!

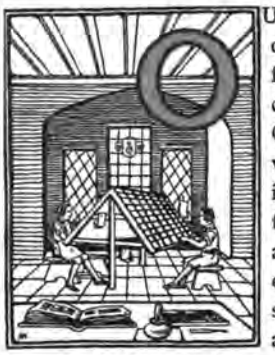
The best rosebush after all is not that which has the fewest thorns, but that which bears the finest roses.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

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Captains and Kings

A. M. Johnston



OUT of the smoke and dust and turmoil which followed the creation of the world came the Captains and Kings, with the people following and looking up to them for instruction and guidance. Being egotists and altogether selfish, these Captains and Kings at once assumed that God had especially endowed them with the divine right to tell the people what they should do and what they should think ❧ The people, walking in darkness, accepted this doctrine, and thus assisted in the riveting of their own shackles. Turning back the pages of history—that heartbreaking record of blood and sorrow and tears—we find that the past forty centuries have been years of conflict, of alternate victory and defeat in the age-long struggle of the people for liberty of thought and action. Nor is that struggle ended ❧ Today the trenches of war-scarred Europe are running red with the life-tide of her bravest and best.

Call it patriotism, call it a struggle for commercial supremacy, call it race hatred, call it what you will, it is only another conflict in the long, long battle of the people for freedom. The Captains and Kings, who strut and fret their little hour upon the stage so arrogantly, are playing the great game with desperate earnestness; but out of the smoke and blood and dust the people will emerge with a new birth of freedom, filled with renewed hope and courage. The student of history knows what this conflict means, he knows it was inevitable. He has followed the footsteps of the people in their sublime march across the pages of history, here pausing for conflict, there faltering and discouraged, here hopeful and joyous. At times misled, fooled and deceived by their leaders, given up to massacre and pillage, led forward to destruction and slaughter, with heads bloodied but eyes undimmed they have ever sought the open road to freedom, always, with dauntless courage, going forward along the pathway of blood and smiles and tears ❧ Let us Americans, to whom God has vouchsafed a large measure of freedom, never forget the long crimson path by which we have hewed our way to liberty.

The great principle of human liberty is at stake in this struggle overseas ❧ It is a struggle between Captains and Kings and the people on a mightier scale than ever before. Through the tumult, dust and carnage; amid the roar of the ruddy guns and the flash of the grinding swords; in the blood-sodden trenches and under the screaming shrapnel, where death stalks gathering his toll of youth and beauty—rage the Captains and Kings, making still another stand against the people and their freedom ❧ ❧

Mummies in America

M. Martin Kallman



A COMPREHENSIVE study of the Mummies in America brings us in contact with various groups in our modern business, economic and social life ❧ These groups are made up of individuals; therefore, they reproduce, in intensified form, the characteristics and habits peculiar to the individuals comprising them. Innumerable are the instances where a group of men, acting as a unit, enact laws and make rules and regulations which become a ruthless tape in the Mummifying of thousands of men. These laws, rules and regulations, by their inadequacy, uselessness and ineffectiveness, so react upon their authors that they make of them prime leaders and shining examples for our vast Mummy Army.

"Too many rules and too much law" is a phrase repeatedly heard in criticism of organizations and their committees; it is a main factor in the transformation of many of these groups into additional Mummy Companies ❧

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THE system in vogue of selecting Committees—commercial, fraternal, social—is based on a custom of Mummydom as ancient as the world; namely, the President of the organization is empowered with the appointment of all the Committees to act upon the several designated matters. He is bound by the Mummy Tape of Custom, from which there seemingly is no deliverance, and many complications are the result.

It frequently happens that all the members of a Committee are not friendly towards one another. This creates discord and friction ❧ It more often happens that there are members on a Committee whose egotism and conceit more than offset the good intentions and purposes of the honest and sincere members, thereby hampering the purposes to be achieved ❧ ❧

Progress and civilization are thereby retarded and great inroads made in our commercial and economic efforts. A new method of procedure should be followed—one which will make for really effective Committees.

In the selection of a Special Committee, the President should appoint only the Chairman. With the various problems before his organization well in mind, he will take care to choose a Chairman whom he believes to be adequately qualified and especially capable to deal with the problems of that Committee. The Chairman, in turn, is given the privilege of choosing the members of his Committee, and he is naturally anxious to surround himself with men who he feels will work in harmony with him and co-operate to the end that the best results be accomplished.

This latter method would make for a minimum of friction and delay; it would eliminate antagonism and "inside politics." It would practically make each Chairman responsible for the work done and results obtained by his Committee, instead of throwing the entire responsibility on the President of the Association. Thus would be eliminated the Mummy Custom which made it necessary for the President to select all the members of the various Committees of the Association.

The Poet's Dream

Jean de Rosin

LAST night the sea was smooth—a calm
Lay on the mighty deep;
The moon that burned with silver flame,
A silent watch did keep.
My soul was singing all the while,
And lo! there came to me,
The vision of a happy face
From o'er the quiet sea.

Red roses veiled with moonbeams pale
Lay on her marble breast;
"I gathered them for thee, my love—
To peaceful make thy rest."
And then I saw a phantom ship
With sails all snowy white,
It seemed to come—I know not where
In floods of morning light.

And then I woke—the sea was calm,
And on the mighty deep,
The moon a magic potion of
Its silver, seemed to steep.
For lo, behold! the haunting breath
Of roses came to me—
Her presence seemed to fill my soul,
Last night upon the sea.

The Brighter Dawning

Martha Shepard Lippincott

ALTHOUGH the world is full of trouble,
Keep looking for the brighter day;
When clouds of sorrow will be passing
And peace and joy will come our way,
Around the clouds will silver linings
Be shining so that we can see
The brighter dawning for the morrow,
For all mankind, will surely be.

There ne'er in life will be a night-time
So dark but day will follow soon;
No winter-time so cold and dreary
But afterwhile will come sweet June.
And so in life there is no sorrow
But what will sometime pass away.
With some bright dawning there 'll be coming
Around for you, a brighter day.

WOMAN is the only thing extant that was not evolved from a solid slug of nothing. That I presume is why she amounts to something. *Nothing* was good enough material of which to make the father of mankind; but when the Almighty came to create our common mother he required something more substantial than a hole in the atmosphere.—***Brann.***

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In Defense of Radicalism

Louis Schneider



THE popular conception of the matter is that that which now is must ever defend itself against radicalism. Nothing can be further from the truth. I, though I flatter myself that I am a radical and at times should like to cajole myself into the belief that those with whom I am tacitly associated are so numerous and of such potency that we could by a concerted attack overwhelm all who oppose us, know that it is not so. I know that never will we attain that solidarity of action which makes for utter and instant revolution.

Radicalism is of a strange nature. It is like the ocean, which never hurls itself upon the shore in a body, but comes wave by wave; now a great wave, now a small—but always an infinitesimal part of the whole. And what is more to the point, each wave is built up of varying component atoms, and none has the power to race back to the sea intact after each time it has flung itself against the shore and gather to itself an ever-increasing volume and velocity for the next attack. Natural laws prevent this.

And so it is with radicalism. Individuality, that product of uncountable and immemorable circumstances, still plays its part, as do other forces over which we have little or no control. We, as a radical group, may be agreed that a certain end must be attained—immediately, perhaps; but I, as an atom of the movement, have tactical ideas of my own for which I will not yield precedence to the ideas of any other. It is true that when the unrest sweeping over the face of the times becomes great we rise to greater factional protest, and thunder against the social order as it is in that day constituted. But, whatever timid souls may imagine, or impetuous spirits fancy, there is yet a power which happily causes us to gravitate back to at least a quicksilver-like normal before even a beginning of chaos threatens. In spite of the croakings of the old fogies of all time, at no period has radicalism driven things to the point where the burden of its influence became unbearable to any appreciable part of society—which flattering unction the so-called established order can not lay to its soul.

AS for radicals in the abstract, I have known of those among us who at times seemed to be near the point where, could they but have inflamed us with their spirit and stirred us all to immediate action, would have had the structure of civilization down about our ears in a twinkling. There are few humans, I imagine, but that have had their irrational moments, though they may not at the time have had the courage to voice their notions. But it is a matter for felicitation that we do not all grow violent at the same time, and that the attacks do not long endure in even the most volatile among us.

That which has about it the faintest tang of radicalism has the peculiar and inherent quality of being able to disturb and irritate us, just as does anything whose import we do not at once fully and intimately grasp. The activities of a great host, camped at the end of a day's journey, would arouse an uneasy sense of fear within the walls of any city adjacent to where the tents were pitched, even though the host were to declare that its mission was to do the city a great benefit; and no word that the host could pass would serve to quite allay the city's unrest. And for a similar reason there are many who look with fear at any movement that has a radical leaning.

AGAIN, there are among the more timid of those who have dared to entertain thoughts that were in advance of those of the conservative group with which they are associated, who have long esteemed the word "radical" a term of reproach; and among those who use the word as such, it is spoken in a tone that implies its holding all of the concentrated distillate of opprobrious meaning. It is as though all that is ancient in civilization were hard put to it to hold organized society to a sphere of safety—as though it were eternally on the defensive. Consider if the exact opposite is not true.

Radicalism has scarcely ever done more than insist—vociferously, perhaps, at times—that

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the rest of society must at once come forward to the high and ideal plane on which radicalism itself proposes to set foot. It has ever failed, and will ever fail, to fully win to what it upon a set time considers an ultimate goal; for a radical goal is as much of a will-of-the-wisp as is perfection. But radicalism has ever possessed the power—of which it makes full use—first, to cause those who would be reactionaries, to entrench themselves more securely in their old position; second, to taunt them out to combat on intermediate ground; and last, to draw them on until they take a stand on the precise ground which the radicals smoothed and then vacated to take one still more advanced ❧ In this process is lost all of the radical program that is economically and morally unfit to survive. The main body of society, uneasy in its new environment, looks fearfully and well to its footing for a time. Then, goaded out of all sufferance by radicalism, it sallies out once more to cut the ground away from under the feet of that elusive one. And it is the burden of history that it seldom if ever returns to its old place.

I AM proud to belong to this band of radicals. I can not see good in an institution simply because it is surrounded by traditions. And to change my opinion on this point no amount of argument shall prevail.

It may be that I am steeped in prejudice against that which is ancient and reactionary in spirit; doubtless I am; but from whence came the prejudice? Truly not from my forebears; those of them who are still in the land of the living look askance at my attitude. What, then, of my bias for that which is radical? If upon examination I find that in spite of my earlier environments I am at enmity with the principle which pervades the institutions of the past, and have developed a fighting comradeship with ideas which have lately taken root, and which deny validity to age-old traditions merely because they are such, can I do otherwise than judge that I am in tune with the forward-forging spirit of the time? And shall I not act accordingly?

If I found myself irresolvably one with all that is old and reactionary, would it not be probable that, even though I could not admit the fact to myself or others, I would be one with the dead past, eaten of the fungi of other days? ❧ If a man's proposition interests or angers me I look to see whether it is he or I who champions the wrong idea; whether the view of one of us is not perhaps an expression of the cold, analytical suspicions of a conscious group. Come upon a man for his opinion before he has had time to orient himself with his carefully weighed utterance of yesterday—before he can call the cant and phrase of his group to his aid—and you are quite likely to surprise in him the germ of radicalism. The quick and free snap-judgment of an individual is, after all, apt to be a safer judgment than that rendered by a self-conscious constituency which fears for its means of life.

IN all of the most radical measures which I now so enthusiastically advocate and agitate I shall be defeated. But I shall not be downcast because of this. I shall take in good part the rebukes which the mass of society will beyond doubt administer, and shall do my utmost to arouse to action those who count themselves my enemies. For I am positive that in their eagerness to defeat the ends I would fasten upon them, they will eventually come to the point where I stand.

So I shall be the victor after all, even though, seemingly defeated, I fly to still farther and more radical heights.

And in all of this I shall yet be the enemy of none ❧ ❧

Creeping into the lives of men everywhere is the thought that co-operation is better than competition—we need one another. And by giving much we will receive much.

An Exploded Theory

Homer Hyde

DON'T say, " There was never
Another in-law
So bad as that creature
Your mother-in-law."
Come, son, don't be simple—
The witch is a pimple
Compared to that blister
Your brother-in-law.

I modestly protest that simplicity, truthfulness, mental self-reliance, physical health and the education of the hand, as well as brain, shall not be left out of the accounting when we make our formula for a man.

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Elbert Hubbard's Last Little Journey to Dixie

The New New Orleans

Elbert Hubbard



COLUMBUS discovered America—pretty nearly!

Benjamin Franklin discovered Edison—almost!

Edison discovered electricity—not quite!

¶ Ponce de Leon discovered the spring of perpetual youth—aber nicht!

De Soto discovered the Mississippi River, and got an unexpected bath, sure thing!

Thomas Jefferson, greatest of Presidents, bought it with a thousand miles of Riparian Rights—all for the tenth of a cent per acre—great head!

Lord Strathcona discovered James J. Hill—some man!

James J. Hill discovered the headwaters of the Mississippi, noblest of all noble waterways, beyond a doubt.

John D. Rockefeller discovered Ida Tarbell—I should worry!

Andrew Carnegie discovered Charles M. Schwab, and Schwab discovered E. G. Grace—the million-dollar man!

I discovered New Orleans—the new New Orleans—gateway by gravity of mighty things.

Imagine a fan with ribs a thousand miles long, all converging to one common center—that 's New Orleans.

Here is a city with fifty miles water-front, where the biggest ships tie up alongside, with no need of tugs, and no warping in.

It is an old city that has very recently had a baptism of youth.

From Eighteen Hundred Forty-six until Nineteen Hundred Five, it held its own. It has had floods, fire, epidemics, war and carpetbag government ❧ ❧

Now, out of many vicissitudes it is emerging victor, and is again fast becoming one of the great commercial centers of the world.

Alluvial deposits have been gravitating here from the North for a hundred thousand years. Then came ten thousand years of vegetation, with consequent humus. The result is a soil from one hundred to nine hundred feet deep—rich beyond the power of pen to compute ❧ Science has now devised a way to reclaim this land ❧ ❧

Love, labor and sunshine do the rest ❧ The result is orange-groves, gardens, fair farms, good roads and a degree of prosperity.

Engineering skill has also given New Orleans pure water and a perfect sewerage system; and health and happiness abound.

Commercial success has not subdued the gaiety of life. The Mardi Gras spirit remains, and love, light and laughter are in the air ❧ No trains go through New Orleans—everybody stops here. ¶ All steamships tie up.

I could write a volume on the beauties of New Orleans—and some day I will. It is our one "foreign" city—a city which yet has everything that any other American Metropolis possesses—and then some.

BUT here is the big discovery I made in New Orleans—an immense orange-grove development right in the city that is one hundred per cent to the good. It is an enterprise that will attract people to the historic city of New Orleans as permanent residents and, also, those who desire to spend the Winter months in a highly favored year-round climate away from the snowbound North.

Science and capital in Louisiana have combined, and are reclaiming land that was long considered worthless. I saw one particular tract in the ninth ward of the city of New Orleans made up of seven thousand acres, which four years ago was straight marsh-land, covered with cypress, palms and a regular tangle of vines and brush.

This has all been replaced by the world's greatest citrus-fruit-growing community, less than five miles from the center of the city ❧ Today this plot of ground has been drained of its surplus water, properly ditched, roadways are laid out across it, every old tree-stump and vine has been uprooted and burned, and the ground perfectly leveled, and it is now being planted out to oranges and grapefruit.

It is plotted in five-acre groves, seventy trees to the acre.

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This land is for sale; but curiously enough the owners will not sell it to any one unless the buyer comes and looks the property over in person. This because any written description sounds like a fairy-tale.

Behind the plan is many million dollars capital. There is no such orange-grove anywhere in the wide world as this, and the returns on fruit in five years can be safely computed from experiments that have been made for the past twenty years.

In fact, this whole proposition is founded on science, worked out by engineers, and close calculations made of what was to be done and the expense of doing it. Everything so far, after two years' work, has come out exactly on schedule. ¶ Over a half-million dollars have already been expended on this plot of ground. In the center of the property facing Lake Pontchartrain is a villa-sites section set apart for the Winter homes of Northern business-men who purchase groves, all modeled along the general lines that have made Los Angeles and Southern California so populous and prosperous. ¶ Scientific engineering can keep the water within four feet of the surface always and forever. Moreover, the water in all of the ditches is in motion.

We used to get our oranges years ago from Spain; then from Florida; later from California; with a few chance shipments from Porto Rico and Central America.

The big orange-crop of the future will be located in the vicinity of New Orleans.

The methods of shipping bananas adopted by the United Fruit Company have been so feasible, so practical, so thoroughly satisfactory to dealers and consumers, that the same science of transportation applied to the distribution of oranges will do a deal to brace up Southern bank-balances.

If you are curious about the reclamation of those wonderfully fertile alluvial lands, write to The Louisiana Company, New Orleans, which is an organization of the leading businessmen of the State engaged in the dissemination of reliable information regarding this favored section of Dixie.

Anent Negro Education

Nathan B. Young, President National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools



EDUCATION for the Negro, as organized and carried forward in the schools with which we are directly connected, has two defects: it makes no adequate provisions for advanced standard training in pedagogy, nor for advanced standard training in science and in the arts. Those desiring such training must go elsewhere for it. This is not a theory, but a condition that is patent to all who have intimate knowledge of the educational activities among Negroes.

With the exception of one or two cities in which there is adequate provision for the training of Negro teachers, there is nowhere in this country a bona-fide normal school for the Negroes.

What is true with regard to the Normal Schools is also true with regard to the Colleges. Our institutions of higher learning are all sub-standard in reach. The word " college " and the word " university " in our educational nomenclature are as unrepresentative of the facts in the case as is the word " normal " in schools devoted to the training of teachers. These institutions judged by the Carnegie standard may be roughly classified into non-descript colleges of the high-school grade, junior colleges, and near colleges. Of course, our brevet universities are simply potential colleges ❧ ❧

DOMINANT public opinion on the matter of Negro education in general, and of this kind in particular in those States where separate educational institutions are upkept, is such as that the most optimistic see no hope, at least in the immediate future, for any relief from that source. To borrow a phrase from Lincoln: Public opinion is yet " to be talked up to " an active appreciation of this point of view of Negro education. A standard State College for Negroes is indeed a very remote possibility ❧ ❧

As to the activities of the special foundations in the matter of supporting and encouraging institutions devoted to the higher education

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of the Negro, there seems to be an unsettled opinion and an undefined policy. They seem, however, inclined to keep an open mind in the matter. Some of us are not without hope that they may yet see the wisdom of bravely laying hold of this superb opportunity to do a constructive day's work in education by making it possible for such an institution to come to the immediate relief of the situation. I am sure that, convinced of this actual need, they will act promptly and efficiently. Here is an inviting task for those of us who are directly responsible for the educational uplift of the Negro to supply the promoters and managers of these foundations with the information necessary to convince them of the wisdom of this new departure ❧ ❧

Relief from denominational sources is more probable, but not very immediate. There is a fairly well-defined denominational opinion favorable to the advanced academic training of the Negro. In fact, it is this opinion that has kept the interest in this kind of Negro education alive and active. If it had not been for this body of opinion, the Negro college would have been washed away by the wave of anti-"higher education" for the Negro sentiment that swept over this country like a tidal wave. The Church saved the college for the Negro, and for this heroic act, I stand uncovered in her presence ❧ But I fear that she is unable to perfect what she has conserved—not for the want of spirit, but for the want of finance. She is even now mobilizing her forces, realining her educational activities, to enable herself to overcome this handicap.

Then, too, there is the question whether the denominational college is the beau ideal educational institution. The drift seems to be away from the sectarian college and university as such. Even the churches themselves are showing a willingness to "break bounds" in this matter and to tolerate, if not foster, the non-sectarian tendencies even within their own institutions. For the Negro, as for other Americans, the ideal college must be non-sectarian, though none the less thoroughly Christian; and the institution for which I am making this plea will be of that catholic type. There should be somewhere in the Central South at least one bona-fide institution of higher learning for the Negro people, and like Minerva, it should spring full-fledged from the head of Philanthropy.

Captains of Industry in Again

Elbert H. Gary



AFTER the troubles growing out of the European war are over, there will be a general struggle, however good-naturedly, for export business ❧ Our exports should materially increase and large numbers of ships flying the American flag should be placed in service, and they will be if appropriate governmental encouragement is extended; ownership by the government is not alluded to. We must not remain in a position which permits the navy of any other individual country to dominate the seas.

We have reached a position of great power throughout the world, and this will be even more potential if we are prepared physically to make good our assertions in favor of the fair treatment of all matters we are called upon to decide. ¶ Our country must never provoke controversy nor act from selfish or immoral motives. We love peace and we hate war, but under present conditions, which it is to be hoped may speedily change, we must be prepared to defend our rights.

The business relations between the United States and foreign countries before and after the war are important to be considered at this time in connection with the paramount topic of the day, namely, the attitude which should be assumed and maintained by this country ❧

THE belligerent nations involved in the tragedy of tragedies are passing through a cataclysm of destruction of life and property. ¶ Their losses in both respects are beyond our knowledge and even our comprehension. Devastation, misery and suffering are beyond description; even those connected with the participants by ties of relationship or otherwise have slight comprehension of the suffering that is being endured; and we at this

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distance can not imagine the destruction, damage, pain and distress which are entailed.

¶ After the swords are sheathed and the guns are stacked; after the hideous noises of battle have ceased and the nations now involved in desperate struggle are ready for settlement, they will be confronted with many most difficult problems, the solution of which will require time and patience, so that the natural progress towards rehabilitation will be impeded ❧ ❧

BUT after all differences are adjusted, the nations now or to be engaged in this colossal conflict, though terribly crippled, will take a new start and in many respects a new course, and will begin immediately to build on a better and firmer and more permanent basis for success and high achievement in everything that adds to national wealth, power, energy and enterprise.

These nations will not remain inactive or despondent or indifferent.

We shall see the most active and persistent efforts to rebuild and extend and to succeed in the international race for supremacy that the world has ever witnessed.

From adversity will come greater prosperity than ever before. From necessity will spring thought and study and effort that will enable the survivors to reach greater heights of success than has been supposed to be within the reach of humankind.

The peoples of all the different countries, suffering in their thoughts of the past, will be inspired to greater exertions in their efforts for the future.

It is not too much to believe that after the close of the war there will be a feeling almost universal that there must be established and maintained a court of arbitration—simple, comprehensive, effective and permanent—that will secure the adjustment of all future differences without any protracted or general contest by armed forces.

A majority of the nations will, to use an ordinary paradox, " secure and maintain peace if they have to fight for it."

NOW, what should the United States prepare for? If we conduct our affairs properly, if we make the most of our opportunities, if we co-operate with one another, if the government and governmental agencies and the business people are allies one with the other, we shall become stronger and richer and more potential in our influence, and we shall be able to take a place in the van of nations, progressing toward results more satisfactory than ever before.

I made the statement long before the war, and I have made it since, that we might become the leading nation in finance, commerce and industry ❧ ❧

I have recently read statements by financiers that we already occupy this position.

I do not agree with this claim, notwithstanding what has occurred in Europe during the last year. That is, I do not think we are thus permanently established; but it seems certain that we may accomplish this result if we properly conserve our resources. We may hold either a primary or a secondary place, depending upon the wisdom, energy and discretion of our people ❧ ❧

Much depends on our management of affairs. There has never in the history of the world been so great a necessity for wise and disinterested statesmanship or for loyal and honorable conduct on the part of practical businessmen as at present.

Will we do our part? Are we ready to devote our time, our attention and our energies in the performance of our patriotic duty?

IT seems to me that the outlook for improvement in many lines of activity is better than it has been for more than a year. This is undoubtedly in part the result of increased exportations at fair prices, due to the European war, but in my opinion also because of a change in sentiment toward business, which now seems apparent.

The captain of industry is again to be popular in the United States and this has been brought about by the efforts of businessmen to satisfy the public in regard to their reasonable demands.

The individual, or aggregation of individuals, or the nation whose standard of conduct conforms to the Golden Rule will on the average secure the largest pecuniary success.

The clouds of distress, suspicion and hostility are breaking. In the rift we may see the sunlight of better things and better conditions.

The art of winning in business lies in working hard, and not taking the game too seriously.

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A Builder of Men

Elbert Hubbard



THIS is an appreciation of a man and his work. ¶ The man is Grenville Kleiser—a man whom I have known intimately for the past fifteen years.

Very many of Mr. Kleiser's friends and business associates are mine.

Mr. Kleiser has been to East Aurora on various occasions, and has spoken to The Roycrofters in our Music-Room, to their great delight, benefit, advantage and satisfaction ❧ ❧

Boswell tells of how Doctor Johnson once approached a certain man in the Strand and asked him this question: " Sir, are you anybody in particular? "

No one ever asked Grenville Kleiser this question. He carries with him an aura that commands respect. He is distinctive, yet kindly and cordial.

The man is quiet, gentlemanly, dignified, yet friendly and approachable.

He will never be an old man, no matter if he lives to be a hundred, for he will carry with him the receptive mind, the hospitable heart, and with him forever there will be the perfume of the morning and the lavish heart of youth. The latter lives long and well.

Grenville Kleiser is always going to school ❧ Life to him is the kindergarten of God.

THIS man has had a varied experience. ¶ He was brought up to work, to plan, to economize, to make the best use of time ❧ " Dost thou love life? " asked Benjamin Franklin. " Then do not squander time; for that 's the stuff Life is made of."

Grenville Kleiser loves life and prizes time ❧ He divides the day up so as to get the most out of the swift-passing hours.

He realizes that the man who would do big work must be able to relax, to laugh, to lave in the sunshine, to play.

These times of relaxation prepare for moments of concentration.

Grenville Kleiser has been accountant and stenographer, private secretary, superintendent, business counselor, teacher, teacher of teachers, instructor in oratory at Yale Divinity School, Yale University, and professor of rhetoric; but his biggest and best achievement is the production of the Grenville Kleiser mail course in " Personal Development and Business Success."

I HAVE read every lesson in this course, and I am delighted, indeed, to find many of my own thoughts reflected here.

Truth can not be copyrighted.

There is no caveat on any of the simple, plain, every-day truths that Grenville Kleiser here so eloquently, clearly and convincingly presents ❧ ❧

The simple is the last thing we know, and the obvious is quite sure to escape the so-called highbrow.

One of the best books of modern days is *Crowds* by Gerald Stanley Lee.

One good book deserves another. Life is a sequence.

I called on Mr. Lee not long ago at his delightful, old-fashioned residence in Northampton, Massachusetts, and he told me a little of the pedigree of that book, *Crowds*.

Four years ago, Mr. Lee wrote a book called, *Inspired Millionaires,* and *Crowds* represents cab wit, and cab wits are those rich and precious thoughts that come to you on the way home: the things you intended to say, but did n't; or the things that you should have said, but which you forgot.

The argument in *Crowds* is that earning a living is the biggest thing in the world, and when we earn a living we live a life.

We are all in business for our health, or we should be—or we are not likely to have much health or much business. And the biggest business and the best business is the business of living.

There are a lot of us here, and it is quite necessary that we should recognize the fact that one man's rights end where the rights of another man begin.

Success lies in mutual service.

How can we best serve humanity? What is the attitude of mind that makes for success? ¶ The warp and woof of Success is Friendship. We make our money out of our friends ❧

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Our enemies will not deal with us if they can help it, and they usually can.

AND so in studying the Grenville Kleiser course in "Personal Development and Business Success," I find the lessons written out in bold typewriter style, liberally spaced so as to be followed with the eye without effort

The sentences are short and pithy. Technicality is waived and eliminated. The thought is clear, simple, obvious. You can almost commit these lessons to memory on one reading, and they are charged with the actinic ray of personality

They are inspired, and no one can follow these lessons, be he man, woman or child—I care not what his age or what his position in life—who will not be bettered by fletcherizing on these beautiful, simple truths of right living which make for health, wealth and prosperity.

THE whole work is affirmative In it there is nothing combative. You are not asked to forget something, to change your mode of life, to take vows in doing this, that or the other

Emerson says that, "The great teacher teaches us nothing, but in his presence we simply become different people."

And so in following the Grenville Kleiser course, I do not so much find strange, mysterious, peculiar and dogmatic statements of truth, as I find a general stimulation of my own thoughts and ideas. And as I read I keep saying: "Yes, yes! Certainly! Why not! Surely so."

And then I called in Terese and read a lesson to her, and she said: "Surely so. This is delightful. We have always believed this."

And so here comes your own thought back to you again.

Reading is discovery. In every great author you find your own rejected thoughts, but they come in new apparel, clothed in dignity and beauty, and in this new dress you sort of recognize them as your own.

NOW, I find that these lessons in Business Success deal largely with character

Character is the sum total of what a man is.

¶ The three principal ingredients in character are Intelligence, Will-Power, and Right Intent

All of these faculties can be strengthened by use and proper stimulation.

We do not want anybody to lay down a scheme of life and live it for us, nor dictate to us as to what we shall do or what we shall not do

But he who can throw out thoughts in the air in an easy way, so that we pick them up and imagine they are our own—he is the real teacher

So I find Grenville Kleiser devoting a delightful lesson to the foundation of success, telling you that success is not a thing to seize upon, appropriate, and keep for the rest of your life.

¶ Success is evolution, a motion forward. It is always becoming something else. It is a form of transition. ¶ There is no such thing as complete achievement. After every success there comes a voice which says, "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest."

At each arrival at a new goal the Horizon of Success moves just a little ahead of us. And so we realize that success consists in traveling hopefully but never arriving.

Grenville Kleiser would have us work, and I work in order that I may rest.

I have noticed that a man who does nothing but rest is always tired, tired of himself and of everybody else.

I carry the world in my heart.

All the world we see is the reflection of our own inward mental condition.

ANOTHER lesson I find on how to organize your forces.

We all start life with about the same amount of cosmic capital. It depends upon ourselves as to how we use our energies.

Grenville Kleiser throws out helpful hints about how to start the day, how to plan the hours, how to clear your mind from mental rubbish, how to place a just and discriminating value on ideas, thoughts, plans—also on yourself. He teaches you the fine art of listening, of cultivating the receptive mind

One specially interesting lesson I find on the subject of Building Your Personality.

Kleiser, himself, is a salesman. He could go into any store, shop or factory and command the respect of any one and every one he met.

IN one of the darkest times of the Revolutionary War, Benjamin Franklin was sent to Paris to borrow money.

America had no credit then.

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Franklin was unknown in France, and yet he borrowed "money on his face." He borrowed money on his personality.

His presence breathed an atmosphere of sincerity, honesty, high intelligence and right intent ❧ ❧

His mood was contagious, and it was on the money that Franklin borrowed that Washington fought the War of the Revolution.

The world is full of good things; but at times they seem a bit congested. The poor are numerous, and the men who have too much are often to be found.

Happiness does not belong to either extreme, and well has it been said that no country is any richer than its poorest citizen.

Kleiser shows the fine art of getting everything in life that belongs to you; and the way you get the good things in life is not by going out and demanding them, but by siphoning in your direction through natural attraction the things that are yours.

BUSINESS today is the art of human service ❧ ❧

We used to sing, "Religion is the chief concern of mortals here below."

That which is your chief concern is your religion ❧ ❧

Herbert Spencer says that religion is philosophy touched by emotion.

The Reverend Doctor Gladden says, "Religion is a realizing sense of the Spirit of God in the heart of man."

The chief concern of the best people in America is business. So, in very fact, business is our religion ❧ ❧

We find, according to the Reverend Gerald Stanley Lee, that there is room in business for all of our art, all of our love, all of our philosophy, all of our beautiful emotions; and when the world is redeemed from woe and want and misery and superstition, it will be through the art of business.

All of these truths are worked out without dogmatism in Grenville Kleiser's delightful lessons ❧ ❧

Naturally we want results. We work, plan and originate and put forth effort, and results come as a natural consequence.

It is all a matter of sequence and consequence. ¶ Faith in ourselves, faith in our philosophy, faith in our mission in life—these are all in the line of character-building.

Money is the counter in this game of life. In order to keep our powers at their highest and best, we must be advancing on the dark, meeting uncertainty with resolution, turning chaos into cosmos.

IF we are benefiting the world and rendering it a genuine service, the world will pay us. ¶ So all through this delightful course I find helpful lessons on the subject of courage, personal magnetism, the spirit of enterprise, the habit of courtesy, the way to develop big ideas, building up your vital bank-balance, selfishness and selflessness, how to build self-confidence, the power of suggestion, the right use of speech, the secret of leadership, how to enlarge your abilities, how to bring opportunity to your door, how to evolve your power of salesmanship, the way to make others think as you do, how to vitalize your business in a way so that melancholia will take flight and never come back, how to bring the sense of sublimity into all of your working-hours, in order that animation, happiness and good-will will overflow and inundate even your neighbors ❧ ❧

And so I care not in what particular line of business you are, we are all salesmen.

A merchant sells his goods. The artist sells his skill and the results of his talent. The clergyman sells his personal influence, and the lawyer his ability. The judge sells his knowledge of the law and his insight into the sense of justice.

We sell our time, our talent, our influence, our products, our commodities, our services.

We are all in business, and we should get our fun out of our business.

We should draw our dividends every day and remember that every day is judgment-day. Also, we should remember the week-day to keep it holy.

IN talking with Mr. Kleiser the other day when he was along here at East Aurora, I learned from him that he had just begun to read *Crowds,* by my old friend, Gerald Stanley Lee. But behold! Here are two men, each pursuing his own particular work in his own way, and coming to like conclusions, approaching the great subjects of life from different standpoints. ¶ *Crowds* is a big book. It makes a big demand on your intelligence and your powers of analysis.

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Kleiser's mail course in Business Success is simple, personal and practical. Here is wisdom in tabloid form, stimulating, helpful, inspiring. ¶ Grenville Kleiser helps us to live; and when we live properly and deeply and well, the reward follows as a matter of course, for the rewards of life—and the penalties, too—are automatic.

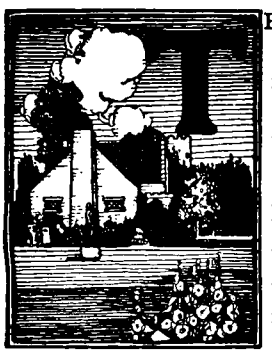
We are punished by our sins, not for them ❧ Also, he who renders the world a great and profound service is going to receive a great reward in return.

Grenville Kleiser in his delightful and practical lessons in Business Success shows us how to serve ourselves by serving humanity.

We benefit ourselves only as we benefit others. Trite and true; surely so! But these old and simple truths are the ones that we have to learn again and again, and thankful are we to the man who can simplify them for us and teach us without dogmatism and instruct us gently and surely in the fine art of living ❧ Such a man is Grenville Kleiser, Builder of Men ❧ ❧

World Trade After the War

Charles Frederick Higham, Great Britain's Foremost Business Expert



THE bulk of the trade of the world will go to the nation *that goes after it properly*—the nation that supplies *what is wanted* at a fair price. I believe that the United States has the best chance if she takes advantage of her magnificent opportunities. She can fight for Trade while we are fighting for our honor ❧ But mistake not, ye businessmen on the other side of the Atlantic, that you are going to have the *old* Britain as a competitor in the future. New ideas are being born in these days of strife—new men worthy of your rivalry are appearing on Britain's business horizon. The old self-satisfied methods are passing. New energy is entering Britain's industries.

The war is working a wonderful change for the betterment of business. The "take it or leave it" days are passing—they will never come again! Great Britain's manufacturers are alive to the meaning of *standardization*. They know *now* that to meet competition they must make a better article for the same money or as good an article for less money.

America and the United Kingdom will be the world's manufacturing team. Prosperity beyond our wildest dreams is coming to these two nations.

But don't wait till the war is over. That is the fatal business mistake. *Get ready.* Make your plans. Lay the foundation-stone of bigger business. Play the game. Don't haggle. Build for success and *not* for mere money-making. *Money-making is the easiest thing in the world: if you are worthy of success it follows as night follows day.*

"An Englishman's word is his bond," and "Americans give the greatest value in the world," are common sayings. Join them together and no other nation or nations can ever beat the combination.

An Exhibition of many of Great Britain's products will be sent to Norway, Sweden and Denmark very shortly. Another Exhibition is in preparation for South Africa and India. A bold bid for business on a large scale is being made in many directions. Industries lost to Great Britain before the war are being revived on sound lines. The resources of this country are so enormous that one gets shocks almost hourly ❧ ❧

The correspondents do not see these things; they are here for War—not business—news. They see business from the lunch-table at the Savoy or the Carlton—tired with their struggle to beat their rivals with the tribulations of a nation at war: they are dodging between the "wash-line" of Downing Street and that place somewhere in France miles behind the firing-line! ❧ ❧

America gets no business news. I have yet to meet a British businessman who has seen a Zeppelin, heard a gun or is in a panic! Such is the Nation today that will, with yourselves, sway the business of the world tomorrow ❧ Are you getting ready? I wonder.

The serene point of view is obtainable only by holding the spirit in equipoise; by letting slip the shackles of hurry; by anchoring fast to the one greatest thing, "Peace."

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AN APPEAL

WILLIAM BRADFORD DICKSON

THE dogs of war—hellhounds of death—
Are straining at the leash the while
Their saber-tusks drip red with blood.
With bated breath they scent the trail
Of murder, woe and crime the while
Their baleful eyes inflame with hate.
Beneath the mask of patriot-love
Of country, home and fatherland—
Their keeper, man, with whip in hand
Goads into frenzy with his lash
The frantic beasts of shame and death.

How long, O stupid man, how long,
Shall paltry, petty, foolish kings
Strut to and fro in spangled garb,
Blaspheme our God, usurp His throne,
Reverse His laws of Brotherhood,
His Christ-taught law of "Peace on earth,
Good-will to men," and lead thy sons
To strife and death?

How long, O stupid man, how long,
Shall this God-world of yours and mine,
From which springs forth in glad array
The lilies of the field, the rose,
And all the wonders infinite,
Be drenched with sacrificial blood
Of brother strife?

How long, O stupid man, how long,
Wilt thou play puppet to the whims
Of idle kings, man-made and weak,
And devastate the gift of God,
Your homes and flocks and bounteous fields?
Oh, blind, purblind and foolish man!
Rise in God-given might and claim
Thy rightful heritage of Peace.

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Assists, Assaults and Ali-Bi's

— *ALI BABA, Censor.*



The Fra for August is a " pippin "—the best ever—and I congratulate the subscribers that " Bert Hubbard, President " is doing the thing even a little better than his Dad, and the fact that you can do it is likewise a high compliment to him who has gone before.
Pell City, Ala. *W. D. Sims.*

The new *Fra* is certainly a very fine edition, full of good solid reading. I think it 's quite up to the mark, and I feel the " Fra " left his work in good hands with you and Felix to keep her in line.
Denver, Colo. *Dora Senter Ware.*

I wish to especially congratulate Mr. Bert Hubbard on his article. It was a beautiful compliment to his Father and struck a sympathetic chord with all readers.
Chicago, Ill. *T. M. O'Donnell.*

I was very busy at the time the August number of *The Fra* was delivered to me, but gave it the once over. I stopped all work at once and read it over again and I did not stop until I had read every word in the book, ads and all, and it was my busy day. I found this number very interesting. You may add my name to the list of subscribers.
Cambridge, Mass. *H. I. Jenkins.*

I love the magazine, and have for several years, but your new make-up intensifies that fondness. And my dear Mr. Bert Hubbard, I would not take the price of a year's subscription for that worthy and touching article in the September issue, " Grandfather and Grandmother Hubbard," containing the letter of your father. I have read it a dozen times.
Golden Valley, N. D. *George D. Kerr.*

The Fra I consider a splendid specimen of a magazine, although of course it lacks the peculiar individuality given it by the expressions on current thought by your father.
The R. S. Williams & Son Co., Ltd.,
Toronto, Canada. *B. A. Trestrail.*

In my opinion, Bert Hubbard displays a goodly portion of the genius of his father and at least one wee twinkle of the merry Fra's genial eye. In stating his familiarity with the proposition that genius never reproduces, Bert Hubbard proves himself the one exception to that rule.
St. Joseph, Mo. *Murry C. Kalis.*

Your picture and Miriam's were appropriately run at this time. Every one wanted to know how you looked.
You have set a pretty fast pace with the August *Fra.*
Bakersfield, Cal. *R. G. Paullin.*

I have but one criticism to make on the New *Fra* and that criticism I trust you will accept as constructive. The cover on the New *Fra* I must say is an eyesore to me. The cover on the old *Fra* was in keeping with the splendid line of thought printed in each issue and until I see the same material used for cover of the New *Fra*, I must say I shall feel dissatisfied.
Nashville, Tenn. *David J. Fleming.*

Yes indeed, I 'd like to write you a word in regard to the New *Fra. The Philistine* and Elbert Hubbard suited me and there is no word more appreciative I can say than that I am GLAD you have adopted a cover for *The Fra* that commemorates *The Philistine.*
" Altura," Woodstock, Ont. *Margaret Clarke Russell.*

The last number of *The Fra* looks like a $10,000 Typographical Beauty—and good stuff.
Chicago, Ill. *William Bradford Dickson.*

The Fra is lots more neutral than it was before. For that reason it can go to many more people, of different nationalities, and to many business houses that heretofore have been prejudiced because of its editorials. See the point?
Henry Andre.
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.,
Cincinnati, O.

You asked for an expression from your readers regarding the current issue of *The Fra.* There is a strong personality gone from *The Fra*, the absence of which is conspicuous in the current issue. But let me hasten to say that in this number I recognize other strong personalities, and to them I offer best wishes.
Lakeland, Fla. *Wm. S. Moore.*

I think the September number of *The Fra* charming and interesting, I like it much better than the August number, and how delightful the initial illustrations are. I intend having the inside cover—the CREDO—framed, just as it is.
Cleveland, O. *Ethel D. Bryant.*

I can't see anything but good in the new *Fra.* The stuff is bully—it has the old punch—and if you keep up the pace that the present issue is setting, you simply can't help making a big red dot on the magazine map.
Hochschild, Kohn & Co.,
Baltimore, Md. *Walter C. Hamburger.*

For the love of Mike, make it like it was. As it is, it resembles something like "Bill Kaiser" might have wished on you.
New Orleans, La. *Edw. J. Thurber.*

We are not surprised to find that you received more than ten thousand letters commending the August *Fra*, as it certainly was entitled to it.
Secy. and Treas. Hotels Statler Co., Inc.,
Buffalo, N. Y. *Frank W. Hinkley.*

As to *The Fra*, it looks good. I feel it is improved—alike in get-up and in matter, and I believe it will be still better. " Drive on."
Vincennes, Ind. *Rev. James W. Comfort.*

As to the new *Fra* Magazine—I like it! The style is attractive: and then too, the smooth-cut edges—and personally, to see the leaves cut open so the pages can be read without the aid of a bayonet, sword or paper-knife, is certainly genuine relief.
Oklahoma City, Okla. *I. E. Wharton.*

When I was sure that Fra Elbertus was lost, I predicted that in a month or so, after the material he had left had become exhausted, *The Philistine* and *The Fra* would die. But, no, *The Philistine* and *The Fra* are not dead, for they still live in the new *Fra.* And such a *Fra!* It is excellent and very pleasing. " The Master of Words is dead!" Yes, but " long live the new Master."
Overbrook, Pittsburgh. *Clarence B. Clarke.*

The August *Fra* is very well written, and gotten up, with one exception—I do not fancy the " butcher cover." The " butcher cover " was all right for *The Philistine*, but for *The Fra*—never."
New York, N. Y. *F. L. Haveron.*

May blessings be upon you, one and all, and upon you, " Bert " Hubbard.
Minier, Ill. *Mrs. Lucile Holmes.*

Write for a copy of the New 1916 Roycroft Catalog. It's FREE to you!

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I like the September *Fra* very much, and as before, I give the preference to Felix's own stuff. He is young and fresh and unsophisticated—also, thank God, Irish: these qualities are delightful in themselves and promise delightful entertainment since they are backed up by real ability. His genuine humor and horse-sense make an agreeable combination that recalls Elbert Hubbard himself, and for the rest he seems to have an admirable selective principle at the back of his Irish bumps.
Editor "The Phoenix."
South Norwalk, Conn. *Michael Monahan.*

Welcome, New *Fra!* More power t' yez!
My word, but you 're the lusty laddie!
And such a big child for your age.
You certainly look like your Daddy.
So Felix is your sponsor, eh?
God bless his Irish eyes.
If he looks out for you, I know
You 'll surely take First Prize.
Keep on, you dear eugenic kid,
And show 'em that you 'll do.
All blessings be upon the head
Of every one of you.
Harrisburg, N. Y. *Earle Remington Hines.*

Hubbard may have been right when he said Felix would learn. When he does, send along some of his stuff.
Freeport, Ill. *Carl J. H. Anderson.*

Felix gets his stuff over with both force and grace.
Editor, Reedy's Mirror,
St. Louis, Mo. *William Marion Reedy.*

My wife says Felix is dreadful and a worthy successor to poor Elbert.
J. J. Gibbons, Ltd.,
Montreal, Can. *Fitzpatrick.*

I thought Felix was an older man than his picture shows him to be, perhaps because we usually associate wisdom with gray hair.
Wadham Ice Cream Co.,
Bridgeport, Conn. *Mrs. Mary V. Wadham.*

God—how that boy, Felix, can write.
Pelham Manor, N. Y. *George V. Hobart.*

On page 136, your heading is, "Gott Strafe Der Buyer." Now if you are going to mix languages you might as well do it correctly and then your words would be, "Gott Strafe Den Buyer."—Poor Felix.
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Rudolph C. Lienau, D. D. S.*

Take the advice of a man who does n't pretend to know anything about the technique of journalism, Felix, and get some star contributors so as to be able to get it across. You have the right goods. Get some others around you who have some of the same kind.
New York, N. Y. *W. O. Butler.*

I say, "Shay can write as well as Elbert Hubbard, and is just as good a mixer."
Gen. Mgr. The Pompeian Co.,
Baltimore, Md. *Louis Weigert.*

The editorial "stuff" in the August Number is the punkiest kind of punk. I am sure the new editor must be an ignorant, smart Aleck upstart. He does n't even seem to know common politeness and decency.
Covington, Ky. *Chas. M. F. Striger.*

Felix has dissipated one painful incredulity I have harbored ever since the *Lusitania* met its fate, namely, that Elbert Hubbard shall never rise again.
The Loxiton Mfg. Co.,
New York, N. Y. *Alvin Austin Silberman.*

Never more fittingly for the benefit of your future success, could you have made a better choice in selecting Felix as editor. Had you the choice of a dozen "Brisbanes" or the like, and succeeded in picking the best, the future *Fra* would change its "all." Hence Felix, who has been trained, grounded in the work by your father, has been wisely chosen.
Vice-Pres., New York Master Printer's Assn.,
New York, N. Y. *Robert J. Stein.*

Put the table of contents on the first page. Do not successfully hide it among the ads.
Buffalo, N. Y. *Arthur S. Browne.*

I must add my congratulations to those which are undoubtedly piled high upon the editor's desk. Certainly Felix is rightly placed.
Chicago, Ill. *E. H. Pratt.*

The brown wrapping-paper cover is hideous; and those cheap, "Yellow" style little fence businesses around the captions of the several articles on pages 139 to 154 are extremely out of place in the heretofore artistic get-up of *The Fra.* The innovation is so very anti-Hubbard in style as to make one tremble for the future of Hubbard's best literary child.
Kansas City, Mo. *O. F. Ray.*

Felix is not a second Hubbard—but if he was I would not read him.

He has the Emersonian plus quality that raises him above the writer mass and makes the new *Fra* as marked as when Elbert Hubbard wrote it.

Though *The Fra* is a new individual, it is a forceful and brilliant one. The August and September *Fras* can gracefully salute all other *Fras* and *Philistines* and salute them as equals
Counselor-at-Law,
New York, N. Y. *Harry Weinberger.*

You are to be congratulated on again having the services of so capable an editor as has recently come back to you. Do not lose him, as he is one of your biggest assets.
Los Angeles, Cal. *Pierson W. Banning.*

I have nothing but praise, particularly for the short article on the excellent sociological work for boys done in Chicago, and I recommend that articles of this sort be often brought to the attention of Roycrofters.
Robert Gair Company, *W. W. Sample.*

That article "Gott Strafe Der Buyer!" is a peach, and every man who is in business to make money, and not just from force of habit, ought to read it.
Lanston Monotype Machine Co.,
Philadelphia, Pa. *W. Bancroft.*

I wish to especially commend you on "Bogus Americans." That 's a great word-picture.
Artist,
Rockdale, Texas. *A. B. Ashby, Jr.*

This is a wonderful issue and one article, "The Banks Behind the Times," written by Mr. Felix Shay, should be mailed to every Banker in America, and should be published in glaring headlines on the front page of every newspaper, which might cause a beginning of the ending of our present-day Banking Methods.
East Liverpool, O. *W. W. Bagley.*

I have just read with hearty approval your editorial on "Eccentric Signatures," but I am surprised that you mention with approval the bit of bastard business Latin in a publication which is usually a model of purity and force of English of the period.

Per is a Latin preposition which may very properly be used with a Latin noun: as, per diem, per annum, or per centum: but which should never be used with an English noun.
Detroit, Mich. *F. W. Reed.*

Your Felicitations are fine. The "Eccentric Signature" strikes me hard, because it has been one of my own troubles.
Pittsburgh, Pa. *Louis J. Heckler.*

You ask for my opinion of the New *Fra.* Here it is. After reading the August issue I was so favorably impressed that I sent you five subscriptions for my friends. What more need I say!
New York, N. Y. *Sanford Maxfield.*

Your article on "Bogus Americans" touched me to the quick. Enough said! I hope it will impress many another.
Newark, N. J. *Ernest J. E. Fiedler.*

Keep alive the spirit of protest and strike at petty graft in whatever direction it may appear. Your article in the August *Fra*, "Hotel vs. Service" was great.
Chicago, Ill. *G. M. O'Donnell.*

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17 ELBERT HUBBARD BOOKLETS $1.00

¶ These booklets were written by Elbert Hubbard in moments of inspiration on subjects which seemed to him of vital importance to every thinking man. Hence you get a glimpse of Hubbard at his best from seventeen different angles.

¶ Each booklet is short, epigrammatic — never of more than 10,000 words. He tunnels right into the heart of his subject from the first word in the first line.

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¶ "Thrift is the basis of all other virtues." ¶ A forceful and thinkful talk showing how the cultivation of the habit of thrift proves your power to rule your psychic self—to take care of yourself—and enables you to dictate terms that bring success.

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¶ "Lay it down as a safe proposition that the fellow who, every little while, has to shake the baby's bank for car-fare, is n't going to develop into a Baron Rothschild." ¶ The fascinating story of a red-haired, freckled freak whose salvation was his "saving" grace. The greatest savings-bank story ever written.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

"Rowan took the letter and did not ask, 'Where is he at?' By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze." ¶ This deathless story of Elbert Hubbard's has been printed and circulated the world over. It tells of duty well and nobly done, of faithful and unquestioning service.

HISTORY OF THE ROYCROFT SHOP

¶ "What have I done concerning which the public wishes to know? Simply this: In one obscure village I have had something to do with stopping the mad desire on the part of the young people to get out of the country and flock to the cities." ¶ In the strict sense of the word Elbert Hubbard wrote no autobiography. Like another great man he held that to write autobiography was indicative of a decaying mind. Nevertheless, in another sense Elbert Hubbard's writings were autobiography—they breathed the life and spirit of the man—the History of the Roycroft Shop especially so.

GET OUT OR GET IN LINE

¶ "I pray you, so long as you are a part of an institution, do not condemn it. If you must vilify and eternally disparage, why, resign, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content." ¶ A strong indictment of carping criticism and a plea for cheerful loyalty and harmony in business institutions.

HOW I FOUND MY BROTHER

¶ "He was so homely he was attractive. I walked over to him and asked, 'Can you work and play ball—I want a brother!' I did not say anything about fighting, for I had suddenly noticed he was a hunchback." ¶ A gripping story of an incident in Elbert Hubbard's life. Tearful, laughable, whimsical—and intensely human.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR BUSINESS HELPERS

¶ "Accuracy in Business is a virtue beyond esteem." ¶ Nobody had a clearer insight into business than Elbert Hubbard, nor was better qualified to speak as to what contributed to its success. In this booklet he has written with a sincere and kindly desire to help the young who do not know, and the older ones who sometimes forget.

THE CIGARETTIST

¶ "Cigarette-smoking is all right until the habit begins foreclosure proceedings, then Beelzebub himself (prince of lawyers) can not vacate them—you go to the devil's auction." ¶ A characteristic handling of the cigarette habit, showing its evils, its folly and its perverting tendency.

HELP YOURSELF BY HELPING THE HOUSE

¶ "To help yourself, get in line with your house; stand by it, take pride in it, respect it, uphold it, and regard its interests as yours." ¶ An inspiring talk on co-operation; emphasizing that responsibilities gravitate to the person who can shoulder them, and power to the man who knows how.

THE HUNDRED-POINT MAN

¶ "I 'd rather be called a Hundred-Point Man than a great this or that." ¶ And herein you will find Elbert Hubbard's definition of a Hundred-Point Man and realize the why and the wherefore of his choice. Hundred-Point Men are scarce!

CLOSED OR OPEN SHOP

¶ "Where are you from and who are your masters?" ¶ "We are from the whole round world, and we call no man master." ¶ An able and pungent criticism of Labor Unionism and some conclusions as to the rights of the individual.

CHICAGO TONGUE

¶ "There is no proof that Chicago Tongue is any worse than any other brand." ¶ A pithy preachment on the "unruly evil"; an arraignment of slander, plotting and conspiracy, and proving that the only way to earn the favor of men is to do your work as well as you can and be KIND.

PASTEBOARD PROCLIVITIES

¶ "As a cold business proposition let me give you this: I would not trust an amateur gambler as far as I could fling Taurus by the tail." ¶ Elbert Hubbard here talks with his foot on the loud pedal! Recognizing that we need all our brains and power of concentration in our work he pleads for the elimination of pasteboard proclivities if we would reasonably hope for success.

WHO LIFTED THE LID OFF OF HELL?

¶ "If any one asks, 'Who lifted the lid off of Hell?' let the truthful answer be, 'William Hohenzollern.'" ¶ This literary bomb of Elbert Hubbard's created a sensation. It was a fearless indictment of Militarism and the Kaiser. Also it was true. And incidentally it cost The Roycrofters thousands of subscribers. But Elbert Hubbard was content. It expressed his opinion that all war is suicide for the people who begin it, and that the forces that rule the world are industry, economy, invention, harmony and friendship.

A DEBATE

¶ The Question: "Resolved—That Christianity is Declining." The Debaters: Elbert Hubbard—YES; Rev. Dr. C. C. Albertson, Pastor Central Presbyterian Church, Rochester, N. Y.—NO.

THE DIVINE IN MAN

¶ "My heart goes out to you, O man, because I can not conceive of any being greater, nobler, more heroic, more tenderly loving, loyal, unselfish and enduring than you are." ¶ This booklet contains the essence of Elbert Hubbard's philosophy. It mirrors in words of beauty and dignity the big, throbbing, kindly heart that went out in love to all humanity.

COURTESY

¶ "To the clerk who would succeed I would say, 'Cultivate charm of manner.'" ¶ Being an essay on Life's lubricant, or kindness and courtesy as business assets.

N. B. — BUSINESS HOUSES — Millions of Elbert Hubbard's Booklets have been distributed by employers to their help all over the country. There is no better educational expenditure that you can make to benefit your employees — and thereby yourselves. Elbert Hubbard's writings will give them a different slant on life's problems, so that they will realize that all their grievances are not chargeable to their employers. Elbert Hubbard pleads for greater efficiency and willingness to work, and less superintendence.

Write THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y., for special quotations in lots of 100 or 100,000 on any one booklet or combination of booklets that interests you.

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easy ❧ To be unconventional sometimes carries its penalties, but whether they are so great as those attached to the former is a question. A form of slavery in dress, manner of life, and, oftimes, thought, is the price we pay for our conformity. Ostracism to a greater or less degree is the price of nonconformity—with a free spirit—an untrammeled soul as its compensation.

—*Evangeline.*

❧

THE real vice in the treatment of the whole trust problem is in the attempt to legislate solely against the result, or effect, of a series of acts, instead of specifically defining and prohibiting these acts. It seems

THOMAS B. REED has said that the greatest advance of the last fifty years has been the elimination of fear from the individual life ❧ We have taken leaps and bounds in that direction, but that we have arrived is not true. To be sure, fear is largely eliminated from the home, the school, and the church ❧ But fear of what our fellows may think is not wholly eliminated from our present consciousness. We all, in some measure, conform to it. To be conventional is so clear to me that the Sherman law can not possibly be made effective in the exterminating of the real evil without carrying with it too large a sacrifice of the whole industrial fabric, and that it should be absolutely repealed and a new policy or scheme of legislation be inaugurated.—*Martin W. Littleton.*

❧

The use of alcoholic drink and effective, consecutive work are incompatible.

—*Prof. Irving Fisher.*

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THE hanging of Leo Frank is but a relic of barbarism, carefully preserved and handed down from generation to generation, from the old Mosaic law: "And if a man have committed a sin worthy of death, and thou hang him on a tree; his body shall not remain all night upon the tree, but thou shalt surely bury him the same day; for he that is hanged is accursed of God; that thou defile not thy land which Jehovah thy God giveth thee for an inheritance." (*Deut. xxi, 22, 23*).

The Georgia mob carefully complied with all requirements of the Mosaic law, except the instructions as set forth for the removal of the body, after hanging ☙ This duty devolved upon the State, whose fair name had been besmirched by mob rule ☙ Just as long as men worship a being in heaven who advocates mob rule, just that long will mob violence exist on earth. Just as long as men imagine that they are favored with a sense of justice superior to that of the courts of the land, just that long will society be menaced by mob rule.—*D. R. Coughlin.*

☙

Debt is the Devil in disguise.

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Ginger Ale

(IMPORTED)

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IN Kalamazoo, Michigan, there is a Company that makes a specialty of supplying Servants. It is not an employment agency. It is the KALAMAZOO VEGETABLE PARCHMENT COMPANY, makers of vegetable parchment — HANDY HOME HELPERS.



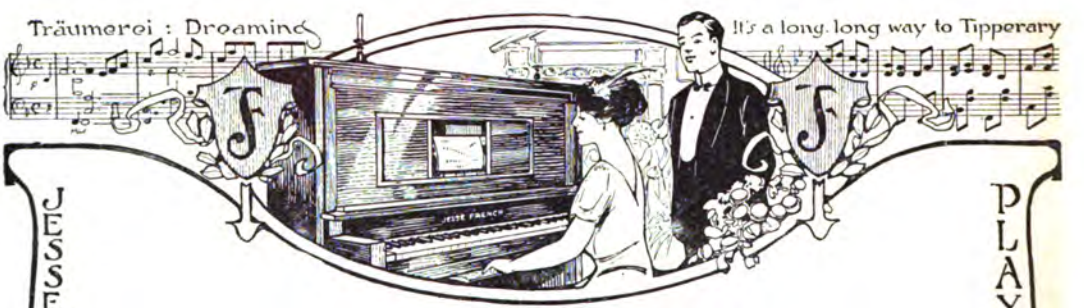
¶ This Company has completely solved the Servant Problem. For the arrival of an assorted supply of Handy Home Helpers is like the advent of a retinue of servants in a home. They turn housework into play and bring the gladness of Kitchen Economy and Sanitation. The Household Line of Home Helpers includes Ice Blankets, Nursery Blankets, Dish Cloths, Stickless Cake Pan Liners and Economy Shelf and Lining Paper.

¶ A "package of servants" from Kalamazoo never fails to bring an encore. Also they are never discharged, except when a bevy of snow-white successors arrives from the Servant Factory. The same Company makes Vegetable Parchment Paper that is used in a large way for wrapping dairy and food products. This parchment is not water-shy. It is chummy with the old pump and the kitchen hydrant. And it never goes to pieces during an ablution.

¶ Another product is Waxed Paper, used for wrapping baked goods and confectionery and for lining food cartons.

¶ Our Handy Home Helpers are sold by practically every large Department Store.

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KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN



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¶ Thousands of people who like you love music, and who like you can not play a note, take tremendous pleasure in the JESSE FRENCH PLAYER-PIANO.

¶ The old classics, the newest ragtime, the old favorites, all these they enjoy to the full through the medium of this delightful instrument.

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That they have more real good music, more fun, more enjoyment, more home happiness since they had the JESSE FRENCH PLAYER than ever before.
That they wonder they did not have one long ago and would not be without it for the world.

¶ And now, what do YOU say? May we help you to select a JESSE FRENCH PLAYER-PIANO by sending you our illustrated catalog. Styles and prices to suit everyone. A postal will bring it. Send today.

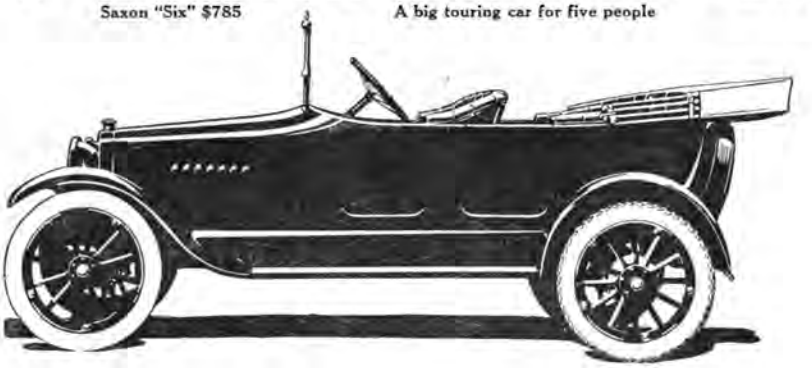
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A new series "Six" with 24 refinements

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Roomier rear seat.

Linoleum covered running boards and floor boards.

Improved body finish.

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— and 17 other detail improvements.

Here — in this new series Saxon "Six" — you find new luxuries in lightness, in comfort, in smoothness, in equipment. Here, too, are new attainments in silence, in flexibility, in beauty and in power.

Further features of costly car class

You want power, of course. The high speed motor in this new series Saxon "Six" — of amazing power and fluid flexibility — marks the top place in motor design.

You want lightness, too. For lightness means economy — on tires, in fuel, in all around upkeep. Saxon "Six" lightness has been gained, not by any sacrifice in sturdiness — but through skillful design and use of only the finest quality materials.

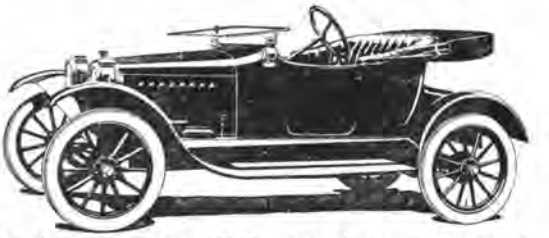
You want beauty also. The yacht line body of Saxon "Six" is a new note in automobile fashion. The garnish strip around top of body adds to its trimness.

And you must have comfort. No car at less than $1000 has more room than Saxon "Six." The wheel base is 112 inches. Even when five are seated no one is crowded.

Other features: sliding gear transmission; demountable rims; vanadium steel cantilever springs; 32 x 3-½ inch tires, non-skid in rear; and one-man top.

Throughout this car — even in the minor points — you find exquisite perfection. We regard it as matchless among cars of like price. So we urge you to see it at once — this new series Saxon "Six" at $785.

New Series Roadster with advanced features



At the Saxon price — $395 — see what you now get in this new series two passenger roadster:

Three speed transmission
New body — handsome, roomier
Signal lamps at side
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Improved high speed motor
Ventilating wind shield
—and fifteen further refinements

There are numerous features about this Saxon Roadster to win your admiration. It has a streamline body of faultless beauty. The finish is superb.

It has a modern high speed motor of wonderful power and speed; easy riding vanadium steel cantilever springs; honeycomb radiator; dry plate clutch and three speed transmission which gives increased flexibility.

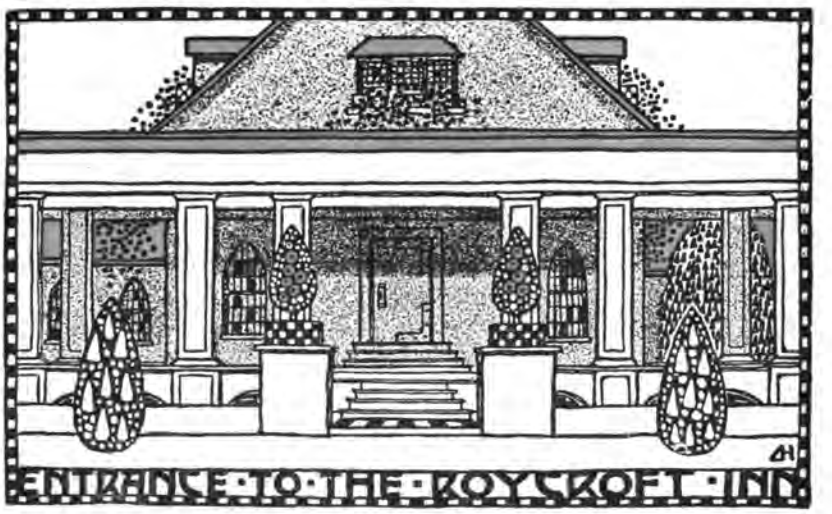
This car has established an average of 30 miles to the gallon of gasoline — 100 to 150 miles on a pint of oil — 3500 to 5000 miles on a $7.95 tire — and an average operative cost of ½c per mile. See this car. Saxon literature on request. Address Dept. III.

Saxon Motor Company, Detroit

(158)

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THE strongest bond of human sympathy outside of the family relation should be one uniting all working people of all nations, tongues and kindreds, nor should this lead to a war on property or owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor. Property is desirable—is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring himself that his own shall be safe from violence when built.—*Lincoln.*

Better mend one fault in yourself than a hundred in your neighbor.

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THE first question which a plain man is disposed to ask himself is, why should the State interfere with the profession of medicine? The answers which are given to this question are various, and most of them, I think, are bad. I think it is very much more wholesome for the public to take care of itself in this as in other matters. ¶ In my judgment the intervention of the State in the affairs of the medical profession can be justified, not upon any pretense of protecting the public, and still less upon that of protecting the medical profession, but simply and solely upon the fact that the State employs medical men for certain purposes and as an employer has a right to define the conditions. Here, and here only, it appears to me, lies the justification of intervention of the State in medical affairs.—*Thomas Henry Huxley.*

SOME one has said that the true test of a civilization is the attitude of the strong toward the weak. Altruism is the highest and finest of human instincts, and is found only in the most highly civilized localities. In fact, civilization, devoid of altruism, is nothing but educated barbarism, enforced by courts and bullets and guns. It is a tragedy in the life of any commonwealth to have its industrial efficiency developed unless, side by side with the accumulation of wealth, there grows up ideals, ethics, altruism.—*Kate Barnard, Commissioner Corrections and Charities, State of Oklahoma.*

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The "NEVERNICK" is a dishwashing machine which thoroughly washes, rinses, sterilizes, and dries every class of china or glassware used on your table, *while you attend to other duties.*

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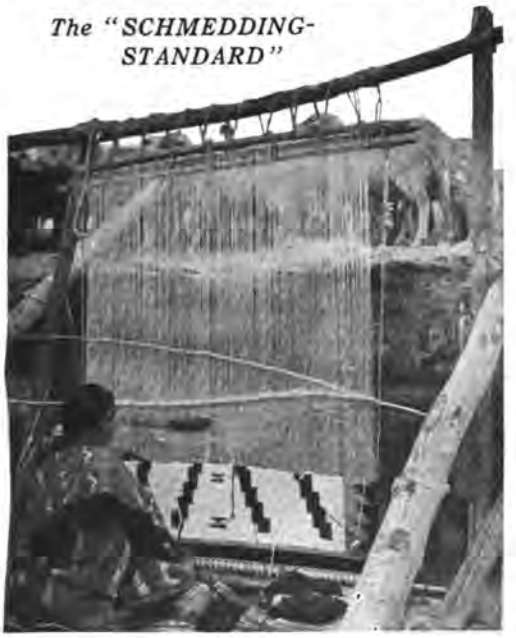
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DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR

THE good old safety first, slick shaving, standby razor you gave 35c for one, two or three years ago, and which you have used day in and day out with such satisfaction? ¶ Well, we want you to give it away! Just to show your appreciation for a good thing. That sounds pretty cool, but here's our proposition. Give your Durham Demonstrator away, or mention its merits to a friend, and we'll give you a brand new *Five Dollar Shaving Outfit for $1.00*. ¶ That's what your old Durham Duplex Demonstrator is worth—the difference between $5 and $1—four good Woodrow Wilson Dollars.

¶ The Five Dollar Outfit which we want you to have is the *Durham Duplex Domino Set*—an American Ivory-Handled Safety Razor, non-slip Safety Guard, Six Blades of Swedish Steel, hardened, tempered, ground and honed to the keenest shaving edge, and a Patent Stropping attachment. ¶ This kit of shaving tools—a creation of superb skill and craftsmanship—enclosed in a handsome roll-leather case for ONE DOLLAR! You'll be proud to own it and still prouder to use it—for the razor is the best shaving tool made. ¶ Slip a dollar and the coupon below in an envelope.

COUPON:

Here's a DOLLAR. I want the Durham Duplex Domino Set—RUSH! FRA—0

Name .....

Address .....

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR COMPANY, Jersey City, New Jersey

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Why Not Live the Thoroughly Enjoyable and Successful Life

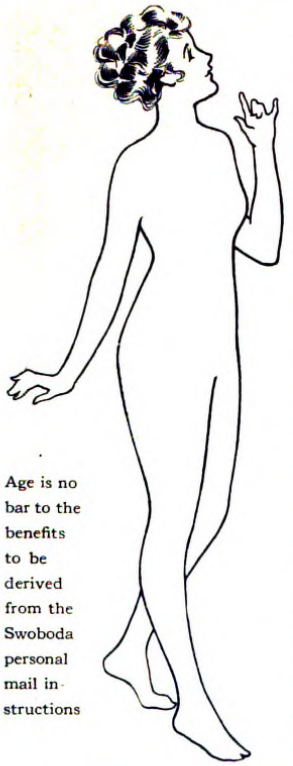
I KNOW that I can easily, quickly and positively prove to you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the joys and benefits of living in full; and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be, and only half as well developed as you ought to be.

The fact is that no matter who you are, whether you are young or old, weak or strong, rich or poor, I can prove to you readily by demonstration that you are leading an inferior life, and I want the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come in possession of new life, vigor, energy, development and a higher realization of life, success and happiness.

Become Superior to Other Men. The Swoboda System can make a better human being of you, physically, mentally and in every way. The Swoboda System can do more for you than you can imagine. It can so vitalize every organ, tissue and cell of your body as to make the mere act of living a joy. It can give you an intense, thrilling and pulsating nature. It can increase your very life. I not only promise it, I guarantee it. My guarantee is unusual, startling, specific, positive and absolutely fraud proof.

Why Take Less Than Your Full Share of Life and Pleasure? Are you living a full and successful life? Why not always be at your best—thoroughly well, virile, energetic? Why not invest in yourself and make the most of your every opportunity? It is easy when you know how. The Swoboda System points the way. It requires no drugs, no appliances, no dieting, no study, no loss of time, no special bathing; there is nothing to worry you. It gives ideal mental and physical conditions without inconvenience or trouble.

The Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution is no experiment. I am giving it successfully to pupils all over the world. I have among my pupils hundreds of doctors, judges, senators, members of cabinet, ambassadors, governors, thousands of business and professional men, farmers, mechanics and laborers, and almost an equal number of women—*more than two hundred thousand people have profited through this system.*



Age is no bar to the benefits to be derived from the Swoboda personal mail instructions



Pupils are men and women, ranging in age from 14 to 92

Swoboda

Originator of Conscious Evolution

Your Earning Power, your success, depend entirely upon your energy, health, vitality, memory and will power. Without these, all knowledge becomes of small value, for it cannot be put into active use. The Swoboda System can make you tireless, improve your memory, intensify your will power, and make you physically just as you ought to be. I promise it.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude, I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."

"Your diagnosis and explanation of my brain trouble was a revelation to me. I have had the best physicians of my State, but your grasp of the human body exceeds anything I have ever heard or known. I have read your letters to many people, also to my physicians, who marvel at them."

MY NEW COPYRIGHTED BOOK IS FREE. It explains the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and the human body as it has never been explained before. It will startle, educate, and enlighten you ☙ My book explains my new theory of the mind and body. It tells, in a highly interesting and simple manner, just what, no doubt, you, as an intelligent being, have always wanted to know about yourself ☙ You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws for your own advantage ☙ My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It also explains the dangers and after-effects of exercise and deep breathing ☙ Write today for my Free Book and full particulars before it slips your mind ☙ You owe it to yourself to at least learn the full facts concerning the Swoboda System of conscious evolution for men and women.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1355 Aeolian Building, New York City, New York

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THE WORLD'S greatest prizes in the future will go to the Businessman. The Businessman is our only Scientist, and to him we must look for a Science *of* Economics that will eradicate Poverty, Disease, Superstition—all that Dissipates and Destroys • The Day is Dawning.

—*Elbert Hubbard.*

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Aim High and Consider Yourself Capable of Great Things

—*Elbert Hubbard*

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P.119.3

THE FRA

For Philistines and Roycrofters



November 1915

John Emerson Roberts
O. F. Hershey
J. G. Henry
Proff Bojack
Harry Weinberger
Edwin Smallweed

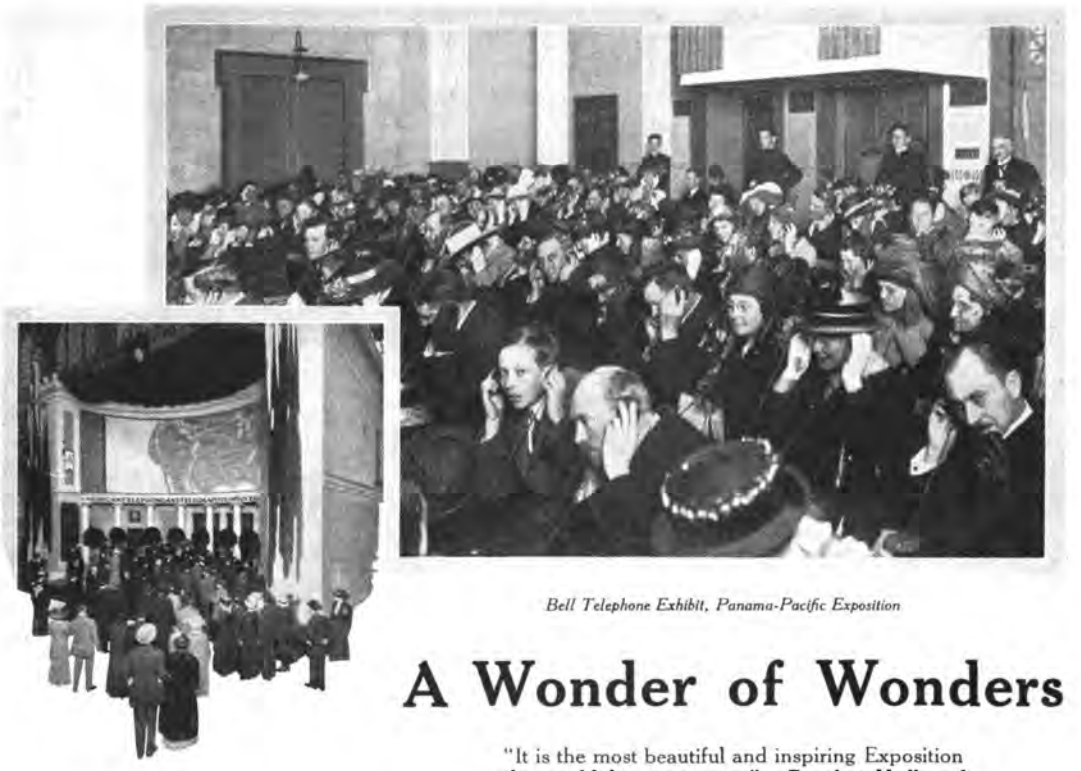
ELBERT HUBBARD
Publisher East Aurora N.Y.

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WHILE I do not know anything about it for certain, it is my opinion that at the Last Great Day the folks who stayed around home and pruned their vines and tended their flocks and loved their wives and children will fare a deal better than those other men who made war on innocent people and tried to render them homeless. Of course, I may be wrong about this, but I can not help having an opinion.

ELBERT HUBBARD

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Bell Telephone Exhibit, Panama-Pacific Exposition

A Wonder of Wonders

"It is the most beautiful and inspiring Exposition the world has ever seen."— *President Hadley of Yale, in speaking of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.*

EVERY American should feel it a duty as well as a privilege to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition and view its never-equaled exhibits of achievements in Art, Science and Industry.

In all this assemblage of wonders, combining the highest accomplishments of creative genius and mechanical skill, there is none more wonderful than the exhibit of the Bell Telephone System.

Here, in a theatre de luxe, the welcome visitors sit at ease while the marvel of speech transmission is pictorially revealed and told in story. They listen to talk in New York, three thousand miles away; they hear the roar of the surf on the far-off Atlantic Coast; they witness a demonstration of Transcontinental telephony which has been awarded the Grand Prize of Electrical Methods of Communication.

This Transcontinental Line has taken the thought, labor and ingenuity of some of the greatest minds in the scientific world. Yet it is but a small part of the more wonderful universal service of the Bell System, which makes possible instant communication between all the people of the country.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

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AN INTERNATIONAL MOTOR TRUCK "REPEAT" ORDER

THE illustration above shows twelve Model "E" 1500-pound and two Model "F" 2000-pound capacity International Motor Trucks. This is a repeat order placed by the Cincinnati & Surburban Bell Telephone Company after using a fleet of twelve Model "MA" 1000-pound International Motor Trucks for three years.

¶ Many such examples may be cited to show the tenacity with which the International Motor Truck clings to its job. We have figures in abundance to show prospective motor truck owners the exact relative efficiency of horse and International truck. They do not exactly flatter the horse. Progressive firms are buying International Motor Trucks on the strength of the abundant testimony every day, and duplicating the figures in their own business.

¶ There was only one reason for such a repeat order as this one in Cincinnati. International Motor Trucks give service — of the 365-day-a-year kind — the kind of service that is in ever increasing demand.

¶ We can be of service to you in showing how International Motor Trucks can be applied to your business. May we?

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)

160 HARVESTER BUILDING **CHICAGO U S A**

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IN the past, at least, law has been the fountain of servitude as well as of liberty, of injustice as well as of justice, of poverty as well as of prosperity, of crime as well as of the punishment which it sought to prevent. And many are asking today whether conditions have really changed. Do not the few still elevate themselves upon the backs of the many by means of law, by means of the control of government and the agencies of justice and public opinion? ☙ Have not the liberties, which represent centuries of sacrifice and suffering, only conferred upon humanity the shadow of power, while the substance is still in the hands of an ascendant class, which has made use of the new machinery as readily as it did of the old? These are questions which underlie all others in the unrest which is expressing itself in city, state and nation. These are the questions which are challenging authority in every country in the world.—*Frederic C. Howe.*

☙

The science of advertising is the science of psychology ☙ And psychology is the science of the human heart.

Some foods that we eat, if hermetically sealed in a thin glass retort as pictured, would literally explode—no wonder we're half sick most of the time!



Some Foods Explode In Your Stomach

Synopsis of Course

1. Three great laws that govern life.
2. What food is and its true purpose.
3. Digestion, assimilation and metabolism.
4. Chemistry of the body and the chemistry of food.
5. How wrong eating causes disease.
6. How foods establish health by removing causes of disease.
7. Scientific eating explained, sample menus.
8. Harmonious combinations of food tables.
9. How to select, combine and proportion your food according to age, sample menus.
10. How to select, combine and proportion your food according to occupation and season of year, sample menus.
11. Obesity, cause and cure, sample menus.
12. Emaciation, cause and cure, sample menus.
13. The business man—right and wrong ways of living, sample menus.
14. The new Vieno System of Food Measurement.
15. Food and morality.
16. Tea, coffee, liquor, tobacco, etc.
17. Superacidity, fermentation, gastric catarrh and intestinal gas and auto-intoxication. Causes, sample menus.
18. Devoted to same subjects as 1-eason seventeen with remedies and sample menus.
19. What to eat and omit for all stomach and intes-inal disorders. Ready reference lesson.
20. Intestinal congestion (constipation), cause and cure, sample menus for the four seasons of year.
21. Appendicitis—cause and cure, sample menus.
22. Nervousness—cause and cure, sample menus.
23. Curative menus; for each season of year for manual laborer and sedentary worker.
24. Diagnosis simplified and made practical.

There are many foods, harmless in themselves, which when eaten in combination with other harmless foods produce a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explode. If you could look into your stomach right after breakfast, lunch or dinner any day, you would understand the cause of over 90% of all sickness, why most men are less than 50% efficient and why the average life of man is only 39 years.

Food is the fuel of the human system—it furnishes the motive power for the day's work. Yet not one in a hundred knows the chemistry of food or the effects of different foods in combination. Some of the meals we are constantly eating have the same effect on our system as dynamite, soggy wood, mud and a little coal would have on a furnace. No wonder we often lack the vital energy necessary to overcome every obstacle in our fight for success! No wonder so many of us are constantly being held back when we should be forging ahead! The trouble is that we're trying to run on fuel our system simply can't get any power out of.

24 Lessons in Scientific Eating

By EUGENE CHRISTIAN, F. S. D.

No Money in Advance—Only $3 If You Keep Them

Eugene Christian has long been recognized as the world's greatest authority on food and its relation to the human system. Over 25,000 people have come under his care and the results of his work have bordered on the miraculous. Without drugs or medicines of any kind—simply by teaching the proper selection, combination and proportion of foods under given conditions, he has cured nearly every known ailment by removing the cause and has increased the personal efficiency of his patients to well nigh 100%.

24 Boiled Down Lessons Scientific Eating contains the boiled down essence of Eugene Christian's 20 years' experience in actual practise. Every step is logically explained. Reasons are given for each statement which anyone can easily understand and it is an easy matter to follow the simple directions. And the beauty of Christian's methods is that you get results with the very first meal. No special foods are required. You don't have to upset your table to follow the directions. Neither do you have to eat things you don't enjoy—Nature never intended that you should.

An Aid to Success You can't do good work unless you feel full of "pep" and ginger. The best ideas, plans and methods—the biggest business deals—are put over when you are bubbling over with vitality. It is impossible to be really fit unless your food is scientifically chosen to supply the nutritive elements your mind and body demand. Man is made up of the sum total of what he eats. You can't add up to a very high state of efficiency if you don't know how to select your food, for the wrong foods counteract the good in right foods—and very often two right foods in combination make a wrong food. Eugene Christian has times without number turned sluggish, slow, unsuccessful men and women into very dynamos of money making efficiency by merely teaching them food values.

Send No Money The price of Eugene Christian's Course, complete in 24 lessons, is only $3.00 and it contains rules, methods and menus that are literally priceless. But we do not ask you to pay a single penny until you have examined this great work in your own home. Merely fill out and mail the coupon, enclosing your business card or giving a reference, or write a letter, and the entire course of 24 lessons will be sent, all charges paid, the day we hear from you. Keep it five days. Study it at your leisure. Then if you feel you can afford not to be master of the invaluable information it contains, send it back and you owe us nothing. Mail the coupon now, however, as this offer may never be repeated.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc., 1711 Hunter Ave., Maywood, N. J.

What People Say About Dr. Christian and His Work

"I am feeling fine again. Thanks to you and your course of lessons on Scientific Eating. There ought to be many men practicing Scientific Eating in America."—F. A. Fulby, Niagara Falls, South Ont., Canada.

"I am delighted beyond expression with the lessons. They have proved invaluable to me and have revolutionized both my diet and my health."—Olive M. Rose, 758 East Tipton St., Huntington, Ind.

"Your work on Scientific Eating is invaluable. It is with much pleasure that I recommend your course to prospective students everywhere."—Chas. A. Iltis, 1318 Termont Avenue, North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Your Course in Scientific Eating is wonderful because it has simplified both the chemistry of the body and the chemistry of the food and teaches one how to unite these two branches of science so as to make our food prevent and cure disease."—Eugene A. Ayers, Barrington Pk., N. J.

"I think the Almighty sends men on the earth at different periods with independent and fearless minds to rectify the wrongs that have been taught and reveal the truth in all its simplicity."—Edward Brock, 10 No. 10th W. Sts., Salt Lake City, Utah.

"I have read of you for years and I have recently looked over some of your work. You are doing much for humanity. I congratulate you on your latest contribution to the health and happiness of man."—Dr. V. M. George, 208 N. High St., Columbus, Ohio.



THE big work of man is neither masonry, manufacturing nor merchandising. It is life itself. Incidentally, there are bricks to be laid, wood to be shaped and goods to be sold; but these are only jots and tittles in the scheme of individual existence ☙ The main thing is life itself. Life well wrought is a fabric which commands the gaze of all discerning eyes, the responsiveness of all neighboring hearts. Life bungled is a producer of ceaseless shame.—*Richard Wightman.*

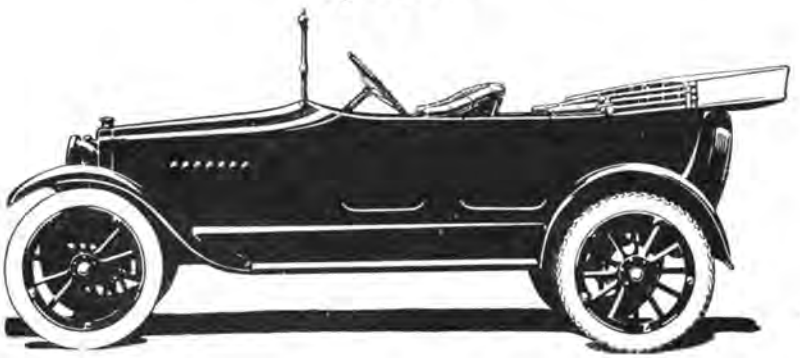
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SAXON "SIX"

A big touring car for five people

$785



Power of a Locomotive

Mighty, resistless power that seems capable of sweeping you on and on forever — that 's the first thing you feel when you sit behind the wheel of a New Series Saxon "Six."

You sense it in the motor's low, healthy purr. You feel it in the steady, even pull as the car gets under way.

And then, when you step on the accelerator, what a revelation of power you get. The car leaps forward — eagerly, like a hound unleashed.

Speed is yours — as much as you want — with only a touch of the throttle. Hills are like level places. You romp up steep grades without the slightest feeling of effort.

Saxon "Six" has proven its hill-climbing ability on all the famous testing hills of the country. In the Stamford (Conn.) Hill Climb it took first place. Up the three-mile mountain road at Uniontown, Pa., it sped in 4 minutes and 4 seconds, defeating all cars in its price class and some that were higher priced.

In this great car the Saxon engineers have incorporated the most advanced ideas of motor car design.

High-Speed Motor
Light Weight
Yacht-Line Body
Comfort for All Passengers

Saxon high-speed motor, plus Saxon light weight, is the combination that gives such wonderful power. Yacht-line body gives the New Series "Six" its striking beauty and Style. Ample room in both driver's seat and tonneau gives complete comfort for all passengers.

See this splendid car; let it prove to you its power and quality.

In choosing your touring car, don't be content with anything less than a "Six."

"Saxon Days" on request. Address Dept. III.

"Four" Roadster	*$395*
With detachable Coupe top	*455*
Delivery Car	*395*
"Six" Touring Car	*$785*
With detachable Limousine top	*935*
"Six" Roadster	*785*

Saxon Motor Company, Detroit

(180)

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POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

IS ALWAYS FRESH —AND WHY!

THE Dealer who sells Pompeian Olive Oil is urged by us never to order more than a THIRTY-DAY SUPPLY. No extra discounts are given him on LARGE Orders — and in consequence Pompeian Olive Oil is always "New Stock"—FINE and FRESH.

Each and every Shipment of Pompeian Olive Oil, which comes to us in Casks from Abroad, is stored in cool, dark, glass-lined Tanks; kept like butter is kept in a Creamery. It is packaged from day to day to meet the demand. In this manner the full "Fruity Flavor" of the choice Mediterranean Olives is retained

Pompeian Olive Oil is MORE than just PURE—it is Tasty and Palatable.

Pompeian Olive Oil is never sold in bulk. You may purchase it in full-measure Half-pint, Pint or Quart SEALED Tins — air-tight and light-proof— from Grocers and Druggists.

LIGHT-PROOF,
AIR-TIGHT,
DUST-PROOF
TINS



ORDER
A
TIN
TODAY

HALF-PINTS
8 oz. . . $ .25
FULL PINTS
16 oz. . . .50
FULL QUARTS
32 oz. . . 1.00

SEND
FOR
SALAD
RECIPE
BOOK—
Complimentary

POMPEIAN COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

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A $2,000,000 Sale—
—Made Possible by a Trained Memory



When Carl F. Schader, real estate operator, miner, banker, public-spirited citizen and all-around good fellow, returned to Los Angeles a few weeks ago, after a mysterious absence of fifteen days, with the announcement that he had put across the sale of the $2,000,000 Palos Verdes ranch, his friends exulted with him over what was unquestionably the greatest achievement of the year in realty circles.

SUPPOSE you had a contract to purchase a 16,000-acre ranch with a year to pay—that the greatest legal talent of Southern California had fought you to a frazzle and all you had was an interlocutory decree of the court—to pay or lose—that adverse business conditions had swept away your financial backing—that with only two weeks remaining you saw your only hope to be the sale of the property—and that after making the rounds of the money kings in vain—that the President of New York's biggest bank offered you just five short minutes to present your proposition. What would you do? What Carl F. Schader did is only partly told in the above clipping from the Los Angeles Times. Mr. Schader boiled down his arguments—rehearsed them in his hotel room—and then presented the salient features of his property so clearly—so earnestly—so completely—that the interview was extended and the sale finally made.

Schader Succeeded Because He Had the Ability to Concentrate—to Remember

Mr. Schader's experience is typical of thousands of America's men of power. Trained memory, concentration, the development of self-control—is the sure road to a better position—bigger pay—social and business success—THE EFFICIENT LIFE.

The Dickson Method of Memory Training

The Dickson method of Memory Training is a simple series of brain exercises so graded and arranged that they will bring your memory to a state of perfection in the shortest time possible with the least effort.

50,000 Students

Dickson Memory Training has helped thousands. Men in every walk of life—men with exceptionally poor memories who have developed them to amazing perfection—men with remarkably good memories who have made them better. What Dickson Training has done for these men it will do for you—will teach you to think and talk connectedly—will increase your earning power.

Special Offer "How to Speak in Public" FREE

This deluxe edition handsomely illustrated book, regularly priced at $2.00, for a limited time will be presented to every student enrolling in the course in Memory Training absolutely FREE. The book will train you to think on your feet—to express yourself clearly, logically and convincingly whether talking to one person or a thousand. Get full particulars of this liberal offer at once.

Carl F. Schader
"One of California's Biggest Men"

—What He Says About Dickson Memory Training

"Words cannot express my appreciation of the many courtesies you have extended in the matter of assisting me in my work.

"Although I finished your course of memory training and public speaking some years ago, I continue to study it and I find each time I go over the course I gain new Knowledge.

"The psychoscope taught me concentration. The special exercises greatly improved my general condition. Your desk book has given me a wonderful vocabulary. I find when delivering an address that unconsciously I use better English and have better command of my audience.

"My voice has improved to such an extent that I now talk with ease and make myself heard to an audience of several thousand.

"To sum it up, I have been improved physically and mentally beyond my own expectations by the continued studying of your course.

"Every business man, especially those called upon to talk at Chambers of Commerce, Realty Boards, Advertising Clubs and other meetings, should take your course. I unhesitatingly recommend it to those who desire to increase their POWER OF PERSONALITY."

Carl F. Schader



FREE Wonderful Book on "How to Remember"

Simply send your name and address on the coupon, or a postal for this remarkable book. No charge—no obligation. Together with the book I will send my celebrated Memory Test, a test which has a direct bearing on your business Success. Get this Free book—this Memory Test—and the facts on how Memory Training will guarantee your Future Success—NOW.



Prof. Henry Dickson America's foremost Authority on Memory Training, Public Speaking, Self Expression, Lecturer and Principal of the Dickson Memory School, Hearst Building, Chicago.

Book — FREE

Prof. Henry Dickson, Dickson School of Memory,
963 Hearst Building, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your free booklet "How to Remember" and your remarkable copyrighted Memory Test. Give me facts on your special short time FREE offer of your book "How to Speak in Public" and particulars on the Dickson Course in Memory Training.

Name _____

Address _____

GOOD health is the natural heritage of every individual. The wise person will not be sick, for he persistently heeds the laws of Nature. Nature intends the human machinery to run smoothly, without jolt or friction; and when, either from accident or ignorance, this delicate mechanism lacks harmony, then pain, ill-health and consequent unhappiness result. Compensation is the law of life, and once this law be abused, the human body pays a high toll for the infringement.

An engine may be ruined by an indiscreet stoker shoveling coal too generously into the firebox, creating thirty horsepower, say, when only three is required. In such a case the pipes are apt to blow out, or, at least, the engine is unnecessarily overworked and weakened; on the other hand, an engine may fail to do the work expected of it if an insufficient supply of fuel and water is furnished. Again, if left subject to the ordinary elements which corrode, the engine may fall into decay, and tumble into a rusted ruin without having fulfilled the purposes for which it was invented. In either case the engine is pronounced inefficient; and, if badly enough damaged, it may be consigned to the scrap-heap along with other worn-out junk.

With this example let us compare the human machine—the body. It may be disabled by overstoking—overeating; its pipes—the circulatory and alimentary canals—become clogged and inactive; or the fuel-supply may be too frugal, in which instance, power—vital force—is lacking. While if the engine—the heart—be compelled to work beyond its

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capacity, it may blow up, and apoplexy is the result. In other words, if the machine does not work perfectly, it needs expert handling lest the delicate adjustments become so worn that they refuse to function properly or stop altogether.

If the machine chances to be built of frail material to begin with, or contains faulty parts—weak organs—these abuses will all the more readily diminish its mechanical efficiency.

In the case of the mechanical engine we quickly exclaim, "It needs the hand of a master mechanic to locate the weakness, clean the wheels, adjust the intricate parts, remove the friction, and thus re-establish efficiency and mechanical harmony!" How much more, then, does the infinitely finer human machinery require skilled service—that of the specialist—for its examination and repair!—*A. T. Noe.*

Victrola



The instrument for the world's best music

The best music in the world is the music which is rendered by the *greatest* artists.

And there's just one way to enjoy all the world's best music in your own home—on the Victrola.

The world's greatest artists make records exclusively for the Victor—and only on the Victrola can you hear their superb renditions with all the distinctive personality and charm of interpretation which make them famous the world over.

Hearing is believing. Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—$10 to $350.



Victrola XVI, $200
Victrola XVI, electric, $250
Mahogany or oak



Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal
Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles —*the combination*. There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

DON'T hang a dismal picture on the wall, and do not daub with sables and glooms in your conversation. Don't be a cynic and disconsolate preacher. Don't bewail and bemoan. Omit the negative propositions. Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't waste yourself in rejection, nor bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good. When that is spoken which has a right to be spoken, the chatter and criticism will stop. Set down nothing that will not help somebody.

—*Emerson.*

Medicine is only palliative, for back of disease lies the cause, and the cause no drug can reach.—*S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.*

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ROYCROFT FURNITURE IS BUILT TO LAST A HUNDRED YEARS



SIDEBOARD
No. 02½
60 inches wide 25 inches deep 38 inches high to top of shelf
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Oak, $85.00 Mahogany, $105.00
Coppered-glass panels in doors.

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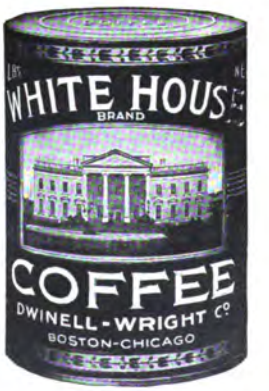
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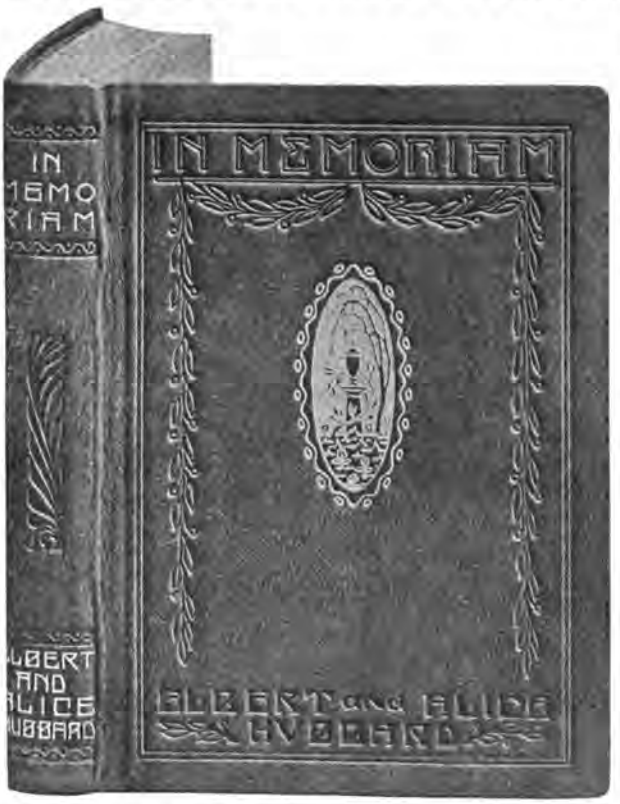
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The BLESSINGS *of* HEALTH

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WITHOUT health life is not life; it is merely existence—a languorous, parlous state.

The building of a perfect body crowned by a perfect brain is at once the greatest earthly problem and the grandest hope of the race. "A sound mind in a healthy body," is the desideratum. And if the former be the glory of the latter, the latter is indispensable to the former. ¶ And you can raise them both; for the ingredients that make the one make the other.

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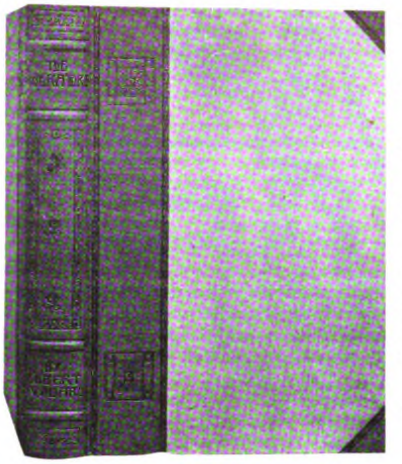
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THE FARMER

An Aspiration of Thanksgiving

Charles Fleischer

Leader The Sunday Commons, Boston

THE Farmer is the true type of the Human Creator. He says, "Let there be!"—and there is. The harvest is fruit of his will and his work.

To him who meets the first of human needs—the need for food—be thanks and praise!

Our thanksgiving is to the Farmer, the glad carrier of the classic curse: that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Of all the forms and phases of "culture," the most serviceable to man is Agriculture.

Blessings upon him who tills the soil and with wisdom woos Nature, winning from her willing hand the sustenance which feeds us all and makes us, by these material means, partakers of the universal life!

For our food is not gross. It throbs with the creative warmth of the everlasting fires ☙ It brings to our beings the vitalizing thrill of the central Sun.

In the highest sense, Food is Life—as well as the means to More Life.

And still more thanks to the Farmer! He is the symbol of man's oneness with Nature.

The lavish horn of Autumn pictures her potential fertility, indeed ☙ But also man blows therewith a blast of triumph. The harvest proclaims man's success in making himself at home on earth—the while he knows himself to be both servant and master of the elemental forces, with which he is at one.

* * *

Thanks, thanks to thee, O Farmer!—thou who art the primal workman and provider!

The wholesome fruit of thy holy toil is not visible food alone, but thought for the mind and inspiration to the soul.

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Vol. XVI NOVEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED FIFTEEN No. 2

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Juliet

Elbert Hubbard II



THURSDAY, September Seventeenth, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, is a date that marks an epoch in my life. For on that day did we put to rest our Juliet. She was only thirty-three years old—just exactly my age. She has been one of the family for twenty-seven years ❧ I remember as if it were but yesterday when she came to live with us.

At the time I was six years old, and was in Bloomington, Illinois, with my Mother and baby brother, visiting my Grandmother. One day a letter came for me from my Father:

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1888

My dear boy Bertie:— * * * * * * * * *

I went out to the Stockyards, t'other day, where I knowed there was an awful nice pony just like Queenie, only black and white all over in spots. It was awful gentle, just like Queenie, and the man who had it brought it from the Indian Territory, of an Indian who had five little boys, two of 'em bigger nor you, two 'bout your size, and one 'bout the size of Ralph. The Injun called the pony "Quin-quo-manen-soo-wang," but I have named her "Juliet," 'cause when your Mamma would go to the backdoor and call to Baba to hitch "Quin-quo-manen-soo-wang" to the phaeton, the Baba would be gone to milk before she could pronounce the name, and she would always have to wait until the day after before she could ride.

Good-by, Bertie Hubbard, for this time.

From your papa, old Mr. E. G. Hubbard.

WELL, when I got home it did n't take long to get acquainted with Juliet. She was the prettiest pony I had ever seen. To look at her head you knew she was gentle and kind and liked little boys. Father had another spotted horse then, called "Jessika," which was a name something like Mojeska, the name of a washing-powder made by the Larkin Soap Company. I never figured out whether it was the horse or the washing-powder that was named first, but they certainly had traits in common. Both would bite. One was mean-

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tempered—and the other had lots of sand in it, too. Father used to ride Jessika and would lead Juliet with a long strap while I rode her. But I soon learned to handle her, and it was n't long before I could go without the strap ❧ Every Sunday he and I would go for long rides. Sometimes Harry Johnson or Will Harris would go. Or, perhaps, if there were n't too many sick people to look after, Doctor Mitchell would go on Old Molly.

One Sunday, I remember, Father, the Doctor and I started out. Juliet had not been out of the barn for three days, and she sure felt her oats. She never was mean or ugly, but she had lots of life, and in three days she had stored up a big surplus. I held her in, for the instant she got her head she wanted to buck and run. Perhaps I was a bit frightened, for I would not let her go. Father and Doctor got a good half-mile ahead. They waited at the foot of Link's hill till I came up. Father evidently had it in for the two of us all right, for just as we got abreast of him I saw he had his sombrero rolled up ready, and before we could get out of his way, down came the roll of hat on Juliet, just back of the saddle. She jumped and ran, and at every jump she got another whack on her butt. We reached the top of the hill, and I thought we had had enough. No—on we went, the telegraph-poles jumping by like rabbits, I hanging on for dear life, and back of us coming Jessika and Molly. Finally I turned to look back, intending to plead for rest. Juliet and I were alone. She seemed to know it, too, for she came to a walk at once.

When I went to the barn one morning, Baba met me at the door and cautioned me to be quiet. If I would, he promised to show me something. I was led to the box stall, the spare room of the stable, and allowed to peek in. Juliet was there, but not alone. Lying in the straw beside her was the whitest little colt you ever saw. Pure white—not a spot of black! The skin of its little nose was pink, and its eyes were pink, too. Can you imagine my joy? ¶ Well, not long after that, Jessika had a pink-skinned baby, with pure-white hair and no spots. The sire of these colts was Adam Forepaugh, a big brown-and-white show-horse owned by Charlie Miller, the transfer-man of Buffalo. These albino colts were the talk of the horse world. How they happened nobody knew, but there they were.

Father trained them himself. He used first to lead them as he rode the mother. Then they were taught to drive with bridle and reins, going ahead tandem style. When they got used to being driven that way, they were hitched to a two-wheeled cart, sometimes side by side and at other times in tandem.

When they were quite young, Baba took them with their mothers to the Hamburg Fair, twelve miles across country. I was permitted to go along to help take care of them. At the Fair-Grounds the judges awarded us a big blue ribbon with a bow for each, and printed on it in gold letters were the words FIRST PRIZE. My pride was at its height when I stood in the show-stall with Juliet and her baby, brushing and stroking them while the crowd of yaps and jays rubbered.

The Fair lasted five days, and Baba and I slept in a box stall next to the horses. They might need attention in the night.

In the evening after the crowds had all gone, other horsemen would come to our stall, and sit around in a circle on the straw and tell stories. They had a big bottle of horse-liniment (yes, that 's what it was, 'cause Baba told me so) which they would pass around the circle at stated intervals, each man rubbing some in his hair for luck (?) I remember how they broke the neck off the bottle, for no one had a cork-screw. They were a noisy bunch and kept me awake. Baba said it was good training for me, but Mother did n't agree with him. She said it was bad company for a boy and I had learned too many cuss-words. But the Bab insisted that that was necessary to a man's education.

One day P. T. Barnum came along and offered father a big price for the white colts. I suppose it was a lot of money, for he got them.

Juliet and I hauled the mail for several years, but that was long, long ago. For the last four years Juliet has been on half-time and full rations. She was queen of the stable, and even in her old age could show the younger ones how to buck under a saddle. She helped Herman make garden, and ate what she wanted from it. This last Summer Juliet has had one continuous vacation, with Garnett, Getaway and Babe. They have roamed the pasture and enjoyed the woods—eighty acres. This has been for them a Summer of peace and tranquillity, with nothing to disturb them save the bites of bluebottles.

If there is a pony heaven, Juliet is there. She lived a useful life and did her work.

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" I speak Truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and dare a little more as I grow older."

FELICITATIONS

Felix Shay

Hillis Confesses!



PLYMOUTH CHURCH, Brooklyn, has had another scandal. The Reverend Newell Dwight Hillis confessed to his congregation that he had wandered from the paths of the righteous. Yea, verily. Wandered in pursuit of the unspiritual Dollar.

He confessed not when he was in the full vigor of his sin—but when he was caught ❧ He confessed, perhaps, not so much to save his conscience, as his job. The people who voted confidence in Henry Ward Beecher may now turn the other cheek.

Hillis gambled; and they wiped him out. He played it large. Timber-lands " called " him, and the deficit was seven hundred fifty thousand—eventually reduced to two hundred thousand, then to eighty-five thousand. Now, with the reverend doctor's Good Name, his Realty, his extra Frock-Coat and False Whiskers in the pot, they may let him out.

Even so, 't were better far that the Reverend Newell Dwight Hillis had done all his gambling with the World-to-Come.

Before you brand the mark of chicanery on his forehead, grant him this boon—that his " Confession " equals the best that any actor-orator-preacher of any time has presented to a patient public. Forethought! Imagination! Tempo! Tears! Oh! it was great stuff!

When young, you were taught to believe that Ministers of the Gospel were dedicated to the After-Life; that wine, women and the game of chance lured them not! Meaningless! That their facts and fancies were emasculated ❧ Hark to the sophist of the altar-rail: " This life holds us but a moment. Tomorrow, we shall pass over into the Golden Realm, we shall be wafted away, and there before the Throne—— Let us pray! "

DOCTOR HILLIS has turned all the lessons of youth topsyturvy, and we shall never again meet a D. D. unless we smell him for tobacco-smoke and notice which way he picks up the salt-cruet. The days of faith in these physically idle, well-fed men have passed ❧ For years, Doctor Hillis has been an appreciated platform orator and matinee preacher. The patter-pat of white gloves and the soulful look of azure eyes, awed with the eloquence of his delivery and the sweep of his gestures, have paid him well. But not enough. First he hoped for laudation. Then he expected it. Then, like all men of ambition and ability, and unstable character, who live on stimulation, he had to increase the dose. To get the super-thrill, he went to Wall Street.

What more natural outcome to the unnatural life of this earthly man! Who represents himself more than he does God. Who thinks of himself and not of God. Who gambles that his old age may be secure and lets Heaven with its acres of diamonds go chase itself. Who forgets his God until it is time to make phrases and mouth apologies and whine and prate that he " will be made perfect through suffering." That 's jargon—that 's what it is!

Old Henry Ward Beecher, who stood them on end, who shocked them, bluffed them, scorned them, with all his faults and virtues was a man—and never an apology for any one ❧ Doctor Hillis' apology was written to excite pity, forgiveness—not to convince. He gave to his own lips the lines of the Christ character. He would play upon the heartstrings of his parishioners. He would pose as a martyr ❧ Behold in me, your Ordained Leader, a Sinner! Even I have sinned—I! I have strayed from the straight and narrow path

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—I! How human am I! But ah! I see the light. I am coming back. I will be saved again. Saved! And my salary shall go on!

What did the Plymouth Church people do? ❧ Why, on a winter's night, the puppy that has soiled the carpet is let in by kindly folks when he yowls and scratches the door.

Experts

NOW and then, the "Expert" leaves some trace behind that convinces us he does not share Infallibility with the Pope. To wit: A Detroit concern received a substantial order signed with an unreadable scrawl. The envelope was postmarked with the name of a small Michigan town. It was plain that the first initial was meant for "H" and the second for "Y." All that lay between was mystery. With this clue to work on, they consulted Bradstreet's; but the initials did not jibe with the name of any merchant in that vicinity. Lest they lose the order, they called in a Handwriting Expert. He solved it in half an hour, and charged a stiff fee.

"All very legible to me," he admitted modestly. "This man's unusual name is Hostility Jones. Odd! Very! Ahem! Yes, certainly!"

The firm paid the fee, with a grimace behind his back, for they were not extremely satisfied. To make absolutely sure, they wired Harry Sanders, who was the star salesman in that territory, to "come home."

When Harry arrived, with his million-dollar smile, they asked, "Is this Hostility Jones?" Harry inspected the order and signature and exclaimed: "Hostility Hell! This order is from Sam Taylor! I know his writing. He forgot to sign it. That scrawl reads, 'Hastily Yours'!"

¶ Until the Expert left Detroit and moved to Los Angeles, he was referred to pointedly as "Hostility Jones" by the Cognoscenti.

Out of a Job

I WAS in the garden arguing with Ali Baba as to whether cabbages should be buried twelve inches deep or six feet deep to keep in good condition through the Winter, when the Tramp turned the corner of the barn ❧ He said he was hungry. We ordered a double-decker dinner for him ❧ He cleaned up his plate till it shone, stretched, wondered had we the "makings."

"No," I told him; "but I 'll give you a Carolina and a dollar on the side for a straight story as to why you are a Hobo. No sob-stuff now! No romance! You have nothing to gain."

The Hobo looked us over for a minute quizzically, and Baba tightened up and bristled, "Speak up or get out!"

"Produce the Carolina," he invited.

I WAS graduated from Prep. School ❧ My people intended that I should go to College. Instead, I left home in a hurry.

Did you ever try to get a job in New York without references? It 's a great outdoor sport while your money lasts, and when it gives out —well, it 's still an outdoor sport.

At the end of my first month in New York, I was broke and without resources. I slept in Bryant Park, and in the morning would wait for a Commuter from Grand Central Station to drop a paper to get a look at the Want Ads.

¶ "Where did you work last," inquires the New York Businessman with a telephone at his elbow and a dozen other applicants outside the door. That question stopped me in a hundred places. When luck goes against you, believe me! it goes against you, no mistake! ❧ One morning early, I found a Want Ad in *The World* for an Assistant Cook in a Bowery Eating-House. The "meals included" part of it attracted me. This time I was ahead of competition. When the Boss opened up at six A. M., there I stood on the sill. On the Bowery one never asks too many questions, so I closed with the Boss at a dollar a day and eats, and was made helper to the slim Swede.

It 's years now, since I got that first job, and I 've had hundreds of them since—yes, hundreds of them.

I had been on the Bowery six weeks when Slim Swede let his gas-stove blow up and gutted the Eating-House, and put the Boss out of business and me out of a job.

The slim Swede taught me how to "fake" a reference; it gave you your pick of the jobs ❧ "No one in New York ever investigates an out-of-town reference," he told me. "Give an out-of-town firm. Try it and see. Suppose you don't know how to do the work—they 'll not fire you for a week, and you 're that much ahead!" He was right.

When my cash ran out, I answered a Want Ad for an Accountant—and gave the name of a Cincinnati House. I knew a little bookkeeping.

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and of course it took me the better part of two weeks to "get acquainted with the work." The pay was twenty-one dollars a week.

I was there nine days before they fired me, and paid me up to the next Saturday night. That forty-two dollars made me rich.

You need n't think I relished doing tricks like this; but it was get work or starve, and it takes such a horribly long time to starve!

OH, sure, I have tried the Y. M. C. A.'s. I belonged to one for ten years in the Home Town. But at the New York Twenty-third Street Branch, the Secretary gave me a blank to sign which traced me back three generations, asked me for a dollar, "the cost of registration," and said he would "look me up" and to "come back in a week." "Leave your name and we 'll do what we can."

"Man," I lashed at him, "don't tell me to leave my name—I 'd rather leave my carcass. I have n't anything to put inside it—nor any place to rest it tonight. Nor anything to do with it tomorrow. I assure you—the carcass is not so valuable as the name." I continued, "I don't simply *want* a job, I *have to have one.*"

¶ This brought him out of his meditation on the Religious Life—and soon he found in his file-box a job for me.

Wanted—Statistic Clerk, Hospital. Thirty Dollars a month, board and laundry.

I sat near the front door, met incoming patients, listed their complaints, escorted them to the proper "wards."

It was in this Hospital I took my first tip. A man had died, and later, when his brother came, the body had been taken to the hospital morgue. It was my duty to escort the brother to the morgue in the basement, and to unpin the white sheet from the dead man's head and face ☙ For this service I gratefully received a quarter before we left the room!

¶ Hard luck followed me here. One morning, in turning a corner upstairs, I had a head-on collision with the Superintendent. One of the doctors had sent me on a hurry-up errand. But that did n't excuse me. The Superintendent said I was too energetic and fired me on the spot. I had been there five weeks.

KNOCKING about I secured many good positions of a kind—but the Hard-Luck Hoodoo took them away from me.

I worked behind the counter for the United Cigar-Stores Company ☙ But, unusual for them, they decided to "withdraw" the store where I worked. Another time I was Cashier in one of Child's Downtown Places—but the head-waitress took a fancy to me, and as she was more valuable, I was let out.

And yet another time I was hired by a New York City hotel man to take charge of the accounts of his up-State Inn at fifteen dollars a week. The first week passed, and no pay was forthcoming. The next week I was called down to New York to render some statement. While there I mentioned to the purple-jowled gentleman that I needed some money. (I did n't have enough to pay my return carfare.) He discharged me in a fury because I had been "hired by the month."

You 'll admit one of two things. Either that the city does n't give a young fellow a square deal, or that I 'm a hard-luck artist.

Once, when I was lower than I ever want to be again, I accepted a job in a laundry to sort "dirty clothes" and help feed the mangle. I held that for three days, and then with my arms full of clothes I stepped into a stream of hot water. It was only a trickle from a tub, but it found its way in through the hole in the sole of my shoe and raised a white blister the size of that dollar I 'm going to get.

SAY—have I told enough, or do you want some more?

"For Gawd's sake, give him a dollar, before I have the blue willies!" whined Ali Baba.

Newspaper Lingo

THE *Blizzard* Candidate." "The *Blizzard* Vice Crusade." "The *Blizzard* representative was there first." "At the suggestion of the *Blizzard*." "This was a scoop for the *Blizzard*." "The clue to the murder was discovered by the *Blizzard*." "The *Blizzard* is the greatest paper on earth, and its competitors are white-livered liars."

Are we in error, or do most people resent this mention by a newspaper of itself for itself? Does the perpetual proof put doubt into the minds of the reader—doubt and distrust? Is it necessary? Why can not the paper let the quality of its news speak, or else advertise its excellence legitimately, and not cumber its news-columns with these "readers"?

Perhaps we are wrong—?

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"Milk Below"

'TWAS Anniversary Night. Always that must be a Something Special Night. Always a night of mild adventure, romance and remembrance. But what?

"Why not *Trilby?*"—"Why not, indeed! To be sure, my dear, to be sure! Just the thing!"

¶ Where is the man not all dust and dollars who will fail to renew his youth, his ambitions, his foolishness, his dreams, in front of the footlights at *Trilby?*

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—"?

You who are confident that the prosaic years have come—that your Salad Days are past, that the fine flush of desire has forsaken you—go see Phyllis Terry: a blonde, blue-eyed, beautiful Trilby, as appealing as the play itself.

"There is only one foot in all of Paris the equal of hers—and that 's the other one."

TIMES change! ¶ We have pursued the Latin Quartier, and lost it!

Walk the Boule Mich 'till your soles are thin, Du Maurier's Latin Quartier is not there. Taffy and the Laird and Little Billie have strolled off arm in arm to another and a fairer country. Madame Vinard keeps house no more!

The once so pleasant intimacies of the Ateliers and Studios now bring the blush of shame to the brazen cheek of innocence ❧ The once Artist is now an Illustrator. The once Grisette now discounts her amours two per cent, ten days. The other side of the Seine is now either moral or unmoral.

Trilby is unreal, improbable!

Unreal as Youth is unreal!

Unreal as Dreams are unreal!

Unreal as Love is unreal!

Go see *Trilby* again. Your heart will sing to almost forgotten music. That which is unreal will mean more than realities to you!

Of a sudden you will remember that you intended to paint a great picture—or was it a book of stirring verse that you would write?—or a serenade with a different sort of minor? You wonder why you postponed, delayed ❧ You will tell yourself that you are utterly unsuited for business, and you will agree! ❧ Deep down in you the Artist will say, "I must!"

¶ The unreal is real! The grub is not the grub at all! Paris and the Latin Quartier hold out bare arms. You decide to go.

Life shall be life anon. You are determined! ❧ There is a mist before your eyes, and you step out lightly on the way home.

And the next morn you get up early—and go back to your job!

John D., Jr.

THE Son of his Father has solved the intricacies of the ideal relationship between capital and labor. Find him in Colorado in overalls; a little "property" dirt smudged on his face and hands to make him appear the real thing. On his immediate right a special Labor Investigator; second next, a Coalminer. The *Literary Digest* advises us it 's a "real miner." Now, Photographer—Shoot!

No doubt of it, John D., Jr., has the scientific angle on his problem. Tonight, he will dance the one-two-three with a miner's wife, with several miners' wives—with all of them. Tomorrow he will actually dig coal for twenty minutes with the miners! Nevertheless, whatever he does, he will meet them as "equals," and they will be glad, glad.

Glad for Ludlow. Glad for his gunmen. Glad for his lack of conscience. Glad for his unwillingness to lift a finger while they starved. Glad for his inattention when they petitioned him. Glad for his smugosity. Glad for his sublime unselfishness in descending from the heights. Glad for his platitudes and paternalism.

Welcome to Colorado! Come to the Kindergarten of Kiddies, who will never see the University your Papa would have Baptist, and which is not. Come, see and patronize your serfs. Bring your press-agent along, and get yourself in right with the thinkers. Inspect the State you would disgrace.

Come sleep in this miners' "shelter." It is safe enough now—the armistice is on. You are here. There 's nothing to fear from *us*. There *never was*. Welcome!

Hear this little girl recite. Give this one a problem in arithmetic. Clever, is n't she? How wonderfully resilient the young are! Why, it was only yesterday that these same children were hid in cellars to escape your rapacious deputies ❧ But never mind that! Welcome, thrice welcome! We are *so* glad to see you.

YOU do not realize, you wishy-washy dissembler, that Colorado is shaming you. Exposing you! The people who invite you in

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and break bread with you and let you know their families—do you believe they think you their benefactor? Now or to come?

They want the world to realize your mental incompetence, to know you with your ignorance of social problems as the Trouble-Maker. To know you as the Cause and Effect. To know that they were the oppressed. They want the world to make a side-by-side comparison. Think you the miners respect you, or your promises? Think you they forget—or hope? ❧ Babble and dabble, Little One! Give us your plans, your ideas. Outline your Barmecide Prosperity. Pledge us your infrangible word! Tell us again you are not responsible for the tragedy of Ludlow ❧ Tell us again just why and when and where you will exercise your baronial power over land, and over your unhappy subjects. Tell us again just how you will command your dollars, not one of which you earned.

We and Colorado want to know!

Oh, the pity of it—to let this distributor of Tracts seem to be engrossed in solving a problem he does not even understand.

A Raise in Pay

"I KNOW I 'm worth forty dollars a week," complained Bronson to the Boss; " because you pay Wadsworth forty, and I 'm just as good a man as ——"

Just then there came a resounding crash from the street below. The Boss jumped to his feet.

" Find out about it! " he commanded Bronson.

¶ Bronson left without delay and returned with this information: " Some truck ran into one of our trucks."

" Whose truck was it? " urged the Boss.

Bronson said he would find out, and at the end of seven minutes came back to advise, " One of Dorsey's."

" Who was at fault? " urged the Boss with some heat.

Again Bronson was gone, for five minutes, and he reported thus: " Dorsey's man was at fault." ❧ ❧

" Won't you be seated? " said the Boss, with a trace of sarcasm; and he rang for Wadsworth.

¶ " Wadsworth—an accident has just occurred in the street below. Find out about it, please."

" Yes, sir! " said Wadsworth.

Only that. " Yes, sir! "

When he returned within five minutes he had this to say to the Boss, and to Bronson: " One of Dorsey's young boys backed a truck into the truck that Mike Bannon drives. It broke one of the wheels off our truck, but the horses did not run. Mr. Dorsey admits it was his boy's fault and says he will foot the repair-bill. The horses were not hurt; no one was hurt. Bannon has hitched his team to one of the reserve trucks, and there will be no delay in the shipment."

" Thank you! " said the Boss.

And when Wadsworth withdrew: " There 's your answer, Bronson. When you can look me in the eye and tell me you 're ' just as good ' a man as Wadsworth, come back for that raise."

Spoon River

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, of the Saint Louis *Mirror,* discovered Edgar Lee Masters, and E. L. M. discovered the Spoon River Graveyard. Twelve o'clock, by the light of the eery moon, he jotted down the evidence he heard given there. Every man and woman of the Dead Community of Spoon River speaks for himself, herself, and you hear them with a catch in your breath.

You will never know your own heart—let alone the heart of your neighbor—until you have read this book.

Ambrose Bierce has given us some weird and creepy impressions, but *Spoon River* is not an impression; it is a Truth from the Tomb.

Buy or steal *Spoon River.* (Macmillans, New York.) You will find yourself inside its covers; yourself so intimately portrayed, you will want all the lights on while you read it, and you will read it all at one sitting. Miss any other book of the year before you miss *Spoon River* ❧

Most Extraordinary

I WAS seated on my collar-button in the Boston Club Car, enraptured with the *Felicitations* in the October *Fra,* when suddenly the air seemed charged with new interest. Reluctantly, I looked up.

Calmly seated across the aisle was the sort of Old Girl one sees on the Plaza San Marko at Venice. The sort Julian Street describes as, " Once a beauty and now a bust." She wore salmon-colored stockings, lots of them, and like Hugh Chalmers' latest model she had twenty-one coats of enamel baked on. List-

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lessly, from her withered, carmine lips, hung a cigarette, which now and then she puffed with gusto while she perused *Town Topics* ❧ Oh, no, she was not of the Demi-Monde. She was the Post-Graduate of a Finishing-School, with the final touch and go given her in the European Capitals. Her escort, her husband perhaps, seemed a college professor. From their luggage, we learned the War had driven them home from Europe. They were quite bored. America is *so ordinary!*

Interesting it was to watch how each male arrival accepted her. The fat man on my left whispered, "By the Lord Harry, she 's a strong argument for Equal Suffrage! " He meant it. She *was*.

Where You Get Off

CHATHAM, Milburn, Short Hills, New Jersey on the Lackawanna Railroad—population of each, half that of East Aurora; Railroad-Stations each nine times as good as East Aurora's Shame. Madison, New Jersey, on the Lackawanna Railroad; same size as East Aurora (that is four thousand plus); Station nineteen times as good as the Brakemen's Paradise at East Aurora. South Orange, New Jersey, on the Lackawanna Railroad, same size as E. A.; Station, twenty-seven times as good as the Hotel De Gink at E. A. Unless East Aurora gets a decent Railroad-Station, now twenty years overdue, we intend to severely punish the Penn. Railroad Officials: we threaten to make them come here and sit inside the structure for twenty minutes some day this Winter when the Box Stove is going good, and the tobacco-juice is boiling!

Secretaries

OF all the two-legged birds without feathers, the Literary Hobo is the queerest. For years, Spring and Summer, East Aurora has lived through the migration periods. Going South, he visits us; on the way back North, he drops off to see how we survived the Winter.

The midnight freight obligingly slows down on the East Aurora curve.

College-educated, pompous, unclean, mannerly, lazy, well-bred, self-assured, boastful! Those who escaped Ali Baba and the Bunch, Fra Elbertus, kind of heart, would commiserate, give them a meal, a bath, and such articles of clothing as they needed, and perhaps suggest some congenial employment.

There was one difficulty: No Roycroft Department-Head could ever seem to find use for them, and so E. H. was usually surrounded by a full half-dozen " Secretaries."

Nowadays, a Roycrofter seldom visits a city without meeting some one who tells him, "I know a Roycrofter—the fact is, this gentleman was once Mr. Hubbard's Secretary." ❧ " The name, please? " we inquire, perturbed. " Ah, yes, he honored us for nine days! "

The first day E. H. was away on a lecture-tour the Bunch appointed Curt, the Husky, to say to Mr. Hawkins: " Mr. Hubbard has commissioned me to advise you that you misspelled the word ' Welcome,' and that you are a bum sec. Your baggage is now on the Station-Platform and the Four-o'Clock leaves at four o'clock."

Curt's biceps look like a bag of bricks—and so the argument was usually short and conclusive.

TO spare friends of The Roycrofters any misconceptions, we wish to inform them that these multitudinous Secretaries have flowered, and desire to grow fruit.

One spoke to a Rotary Club in a Middle-West city recently, and that particular gentleman has lived and loved and he has imagination. Undoubtedly, the Rotarians got their money's worth, and undoubtedly he got their money. ¶ But read the clipping: " I have eight hundred followers at East Aurora."

He had only *five* followers when he passed Brown's Cigar-Store the day he left here, and the nearest one was half a block behind.

Another blossoms forth in *System:* " Elbert Hubbard, his one-time Representative, will write your Ads." Large type for " Elbert Hubbard." Large type for " will write your ads." Werry, werry small type for " his representative." To encourage confidence, he adds an East Aurora address. Credulous folk, take note! Out on the Pacific Coast, one with an unpronounceable name has decided to take unto himself the glory of *The Philistine*. He has christened his publication cleverly. Awfully much so. Two issues are out now, and before the printer wakes up there may be a third ❧ Each month to date he has written down The Roycrofters. He has decided that this place shall discontinue.

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His attacks are vicious, venomous. But what would you? He is vicious, venomous, himself.
¶ Strictly confidential—now promise you won't tell any one!—the real reason behind the noise is that he wants us to " Notice " him. He wants us to write in *The Fra:* " Mr. ——— of ——— who publishes the ———, etc." But not so. We smile and bite our thumb at him, and he 's furious! He finds it so difficult to get circulation..
These worthies took advantage of Elbert Hubbard, the man who never turned away the meanest of God's creatures. They grafted clothes and meals and money from him—and he did n't mind.
They dropped off here to ask money to pay their way to Denver, and got it. They met him in Denver, and " borrowed " enough to pacify the landlady.
And now they want to graft some more; but he is not here to smile at them, to defend them, to say, " Give them a chance, maybe they 'll come 'round "—we have forgotten how to smile at them; at least how to smile at the Old Offenders ❧ ❧
Roycrofters are properly accredited.
Hands off the Itinerant Literary Gazabo with the soiled linen who says, " Alas, I knew him well! " ❧ ❧

Foot Note—With apologies to Jumbo and Percy Beach—who are the real stuff.

Buck Saves the Game

THE Amateur Athletic Union has just issued a proclamation to the effect that Basketball no longer will be " recognized." They advise us it is impossible to " control " it. I believe they 're right.
'Way back in the Iron Age there was a Basketball team that met its opponents in an Armory, charged twenty-five cents at the door, and two thousand five hundred people attended. It was an " Amateur " Team; the *net* was divided between seven players and the manager ❧ The seven players came from seven different sections, and were invited to play on the team because they knew how to do one thing exceedingly well—that is, to win! For five years this combination went undefeated. But to win, often required as much brain effort on the part of the Strategy Board as it did leg effort on the part of the players. For ways that were dark and for tricks—that Strategy Board was not only peculiar, it was distinguished!

YALE had a championship team one year, that had gone through other college teams like a pebble down a pipe.
Christmas Holidays they made a triumphant tour along the Atlantic Coast.
From Boston to Baltimore they met all-comers, and it was just win! win! win!
Of course we scheduled them before they left home ❧ That was one thing our rooters required, that we engage the hard ones.
When Yale licked the *All New-Yorks* we had chills; when they licked the *Crescents* of Paterson, we had chills and fever. We could see our finish walking down the road with its hand outstretched.
Yale can afford to lose whenever it pleases, but for an " Amateur " Team that was interested in the gate-receipts, to lose once or twice meant: Good-by, Crowds! Ta-Ta, Armory! Farewell, Income!
The Strategy Board met each other going after each other. What to do?
Fix the Referee!!—Yale would have its own Referee for half the game, and besides there is a limit to what a Home Referee can hand a Home Team, especially when the College Boys attract a strange audience.
Everybody scratched his head.
The next night Yale was to play ten miles away, and the night after that five miles away. The Strategy Board agreed to attend both games, en masse.

DICK SHIELDS, star Baseball Pitcher, Half-Back for the Yale Footballers, played Forward on the Basketball Team. We agreed that he was the whole works. He shot the ball into the basket, he lobbed it in, he tossed it in, he held his guard off with one hand and caromed it in with the other. Dick was a whiz. Of course, the Yale Rooters thought there were five men on the team, and they cheered them all in turn when they licked the *Institutes* that night. But the Strategy Board knew more than the Yale Rooters. We knew that it was a one-man team, and how to " get " that one was the problem ❧ ❧

YOU have never heard of Buck Mudge—one White Hope that did *not* arrive. Buck held his left too low, exposing his jaw, and he

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was a leetle slow on his pins. But just the same, he carried sleep, sweet sleep, 'round in his right. When Buck punched, he needed to punch but once.

Buck was not a first-class basketball player, because of the heaviness in his heels. Yet the night Yale arrived it caused a deal of comment to find Buck in the *Ironmen* uniform.

Buck shook hands with Dick Shields and looked him over affectionately. "Blessed is that man who has found his work."

"Now, nothing raw!" we warned Buck. "No matter what he says to you, make him hit you first. If you bungle it and Yale leaves the floor, nix on the cash; we 'll beat you up to boot!"

¶ When the whistle blew and the ball was tossed, Buck hooked his finger into Shields' belt-strap and let the Yale man drag him down the floor. It was short-arm stuff and under cover. No Referee can see it.

Shields protested, and Buck grinned.

The next play, Shields stood behind Buck and spoiled the fancy work. But when the whistle blew again and the two jumped towards the play, Buck pushed the point of his elbow so far into the Yale man's dinner that Shields stopped, turned color and gasped.

Placid Buck wore an abused look when Shields whirled on him. Buck wanted to know, petulantly, were they *all* Sissies at New Haven? —and what was Mamma's Boy doing out so late at night?

Shields raged.

Next play the ball came toward them, and when Shields charged for it he accidentally struck his toe against Buck's heel, and slid head on into a group of beautiful young ladies on the side lines who wore the Yale-blue violets ❧ ❧

While Shields was under the seats, Buck picked up the ball casually and passed it down to Whitey, who made a goal.

Shields was livid with anger.

Close up he told Buck: "You indecent mucker! Try another trick like that and I 'll mash your ugly mug!"

And Buck simpered, "Hush, pretty, pretty, the young ladies will hear you!"

Next play when they jumped forward, Buck twisted Shields' thumb three points to starboard, and Shields' control left him. He stopped and gave Buck an open-handed slap across his face that could be heard in Hoboken.

The Referee saw *that* all right!

Also, he saw Buck's shoulders hunch before he crumbled Shields with that man-killer right! A compliment is due to the Yale trainer that Shields was not knocked out, though he was knocked limp and silly.

The Strategy Board was surprised, nonplussed, amazed, astonished, shocked! That Buck would sully the honor of the team—! It was too much! too much! We cast ugly looks at the offending Buck.

"Mr. Referee," we beseeched, "put *our* man off the floor—we 'll never let him play on this team again!"

It was terrible, terrible!

The Yale captain admitted that Shields struck the first blow when Buck suggested that such was the case, and not to be outdone in courtesy he ordered Shields off the floor as well ❧ ❧

Shields was in no shape to explain.

Philly Fitz, who had been wrestling in the dressing-room with Matt, to keep warm and ready until Buck "got" his man, came on then ❧ ❧

He limped on. For at least two minutes he remembered to limp.

Then we had at them.

Score, *Ironmen*—28, *Yale*—16.

Buck never played on the Team again.

Vision

'TIS told that Sir William Herschel, poor of pocket, made for himself a telescope—a "Newtonian, five feet focal length"—with which he scanned and surveyed the heavens. Soon he knew each separate star, and timed and scheduled them as they circled the Infinite.

Then came to him an associate who had invented a giant telescope of tremendous power. He invited Herschel to test it. Confidently, skeptically, Sir William turned the eye of the great reducer toward a blank space in the heavens where there was nothing, nothing!

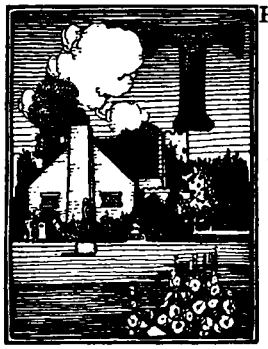
He bent to look, and lo! where there was nothing, myriads of worlds and stars and satellites met his gaze. Constellation after constellation floated before him. Distance after distance beckoned him on. Sir William Herschel raised his arms to heaven and fell to the floor in a swoon.

So it is with Truth!

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The Gardens of East Aurora

O. F. Hershey



THEY do many notable things in East Aurora, "The Home of The Roycrofters," but the best thing they do they have forgotten to talk about. They keep gardens ❧ ❧

Not fancy little cross-stitch affairs in which Miladi putters daintily, nor yet flamboyant gardens of the rich, wherein the owners themselves toil not nor dig; but big, wholesome, bread-and-butter back-lots and side-lots of an acre or so, in which the homely corn and cabbage fight with turnips and potatoes for breathing-space.

There may be a thousand houses in East Aurora or there may be less; but be they more or less or big or little, each one has a garden, and by the same token each one is a home ❧ How can any house be a home without a garden? It might as well be a flat.

Interesting, say you, but not significant. Why not? Is not here a hint for modern industrialism? Here is material for social reformers and living testimony that makes the noisy laborings of Industrial Commissions superfluous. For note well that in East Aurora all work in their gardens.

Most of the citizens of this little industrial suburb of Buffalo are skilled artisans or office workers with only the normal wage, yet most of them own their homes—and their gardens pay for them. And because of this ownership, socialism and syndicalism and revolution are mostly academic issues. In East Aurora, people work in their gardens in the cool of the day and think of great things.

THE rise of industrialism as the dominant force in modern life has been so sudden that it is only now becoming conscious of its human aspects. Utterly materialistic in its philosophy, it has feared to become humanitarian in its practise.

The outgrowth of machinery, it has looked upon man as simply an accessory of the machine. Looking upon economic principles as if they had the rigidity of natural law, it has believed its "law of wages" to be more sacred than any law of life. It still thinks of social justice, human welfare and individual life as righteous enough issues, but as outside of business. Business is business, says the old school; business is only a manner of life, says the new—and the new is winning.

Industrialism grows steadily more conscious that if it is not to go to smash it must begin to think of labor as a human and not a mechanical factor. Labor must be restored to its ancient estate and shown how to humanize itself; and what so effective as a garden by the side of a home?

THE real problem of modern industrialism is not that of production nor of distribution, but of humanization—how to fit machine to man, and not man to machine. It is only too true that much of your industrialism is merely a species of white slavery. Work without joy in the working is slavery, and modern labor is joyless. This is not so much due to the nature of the work as to the kind of living that industrialism has developed in the workers. Indeed, it has hardly thought about labor outside the shop at all, and it is precisely this thought which is now coming uppermost in the mind of society ❧ Labor is regarded and regards itself as purely a commodity. The farmer, the physician, the teacher, the lawyer, whose responsibilities and hours of labor are unlimited, do their work for its own sake ❧ They work as does the worker in his garden. They have not acquired the commodity idea: their labor has not been dehumanized.

How shall we humanize industry? How restore to the worker his one-time ardor for his work? How revive his individuality? How lead him to have an interest in what he produces? Ask of the gardens of East Aurora.

If modern industrial labor takes no joy in its work, it is not entirely the fault of the worker. It is not that he hates work as work, but he dislikes the conditions under which he works, and he does n't know how to improve them. Industrialism must show him or go under ❧ It must give him a higher incentive than either a minimum or a maximum wage. It must lead him back to life.

Labor is not really in rebellion against capital.

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It knows that it could not administer capital on any large scale, but it knows also that capitalism is giving no adequate rewards in terms of life.

What better incentive than wages and good factory conditions can industrialism offer? Justice, kindness, service, charity—these are stronger in the hearts of capitalists than labor realizes, but they are not yet strong in the heart of capital ❧ Shorter hours and higher wages still leave labor discontented, perhaps even more so—for without a garden the laborer has too large an untilled leisure open to the devil and all his works.

THE two most fundamental incentives animating the normal man after the fires of youth cool down are the love of private ownership and the love of a home. Satisfy these instincts and contentment is not far off. And they are not so hard to satisfy. The gardens of East Aurora point the way.

We hear much about back to the farm. Such a movement has its obvious limitations, but if only a few can go back to the farm, many can go back to the back-yards. Manufacturers rush to the city, because they can there find labor; and labor goes there to find work, with the result that we have congestion, with its gruesome and utterly unnecessary evils, and a constantly growing proletariat that is both hopeless and apathetic, and that knows no liberty save to work or to starve or to go to the devil.

Why should not all large industries migrate to the open country, and there study labor as a purely human problem: its housing, its hygiene, its education, its pleasures, its home life, its social life, as factors not only of industrial efficiency but of life and living? ❧ We are just beginning to realize that the world-wide exodus of population from rural to urban, with its disastrous consequences to our physical and moral well-being, is both a product and a problem of industrialism. It is a business, not a humanitarian, question, and business must solve it. Labor living from hand to mouth, dependent almost entirely on the enterprise and will of the employer, and subject to all the vicissitudes and uncertainties of trade, is an easy victim of its own delusions and those of demagogues.

The industrial problem, it can not too often be said, is how to free labor, how to humanize it, how to spiritualize it. To be sure, these must come from the individual, from within and not from without, but industrialism controls the conditions.

GIVE men a home and a garden, be it ever so humble, and you appeal to elemental instincts. They are drawn out under the influence of the sun and the sky and of growing things. Shorter hours and higher wages mean greater leisure to dig and to plant. And he who plants in his own garden reaps not only food for his table, but food for his soul. He cultivates hope and faith and patience, the great garden trinity. Hope springs eternal in the garden. If our corn and tomatoes are not fine this year, watch us next year. In a word, the garden humanizes. It feeds that creative spontaneity in the human soul, without which life is naught.

In the gardens of East Aurora they do not talk strikes and boycotts. With forty bushels of potatoes in your cellar and your pantry filled, socialism is an academic question ❧ And let us not forget also that your garden of growing things is something of a university for young and old. If education fails, it is for the same reason that industrialism fails. It does not properly relate itself to actual life. Schools put the emphasis on the wrong spots. Textbooks and museums are not half so instructive as living things—be they but beets or potatoes. If you doubt it, go forth to the field for a week with a fresh-air child. All children are interested in growing things, so that every garden becomes a school, an educator of hand and head, a missionary of the free spirit, and an apostle of the humanities. ¶ So it is in the gardens of East Aurora—so it has been in the history of all great peoples. In the pristine days of Rome every citizen had his homestead of two and one-half acres. Cincinnatus left his unyoked plow to assume the leadership of the Republic ❧ The British Empire was built not by industrial laborers, but by the yeomen who tilled its fields ❧ Prussian efficiency begins not with its factories but with its agrarian reforms ❧ The abiding achievement of the Revolution was the division of France into its gardens.

In the gardens of East Aurora, without revolution or conscious reform, but simply with watering-pot and hoe, they are restoring the past and assuring the future.

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"Nothing"

Proff Bojack
(L. C. M. Reed)



CAN write pretty intelligently upon the subject of Nothing because I know more about it than anything else. And I have done more in that direction than in any other. I come from a long line of specialists in this field ❧ My father accomplished Nothing before he was thirty-five, and at the age of eighty he was still on the job. My grandfather also made a conspicuous success of Nothing in particular, and his father before him was known all the way down Main Street as the man who did Nothing all his life, and did it in the face of the keenest kind of local competition. Our whole Family-Tree groans under the weight of its rich fruit of accomplishment ❧ Please don't think I am boastful. I realize fully that what our family has done in this connection has been done only in a small, personal, inconspicuous way. There are many men who have accomplished Nothing in a great, big, impersonal, far-reaching way. And there are men living today whose names will go down in history as having accomplished more of Nothing than any men of their time.

TAKE, for instance, those bilgy-browed gentlemen called Statesmen, who have been sweating all Europe for years to maintain their big armies and navies, which they heralded as "certain guarantees of Peace." For a while it looked just as if these C. G. of P.'s would prove to be what they were not, and that all the efforts of these Mighty Minds to accomplish Nothing would prove of no avail. But suddenly War breaks loose, and in a moment their years of work are crowned with success. They accomplish Nothing.

Likewise those European "Diplomats" with their international marriages and their bowing and scraping and hand-kissing at the Courts of Saint James and the Courts of Saint Yocob. Did they fail to accomplish Nothing through their "diplomacy"? No, they succeeded as usual. And then they published Blue Papers and Brown Papers and Wrapping-Papers telling us minutely just how they did it.

And then take the big Labor "Leaders" who have been marching up and down in their skull-caps for twenty years telling us about the International Solidarity of Labor and the "Great World Strike" that would be pulled in case of War. Look how splendidly and completely they accomplished Nothing, all in one fell swoopsky.

And our well-meaning but anemic Churches! Did n't you think for a while that something would be accomplished against War after two thousand years' preaching of that mighty mandate, "Thou Shalt Not Kill"? Did n't you think that perhaps there would be a successor to Jesus Christ in the Pope's Chair who would rise up and command every Catholic in Christendom to lay down his arms, and that some other overman at the head of some other denomination would do the same thing, and so on all the way along the line? And could n't you in your mind's eye see the four million Socialists in Germany refusing to butcher their brothers in Belgium, and marching calmly to the stake with the same splendid courage they used to show in their oratory? But weakness saved the day. Nothing was accomplished by all of them.

And those gritty little Trust-Busters here in America who adjusted their eyeglasses, girded their corsets, and talked big-from-the-chest-out about wiping the Trusts off the industrial map! Have they accomplished Nothing on a big scale? I should say yep.

SO you see that when I talk about my own accomplishments along this line, I realize that I am not so much after all.

Some men and women don't get the same opportunity to accomplish Nothing that others get. What chance has the poor boy got, who must quit school at fifteen and get out and dig to support a busy father who has to hang around the Courthouse reading the stock-sale notices? How can such a boy expect to compete with the college graduate who has the advantage of four years spent with the stein on the table and a good song in the air-r-r-r-r? He has n't got a peep-in.

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And where does the girl of poor parents stand even a shadow-show alongside the girl of rich parents when it comes to doing Nothing? The poor girl has to learn to cook and sew and mind the baby and run the house, or maybe go out to work at some trade or profession, and learn to do useful things. She is forced to accomplish Something, whereas the rich girl's whole training, from her Finishing-School days up to the time she marries the Count with the receding superstructure, equips her in every way to do Nothing, and to do it thoroughly and artistically from the very getaway.

As a fine art, the accomplishment of Nothing seems to have all other arts pushed to the plaster and gurgling their last.

Sanger and the Law

Harry Weinberger of the New York Bar



WILLIAM SANGER went to jail. Socrates, Hypatia, Bruno, Galileo and Ferrer, also went to jail and paid the penalty for having believed that all knowledge should be advanced, and that knowledge should be for all. These immortals were convicted also of violating the law of God or gods—whatever that is ❧ It would seem that the saviors of the world, generally, have been crucified between thieves.

William Sanger was brought to trial at the Special Sessions of the City of New York before Judges McInerney, Salmon and Herbert, for distributing a pamphlet entitled, *Family Limitation,* written by his wife, Margaret H. Sanger, giving instructions as to limiting families. The presiding Justice in the Sanger case said that Sanger had violated not only the laws of the State but also the laws of God, by circulating the pamphlet—so does history repeat itself!

Mrs. Sanger, formerly a maternity nurse and social worker in the United States, inaugurated the Birth Control League, and a monthly paper under the title of *The Woman Rebel,* in which she advocated family limitation of the working classes. So many appeals were made to her for exact information on the subject of how to limit families, by people who could not support their families, and were not rich enough to pay high-class doctors for the information, that she wrote the pamphlet mentioned and distributed a hundred thousand copies of it in various centers of the United States—with all of which William Sanger had nothing to do.

THE evidence at the trial showed that a trap was laid for William Sanger after his wife had left the country to avoid being brought to trial on an indictment in the United States Court. Charles J. Bamberger, an agent of the Comstock Society, testified that he had gone to see Sanger on December Nineteenth, and reported himself to be a Mr. Heller, a friend of Mrs. Sanger, who was then abroad, and that he had read the other works of Mrs. Sanger and desired the pamphlet, *Family Limitation.* Having convinced Mr. Sanger, who is an architect and a decorator, that he was a "friend" of Mrs. Sanger, William Sanger hunted among his wife's effects and found and gave him the pamphlet, which Bamberger offered to pay for, but which Mr. Sanger refused. This Court, in convicting Sanger of the crime of distributing the pamphlet, *Family Limitation*—if it is a crime—approved of the method of entrapping him.

¶ Sanger appeared without an attorney and refused to cross-examine witnesses, but insisted upon being allowed to make a statement, which the Court continually and persistently interrupted. It reminded me very much of the trial of Robert Emmet and his statement to the Court.

Judge McInerney said: "This community, like many others, suffers from a lack of children. The trouble is that many of the women in it are too selfish. I think that a lot of those who are devoting their time to Equal Suffrage ought, as Christian women, to go around advocating childbirth. It would be better for the community."

I wonder why the Jewish and non-Christian women were left out? The Judge never said anything about the ability of the parents to support the children that are brought forth, and what should be done when a family can barely support the children they have, and the

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provider of the family can not obtain a greater income—opportunity being limited by idle land—and whether that also would be " better for the community."

The end of Sanger's statement was: *" I deny the right of the State to compel the poor and disinherited to rear large families and to drive their offspring to child-labor when they should be at school and at play.* I would rather be in prison, with my ideals and convictions intact, than out of it, stripped of my self-respect and manhood."

The Court found Sanger guilty and sentenced him to pay a fine of one hundred fifty dollars or to serve thirty days in jail. Sanger got up from his seat and said: " I decline to pay any fine. I would rather be in jail with my conscience, than out of jail without it." When this statement was made, the very crowded court-room broke into a thunder of applause and shouts, and despite the court attendants' attempts to quiet it, continued until every one was pushed outside by the police officers and court attendants.

SANGER has gone to jail for believing that all knowledge should be the heritage of all the race, and for distributing a pamphlet which it is not illegal, immoral or obscene to distribute in other countries. Sanger has gone to jail because our courts have now the Russian idea that it is proper and good for the community to entrap men into committing crime and then punish them therefor. Sometimes we doubt whether Galileo was right when he said, " The world does move."

I understand that a fund has been raised to have a million copies of the pamphlet, *Family Limitation,* circulated. The rich, as it is admitted by all who know, are told how to limit families by their doctors. The poor, who should know, can not obtain the information. " The death of the poor is still their poverty."

There never is, however, a lost good. Each man who fights for freedom, and for the loosening of the shackles of the oppressed, does something toward that change.

Sanger, you are a brave soldier in the liberation war of humanity!

Woman

Rose R. Donk, M. D.



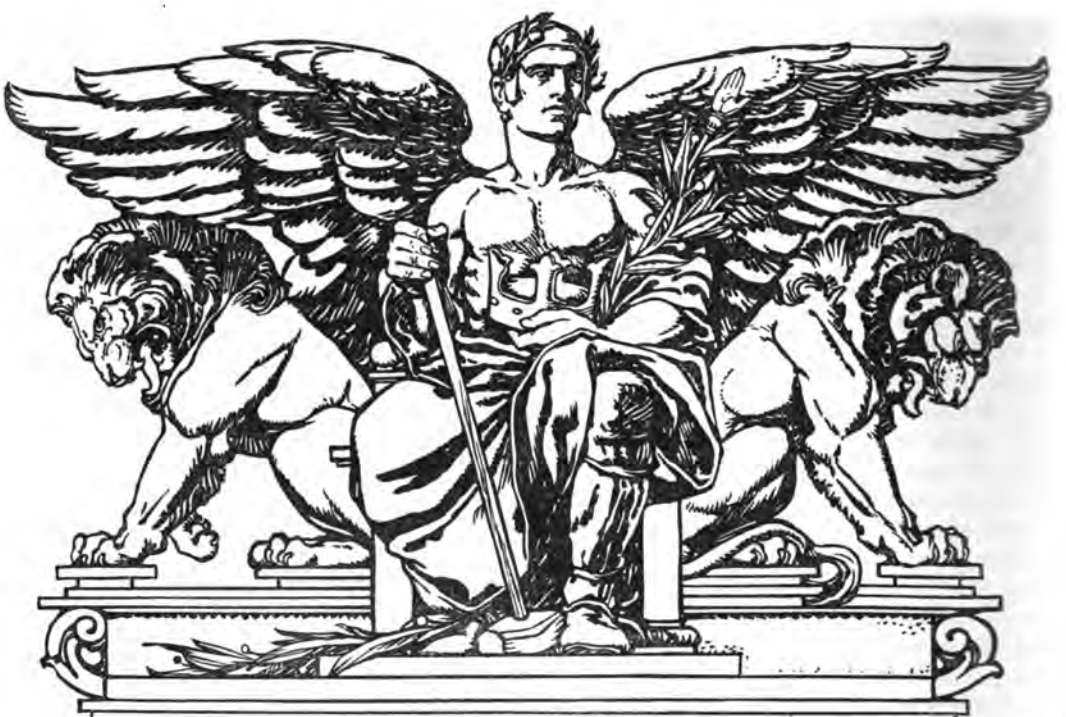
A LITTLE girl-baby, at birth, averages one-half pound less than does a little boy-baby. She differs thus by a fraction's tip of the scale, and she differs in the matter of sex. In fact, her having short-weighted us is part of her sex.

If we could answer one question concerning her, we could solve the problem of Feminism. Is this female mite inherently and biologically bound up to numerous complex characteristics essential to her sex, characteristics which fit her for the one path in life for which she evidently, even now, possesses a specialized physical equipment? How closely is she bound to her sex-specialty? How much of general knowledge and experience in life will help her in it? Will too much brain turn her out of her course? Or, is she so narrowly specialized that she actually can not develop with real advantage in other lines? Is she inferior when she turns to other forms of service? Will vicarious interests cause her to forsake her birthright?

PERSONALITY itself is closely associated with physical make-up. Whether a person is sluggish or active, even-tempered or quick-tempered, whether he is retiring or aggressive, depends, even in health, on varying bodily conditions. Important organs turn into the blood the so-called internal secretions, which of themselves can make or mar us. Even the finer elements of character get their foundation from physical structure and function. Hereditary traits of character are closely related to hereditary traits of physical conformation ❧ Likewise, sexuality and sexual personality depend upon physical structure. They are not easily destroyed—nor are they indestructible. A physical character may become stunted. Its counterpart in personality may atrophy. ¶ No woman can replace to the world by other service what she may have caused it to lose by her failure of reproduction. Shall that be granted? Yet a specialist who is too closely and narrowly a specialist fails even in his specialty.

Think about it. It is the question of Feminism.

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THE DRUM-BEAT

EDWIN SMALLWEED

MY Ned has gone, he 's gone away, he 's gone away for good;
He 's called, he 's killed.
Him and his drum lies in the rain, lies in the rain where they was stood,
Where they was stilled.
He was my soldier boy, my Ned,
Between these breasts he'd lay his head—
But now he 's killed.

My soldier 's gone. His head lies now between two naked stones,
His drum is broke.
There 's none to mourn him in the rain, only the rooks which watch his bones:
Which watch and croak.
His great red hand is wasted bare,
That tapped his drum, that touched my hair,
Hark! Not a stroke.

But what is this beside my heart, beside my heart that sounds?
Tap tap, tap tap!
Oh, what is this that beats within, like drummers beating bounds,
Rap upon rap?
What wonder have I felt and heard?
Is it the wing-beats of a bird?
Tap tap, tap tap!

My boy is gone, yet near my heart another boy lies now.
Though he be dumb,
He thumps my heart like soldiers' thump, he thumps a tow-row-row,
To say he 's come.
A drummer-boy, all gaily drest,
Will yet again be at my breast.
Hark! There 's his drum!

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MAJOR ANDREW ROWAN
WHO "CARRIED THE
MESSAGE TO
GARCIA"



ALI BABA DRIVING JULIET AND JESSIKA



RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
READY FOR THE "QUEST"
AT ROYCROFT



FRA ELBERTUS
GARNETT AND
ASBESTOS, THE COLT



"JOHN" AND THE ALBINO



PETER MAC QUEEN *



"CAPT. JACK" CRAWFORD
WHO, THOUGH SEVENTY, CAN TEACH US
ALL HOW TO RIDE

* *World Traveler, War Correspondent, Lecturer, Roycrofter*

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COL. JOE A. BARTLES
OF DEWEY, OKLA.
Founder of the Annual Roundup Held at Dewey and Loyal Roycrafter



MIRIAM HUBBARD AND FAN EVANS



ROGER HOEFT
ON GETAWAY



SANDY
ON SATURDAY NIGHT



BERT HUBBARD
THE DAY HE FIRST
RODE JULIET



THE "DEVIL" TRYING TO
GET FELIX OFF HIS BACK



PETER PORTER
SCOUT AND TRAPPER



SANDY HUBBARD AND GEORGE WHARTON JAMES



ROYCROFT "INDIANS" ON MAIN STREET

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AL JENNINGS, ONE-TIME OUTLAW, NOW RESPECTED CITIZEN, WRITER, MAGNETIC SPEAKER — AND ROYCROFTER EXTRAORDINARY

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ALTA LOOKING FOR BERT



HAS ANYBODY SEEN BERT?



MRS. BERT HUBBARD — AND SHINE



MAYBE HE 'S HIDING BEHIND THIS TREE



PLEASE, SIR, COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE *IS* BERT?



PERHAPS I FORGOT TO BRING HIM WITH ME



MY GRACIOUS — I JUST REMEMBERED — HE 'S SNAPPING THESE PICTURES

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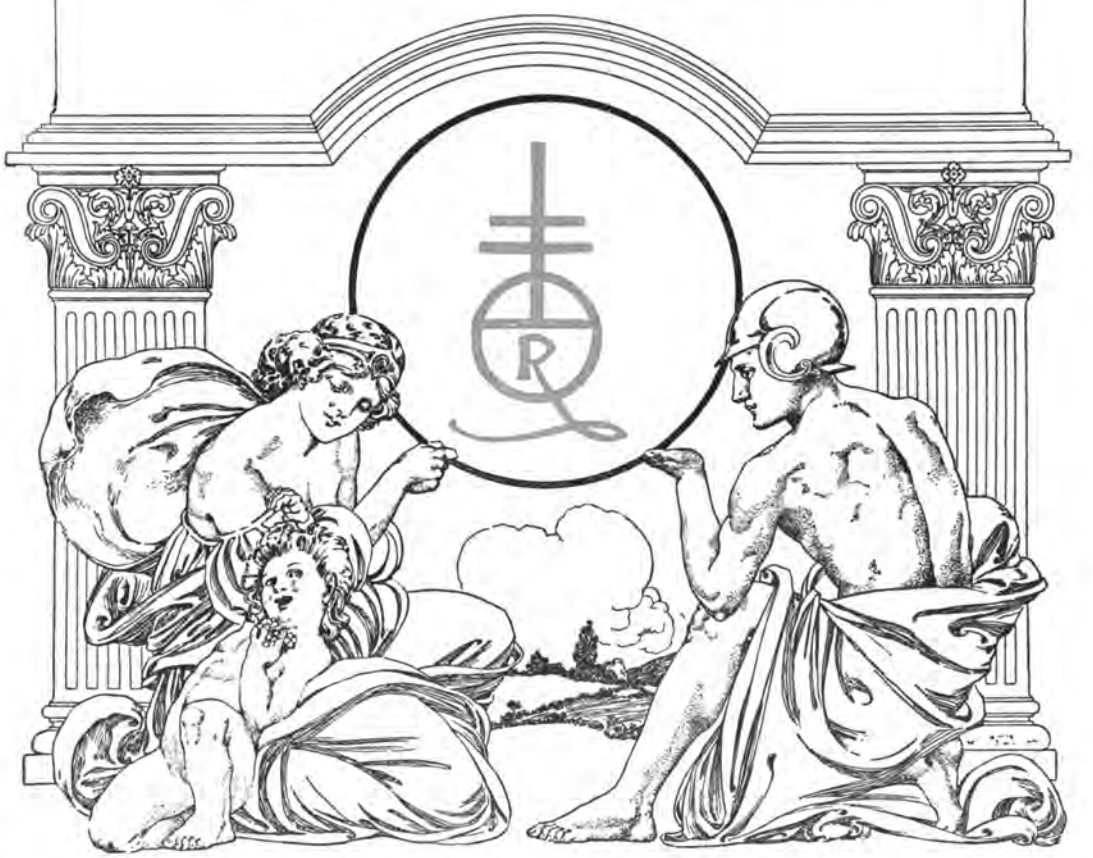
HARVESTS

GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS

FOR us our verdant fields are white and fair
With golden harvest of a fruitful year;
Our brothers harvest awful woe and care
On blood-red fields that should be white with cheer.

Our reapers sing at work and life is good,
The very air is sweeter than of yore;
Afar the swathes of dead through field and wood,
The unreturning gone from every door.

War's awful harvest claims the young, the gay,
The earth is bathed in tears, the world's joy dead;
We can but hope that this will haste the day
When all earth shall Christ's peaceful way be led.



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" Billy "

Which his name was not, as you shall plainly see. The surprising story of a lad who became the most powerful theatrical manager in the world.

Deshler Welch



IN the opening day of the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, I stood on the dais of the great Corliss engine in Machinery Hall, within a few inches of General Grant and the Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil. The contrasting appearance of the two men I shall never forget. Sturdy and stern was one, and the other tall and magnificent, with white hair and handsomely trimmed beard. There were many other eminent persons on that platform, and they beheld a tremendous concourse of people struggling to get a nearer view of the chief actors of the day, and be in at the moment when the President of the United States was to start the towering engine, and so officially open America's first " World's Fair."

It was a big thing then, and amazed everybody more than such shows do now. It seems but a little while ago; yet that was the first time we ever saw Vienna bread and Offenbach, French waiters in long aprons, blazing rhododendrons, and real nude art. Graham Bell astounded me by letting me talk into a box that was to take the place of speaking-tubes and would reach further. He said it was a telephone, and offered me stock in it at a price within my modest means that had I accepted would have made me a millionaire today. I was in my late " teens " then, precociously observing, and that irrepressible, dynamic and implacable Charles M. Goodsell, publisher of the New York *Daily Graphic,* had appointed me as a special hourly correspondent at the Fair, and I was to be " on the job " from early morn till dewy eve, and then longer. " You are to bring me business," said he; " write-ups, as well as anecdotal description. All the fancy stuff will be done by Olive Logan and George Alfred Townsend." So it was that I stood there that day, and in order to make good " copy " for my future reminiscences I leaned down and touched the hem of Grant's long-tailed " Prince Albert " garment. Still in all that sea of heads that bobbed below me I only chanced upon one I recognized. It was the round, pudgy face of " Billy," a mere boy, who was close to the steps, his eyes upturned to mine in envious wistfulness.

THE day before I embarked on my joyful mission to Philadelphia (I was one of the most envied of people among my newspaper brethren), " C. M." said to me: " I want you to take Billy along with you—to follow you up. Every time you describe an exhibit, Billy will see the people and induce them to buy five or ten thousand copies of the paper containing your article as the case may be. Sabe? I want you to look out after him; he 's younger than you."

" But who 's Billy? " I asked.

" Why, don't you know Billy? Why, he 's the boy who sells the papers at the front counter and collects the returns—he 's nearly as smart as chain lightning. That 's the reason I 'm sending him along with you—don't you see? You ought to make a good team. You 'll write and he 'll work."

Then he called out, " Billy! "

Billy came to the back part of the office, and we were formally introduced. After a few words of explanatory advice to both of us, Goodsell said: " Now get out of here tomorrow —and get busy. Go to Wurtele, the cashier, and get the rocks you 'll need."

Billy was fat and small; he had bright, smart eyes, and impressed me as an indefatigable youngster. Of course, the better he did in the work ahead of us, the better would I stand with Goodsell. Strange, my youthful fear of that man! He was overwhelmingly important to me as the controller of a great metropolitan newspaper; and now as I realize it all, he was the most appreciative friend I ever had. I remember he always kept a revolver on his desk in full view.

" He 'd use it too, if he got a chance," said Billy.

We both hustled at the Fair. I may say that the boy worked so hard that I had a difficult time keeping my subjects ahead of him. He

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was extremely modest, and seemed always to hold me in a little awe—so much so, indeed, that we seldom met outside. He was wonderfully energetic and absolutely dependable; but his development later on in life, in the line he chose, I never would have considered. It was surprising. Our association lasted until the Fall; then we returned to the New York office as if nothing had happened.

ONE day, Billy came to my desk and said, "Would you like to go to Haverley's Minstrels tonight?" Thereupon he produced a big bunch of tickets for the Fourteenth Street Theater, and offered me as many as I would like to use.

"How 's this?" I asked.

"I 'm going into the minstrel business. My brother Dan 's the manager, and wants me to trim the house for him at the opening tonight."

"I 'm distinctly flattered, Billy, but I think you are making a serious mistake. You 've done well with Goodsell, and you have a bigger chance ahead than you will have in the theatrical business."

But the boy only smiled, and looked as though he had determined exactly what to do. That night I saw him at the show flying through the aisles and so back on the stage.

The next day he came to bid some of the men good-by. I remember them as if 't were yesterday—Hucheson, Bunce, "Perk," Wurtele and Grow. Ah me, where be their merry jests now? Bunce was the closest in his gentle way with both of us. We used to call him "little Bunce," for he was small, blue-eyed and a blond. Years after he became treasurer for the Lyceum Theater, beloved by all associates until he died. "Perk" stood for W. T. Perkins, who boasted that James Lewis, the great comedian then at the height of his popularity at Daly's, was his uncle. I remember that I was rather in awe of Perkins on that account. He used to tell us wonderful stories about stage life, evidently gleaned from "Uncle Jim." Then there was Wurtele. He stood for a good deal in the *Graphic* office. He had charge of the cash, and was a very unsuspicious and generous gentleman. Anybody who was at all reputable on the whole staff of the paper could get his I O U cashed at Wurtele's desk, and all he did was to smile and say, "Do I ever get this back?"

One day the polished and professor-like Samuel Elliott, one of the directors and auditor of the company, exclaimed very loudly, "You young gentlemen appear to think that the *Graphic* is a great golden goose to be plucked!"

I mention all these circumstances because these men all had a good deal to do in fashioning Billy's future life. I know they had. He was very impressionable, and he subsequently used to refer to them feelingly. There were a number of men in the office that we both detested, and I think they constituted an opposing factor that tried our souls with heroic patience.

AND so Billy left us for good. Occasionally we followed his journeyings by reading the *Clipper's* "routes." Then came a lapse of several years. One day, while sitting in the lobby of the Coleman House on a hot afternoon in Midsummer, I noticed a tired-out-looking fellow half-dozing on the opposite settee

"Billy—my goodness!"

He looked, indeed, worn out and thin, but his eyes had not lost their sparkle.

"Yes, it did me to a frazzle!" he exclaimed. "I gave up the minstrels long ago, and then went in for myself. I took out a big Broadway success, but the territory I had in the West would n't stand for it somehow. Yet I got the company back home two weeks ago. I just got here."

The next thing I heard was that he had bought the Western rights for *Victor Durand,* by Henry Guy Carleton, which had made an opening hit at Wallack's. Then during the following few years Billy's name was frequently in the papers. He was making great successes on the road with several companies. His "presentations" had a trademark of their own that affected the local communities to such a degree that it was synonymous with honesty, and a guarantee of innocent merriment

NEXT it was given out that Billy had rented a New York theater. This seemed actually wonderful; then we heard that he had rented another. One day I was feasting my eyes on some diamonds in Gatto's windows when I felt the rather obtrusive contact of a man at my side. I turned to admonish him, when to my surprise I saw that he was Billy!

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"I've been wanting to see you," he said, after I had expressed my deep interest in all his published doings. The critics had declared him a master of his art—that his tastes were so artistic that they extended all over the anatomy of his brain, etc. "Will you meet me at Del's tomorrow for lunch? I want to make a proposition."

"Why not here, now?" I asked.

"Well, I think you would be in a very attentive and receptive turn of mind over a canape Lorenzo and a partridge—my, but you're looking swell!"

I was wearing a fashionable "box" coat of the period, with a violet boutonniere, and perfect "top" hat and boots. I say this for reasons that follow.

I went to "Del's" at the appointed time, and found Billy already there at a cozy corner table, waiting. I remember to this day, many who were in the room who now knew the great Billy. Some who knew both of us (I was then the editor of *The Theater* Magazine) perhaps wondered what we were up to. I was feeling that my companion had a name that stood for a great deal.

After the waiter had served us and stood away, Billy said, "I am almost afraid to say what I want, but I've been thinking of it for quite a long time. I—I want to make a leading man of you!"

"What the devil do you mean, Billy? In politics or in spouting the single-tax theory—you know I used to do that?"

"I want to be serious with you; I want you to go on the stage. I can make you a leading man in a year!"

"Stuff and nonsense! How do you know I could act?"

"Because I *know* it. I have never made a mistake in my judgment of such things! I'll pay your expenses for a year's preparation. You'll then make more money than you will ever get in the writing business."

He was evidently much disappointed when I told him it would not be possible for me to accept his extraordinary offer. He hung on to it for some time after that day, and I never could understand his persistency. I know I could have acted better than some actors do, but as for being a "leading man" I thought that Billy was positively out of his head.

How would things be now if I had accepted the job?

BILLY was beginning to acquire more theaters, and more people for his companies "on the road," and was being called a theatrical Napoleon. Nevertheless he was the same modest and unassuming Billy that he was in *Graphic* days. On an occasion when a forthcoming production was to mean everything to him, he asked me almost shyly if I would attend a rehearsal with him on the morrow. "I want you to sit with me and give me suggestions. The fact is, it is a society play, and I do not know much about social ethics—at any rate, you have good ideas, and know more about that sort of thing. To tell you the truth, I have n't got the nerve yet to stand up and tell some of those actors what I think—particularly the awfully English fellows." It was during the same winter of this circumstance that I told him that there was a very lovely young girl, absolutely unspoiled, a perfect Maud Muller, at that time playing a small part in Charles Hoyt's farce, *The Midnight Bell,* at the Standard Theater, whom he ought to see. He did. She became the most popular woman on the stage and the best-paying star. Billy started her out with most careful dignity, and a full appreciation of the unities, so to speak. No actress since the charming Mary Anderson days made such an immediate impression. Her name was Maude Adams

His enterprises were now becoming world-wide; he was controlling theaters in all the large cities, and two or three in London. His own personal experiences and study had done much for him; in his travels to the capitals of Europe, he had been deeply observing, and through his contact with eminent people in the higher professions, he had imbibed a great deal of the general knowledge which he always thirsted for.

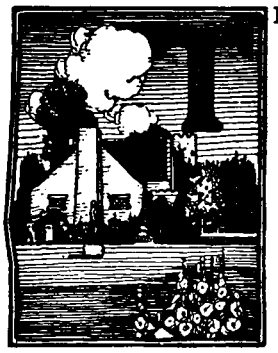
THE Story of "Billy," as I have written it here, is as I told it one night at the Lotus Club, to a number of actors and writers. When I reached the incident concerning Maude Adams, Maurice Barrymore stretched out his legs and with a Dick Swiveler relaxation, as he drained his glass musingly, said: "But I say, old chap, who in hell was 'Billy'?"

¶ "Billy? Well, Billy was the name I chose in telling the story so as to keep you guessing to the very end. His real name was 'Charley' as I knew him. He was Charles Frohman."

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The Fallacy of Prohibition

Dr. John Emerson Roberts



THE closing of licensed saloons is a mere detail of the liquor question. Prohibition, wherever tried, has proven a social, moral and financial failure. ¶ Recent figures compiled by the Census Department at Washington show that the direct taxpayers, and the Personal-Liberty people, who are indirect taxpayers of this nation, are partners in the liquor business to the extent of $333,000,000. In addition to this, the same people, by States, take another percentage of the profits to the extent of $21,000,000. Again, the people take a third profit by counties to the extent of $6,600,000. Once more, the people dip into the profits and take $79,600,000 by towns having a population of 2,500 and over. This makes a total of $414,600,000 in dividends paid to the people of this nation annually out of the profits of the liquor business, and it is used for pensions, for salaries, for schools and for city improvements, thereby making the non-property owner who takes a drink, an indirect taxpayer, and this taxpayer is the mainstay of all governments.

To go a step further, let us dissect these figures ❧ ❧

The population of this country, outside of charitable institutions, is 80,000,000. Divide the profits paid from licenses and internal revenue and we have four dollars for every man, woman and child, or sixteen dollars a year for every family. Let 's cut it off and add it to the taxes—and see a revolution!

In 1913 the State of Pennsylvania received $1,800,940 as its portion of the profits. The counties of the State received $423,357 more, while the towns and school districts took the third dividend to the tune of $3,885,852 —a total of $6,110,149.

SO much for the financial side. Now let us turn to the social side.

It is contended that prohibition prohibits, but the Bureau of Census reports do not substantiate that contention. For instance, out of sixty-seven counties in Alabama, nine sell liquor and the State derives a revenue of $585,645 from licenses. Georgia has State-wide prohibition and no revenue, yet there is as much liquor drunk in Georgia as in Alabama, and ten times as much drunkenness ❧

Again turning to Census Bulletin No. 112, for 1911, page 77, we find the average death-rate, exclusive of suicide, was lower in twenty-nine States where liquor was sold than the death-rate of Kansas, for forty years a so-called prohibition State. In three States it was higher. In six prohibition States it was higher. Pennsylvania was considerably lower.

In thirty-eight States investigated, the average death-rate from suicide was lower in twenty of them where liquor was sold than it was in prohibition Kansas, and in eleven license States the average was a little higher.

Census Bulletin No. 96, on Marriages and Divorces, page 42, shows that twenty-seven States where liquor is sold, have a lower divorce-rate than Kansas, and thirteen have a higher rate. Oklahoma, another prohibition State, has a higher rate than Kansas. Pennsylvania was about one-third lower than Kansas or Maine.

On page 47 we find that from 1887 to 1906 there were 33,080 divorces granted to wives because of husbands' drunkenness. During this same period the State of Kansas granted more divorces on account of drunkenness than twenty-five States where liquor is legally sold, and the State of Maine, with 1,756 divorces because of husbands' drunkenness, was nearly three times larger than the Kansas record of 630.

If prohibition prohibits, where did these men get their liquor? The fact is—prohibition can not prohibit. Where there is a demand, there will be a supply, law or no law.

THE annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury for June, 1913, page 460, gives some interesting statistics on the average savings in savings-banks.

In twenty-seven States in which liquor is lawfully sold, the saving of the average depositor is higher than that of the average depositor in Kansas. In nine States it is lower. Four prohibition States show a higher average than

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Kansas and four lower. The average in Pennsylvania is nearly double that of Kansas. Maine was thirty dollars below the average for the United States, and Kansas was but little over half the average for the United States

Once more we turn to the only official records, Census Bulletin No. 103, on religious bodies, page 40. Out of forty-nine States that were investigated, only four States had a lower church membership in proportion to population than Kansas.

Two of these, Wyoming and Oregon, were license States, and two, West Virginia and Oklahoma, were prohibition States. Thirty-eight States in which liquor is lawfully sold had a larger percentage of church membership than Kansas. The percentage of Kansas was 28.4; Maine, 29.8; Pennsylvania, 43. Kansas has 1200 vacant churches.

WE believe in temperance, but we do not believe in prohibition, as it is a political issue—and we don't need any more evidence than we are now getting, that it is a failure. The records above quoted show that prohibition has many defenders, but no defense

Any law intended to prohibit the sale of liquor, oleomargarine, adulterated foods, short weights, or to prohibit burglary or murder, is a farce when it does not embody the sentiment of the community. It is a breeder of fraud and corruption, of hypocrites with a contempt for constituted authority, and tends to make outlaws of men instead of respect for law and order. It is the abuse, not the use, of liquor that is bad; and when the sincere, thinking people on both sides of the question get together and make it a crime for any one to drink to drunkenness, it will come nearer solving the so-called liquor evil than any other way.

Barriers to Progress

Colonel William C. Hunter



WHEN the papers printed the announcement that Morse had perfected an instrument by which messages could be sent over a wire, the people complained to the publishers that it was a great error to print such falsehoods, for some credulous people might believe the story. ¶ A few years ago a magazine printed an account of Marconi's invention, and the subscribers growled. A university professor wrote the publisher it was foolish sensationalism to print such absurd articles

Later the same magazine printed an announcement that the Wright brothers had actually succeeded in flying in the air with a winged machine driven by a motor, and the editor was advised by readers that he had been imposed upon

There is a trait in the human that causes him on the one hand to disbelieve the possible and to believe the impossible. Edison announced new things, but the papers accepted them as illusions until he demonstrated the truth step by step.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, at Philadelphia, was exhibited a crude telephone, yet no one took it seriously, they even paid very little attention to it; but the heroic statue made of butter caused a sensation, and stories about it and pictures of it were printed by the millions

MAN has progressed from the animal into the thinking machine. He has seen the birds fly, and he has longed to duplicate the feat. The gas-balloon was the start, but its direction could not be controlled.

Langley proposed that principles could be applied by using wings and mechanical driving power to accomplish what feather wings and animal power does in the case of the bird

The world believed, and hoped, man would be able to fly, yet when Langley got the idea in tangible shape the world grew skeptical, and called Langley crazy.

So you see that in physical matters it is difficult to convince people of future possibilities and improvements; they doubt and disbelieve. Until the actual result is accomplished they will not listen to reasonable hypothesis, or commonsense logic.

How infinitely harder it is to convince people or disabuse their skepticism about the advance in morals, civilization and mental habits

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The man who works on physical improvements has models and drawings to show. The man with a clear vision, a definite system, a reasonable basis for improving thought, habit, government operation, business practise or social relations, has no model, and is called a dreamer, a theorist or an illusionist.

All he can do is to pound away at the truth, give the world his ideas, ask people to try his plans: even then he can not assure them of certainty of results.

MILLIONS of people are pessimists ❧ Society has hundreds of false cults, philosophies, societies and associations which thrive because so many believe the world is growing worse, and that it is impossible for man to outgrow selfishness, greed, immorality, passion and animal instincts.

Such people, such groups, handicap progress and make it difficult for the little bands of sincere men and women who are fighting for and teaching progress and betterment.

But cheer, and courage, and hope, there is in plenty for the men and women here and there, whose brows have been marked, whose brains have been awakened, whose pens are set in motion and whose tongues have been loosened, to act, teach and encourage higher ideals, better living, saner thinking and more cheerful expression.

While the task is enough to stagger the ordinary man, there are men who can not be discouraged, and they fight, teach, live, act, and by example prove, their ideals, and plans for betterment, and these men seek not niches in the hall of fame or riches in the mall of gain. ¶ Their reward comes from the doing.

Even as our mothers performed acts of kindness, deeds of goodness, from her own sense of duty and right, and never allowed her kindness to be the preface to a request: so your duty and mine is to do the best we can each day in act, thought, word and example, and the doing will give us a happiness the world does not understand.

Religion

C. C. Pierce



FROM the medicine-men of savage tribes —the hoodoo and voodoo vendors and dispensers and fakirs, priests and humbugs of all times who have claimed to have a special pull with the unseen powers—down to the Billy Sundays, and some other orthodox tricksters and wiseacres of the present time, men who have felt themselves specially called to mislead their fellowmen for personal advantage and gain have invented on the one hand a big God and on the other a big devil, which they have skilfully used mostly for the purposes of "revenue only."

Those who have had the gall to claim that, in some unaccountable manner, they have been invested with about all that is worth knowing about these things have appealed to the cupidity of mankind on the one hand and their fears on the other, and the dividends have been large.

Between paying these self-appointed guides for telling us what to do to win the favor and escape the disfavor of God, or paying them on the other hand to tell us how to escape successfully the snares and the fires of the devils, there has many times been but little left with which to liquidate our obligations at the grocery-store, come Saturday night.

ALL Europe has been looked upon as a type of Christian civilization. If there has been one thing which, more than another, the traveler did see in Europe, it was that the people there were religious. Splendid structures had been erected with which to worship God, and practically every one had, sometime in their lives, had repeated over them certain mystic words, by some specially appointed person, and had had conferred upon him certain ritualistic rites which were to act as a sort of charm which was to guide his life aright here and hereafter.

And yet all the religion and all the worship into which this ushered the individual and the nation seem, for some reason, not to have lodged in the hearts of either the rulers or the rank and file of humanity, the potent and fundamental ideal that we are to love our

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neighbor as ourselves. As the outcome of this, practically all Europe is swept with a war, unparalleled in its beastliness and savagery, which is not only a disgrace to any known religion, but a standing impeachment of the human race and modern civilization.

IF these nations, after all their religious training, have been bad enough to do this thing, is it not natural for us to ask if they would not have done better had they had no formal religion at all? Is not a great deal of the awful blot which has today disgraced Europe, the outcome of the falsehood and make-believe which lies at the heart of much of the so-called religious teaching of the age? ❧ If religion is to hold to certain ancient dogmas of uncertain authorship and dubious history; if it is to spend our lives and our strength in seeking to placate some unseen deity or devil; if it is to profess much and practise little; if it is to observe certain forms and ceremonies which are nothing more than modern corruptions of ancient superstitions and idiocies; if it is to sap the lifeblood of our fellowmen, to build splendid temples with which to "worship" some high monarch or deity, seen or unseen; if it is to turn from these things to crush and butcher our fellow beings, either in savage and bloody warfare or in the more refined but little less cruel and efficient warfare of the modern economic struggle—then let us have something else. Let us have something, call it what you will, that will make us happy or at least decent.

IF, on the other hand, religion is do as you would like to be done by; if it is to live simple, natural, honest and kindly lives; if it is to feel a unity with our fellowmen and all men; if it is to practise, not simply to preach, brotherhood; if it is to love our families and our fellowmen everywhere; if it is to feel free from a nameless dread of those things and those forces which we do not yet understand; if it is to live out our own ideals honestly and freely; if it is to eat the fruits of our own toil, and rob no man of what is fairly his—if this is religion, give us more of it.

Let us each find our religion in the duties and ideals of our daily lives; or let us dare to renounce religion altogether if by doing this we can best find ourselves, and best serve our fellowmen. The head-hunters and the heresy-hunters of the past are about dead, and those not now already dead are dying. With or without religion we will live the life of freedom; we will live for humanity and the right, and we shall never again as a race be the slaves of a fear inspired either by a god or by a devil.

The Sun Speaks

Samuel Quinn

I AM the sun.
I shed on earth my fervent rays,
And fruited fields awake in praise,
As life evolves in wondrous, beauteous ways.

I am earth's Lord.
Around my throne in wingless flight
She swings the herald of solar light,
The cloud-wrapt stage on which men play
and fight.

Should I but halt
Or cease my whirling queen to guide,
Her empires vast upreared in pride
Would perish all in conquering flame and tide.

But I am constant
And radiant rule in motion here,
As greater suns in depths appear
To likewise rule each in his august sphere.

Who rules the spheres?
'T is not for suns nor earths to show,
Nor man Creation's mind to know—
Worlds only tell that ever round they go.

But Man, take heed:
To move is life, to give with heart,
To vibrate truth the good impart,
Is universal law, the sovereign chart.

And this is Love:
The helpful act to kindly speed
A brother on his way in need,
A sister by the hand, but not in greed.

Life is not piracy;
The higher law is royal giving,
And master souls have caught its meaning—
I grant you life, grant you the fellow-feeling.

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Burglars

J. G. Henry



BORN May Fifth, Eighteen Hundred Seventy-five. Occupation, Photographer ❧ Married March Twenty-seventh, Nineteen Hundred Two.

October of the same year burglars entered my home. Hearing a noise about the house I went to investigate, but found nothing disturbed. I returned to my bed and was there but a short time when the noise was again heard. I arose and did as before, but could find no one about and again returned to bed for only a short time.

My wife insisted on my not going a third time, and remarked that I might get hurt. On reaching the first floor, everything was O. K. until I opened the door that leads from the living-room to the kitchen. There I met the one burglar face to face (he having a light). He struck me a powerful blow on the nose and face, breaking the bones in my nose and injuring the cheek-bones, which rendered me unconscious for several hours.

The burglars escaped without taking anything with them. It appears they did not hear me or know that I was about, for they had many things ready to take; they had them all lined up inside the outside entrance. We did not know they were inside the house until I met them at the opening of the above-named door. We think they were coming to the next room to find what they could to add to their already big list. Had they known any one was about, we think they would have taken the things they placed ready and have left.

This was Sunday at two A. M. There were three burglars, but only two inside. We suppose the third was doing guard duty.

I was badly used up by the blow and fall. I was knocked about ten feet, and no doubt he used knuckles. I was cut up inside and outside my mouth and lips. It may be that the back of my head and my spine were injured at that time.

¶ A physician was called and dressed the wounds. Since then I have suffered continual pains in the head, and have been under the care of physicians and specialists regularly for eight years. ¶ I was taken to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, for special treatment. After treatments by each, they assured us nothing could be done.

Had grippe, pneumonia and fever the first three years after the burglar attack. Confined to my bed four months after attack, and when I first walked out fell and broke my right arm. ¶ Have not walked since January Fifth, Nineteen Hundred Five, that being the day I was taken to the University Hospital at Philadelphia for three months and returned without any benefit.

Have had many operations in the face and nose, but none successful. Confined to bed two-thirds to three-fourths the time of my affliction each year.

The Winter of Nineteen Hundred Thirteen and Nineteen Hundred Fourteen had bealings in head brought on by burglar attack, and March Twenty-first, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, was taken to the hospital for an operation to remove bealing, when I entirely lost my hearing. About three weeks after my return home, I could understand and talk with people by watching the movements of lips. Was unconscious most of the time for two weeks after returning from the hospital.

December Third, of the same year, my sight left me, due to the operation and bealing.

May Eleventh of this year I was taken to Philadelphia to consult eye and ear specialists, but all assured my devoted wife they could do nothing, as there was no chance of sight or hearing being restored. My wife nearly collapsed when the doctors told her, and they asked her not to tell me, but said they were sorry, and that she must make the best of it. ¶ When I asked the doctors they gave me an indirect answer, but I told them they could not discourage me, for I believe some day I will be up and doing. All physicians tell us I never will be able to walk, hear or see, but I am glad to say they or that does not discourage my devoted wife and myself, and some day, erelong, we believe I will surprise all. We say the days of miracles have not all passed by, and I believe in all that Mr. Hubbard has said on the first and last pages of the September *Fra* ❧ Surely the " love of man for woman and love of woman for man " is shown at our home. My

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devoted wife has never complained of any one thing. She has sat hundreds of nights alone by my bedside when all others left and said to her I would not be here 'till morning. She is always satisfied, and never craves for anything, or ever says she is tired. She is the one to be helped and pitied and have the sympathy if any is given, and not me.

It is she who bears the burdens. She goes out to sell her goods, and when she comes back she is always doing something to make me comfortable and happy.

We have a little fox-terrier dog who is a very great help to us ❧ He carries anything he can take in his mouth to either one of us. When I am in bed he saves Mrs. Henry many steps, and when she is out he will come to the bed and paw and inform me of callers at the door. I then rap on the window or floor with a cane as a signal for them to come in. When I am up he does the same, and I go to the door and extend my hand and say if any one is about they shall take my hand. I then take my blocks (toy) of raised letters, and say if they will place my fingers on the letters and spell the words they wish to convey to me, I will be glad to talk with them, and in this way I learn of their mission.

Mrs. Henry reads books, magazines and papers and all mail to me by placing my fingers on the letters. I remember each letter or piece of correspondence, and answer all in their turn. I use rubber bands on a board and write between the bands.

If any of our *Fra* readers will write me, enclosing stamps, I will gladly reply. Have many people say I am interesting and a wonder. We don't think so. We are only doing what is required of us or of any other person.

Have had many people tell us I am past repairs, and that Mrs. Henry will have to put me away to some home or get rid of me, as she could not take care of me. She says never so long as she can raise a hand, and when sight left me we decided there would be a way. When I lost my hearing we could understand each other by the lips, and now we use raised letters ❧ ❧

We never speak of our affliction. We forget that and think each day will bring us something better. We have trials and struggles, but we live them day by day. No doubt we could be more comfortable if we made an appeal, but our motto has been and is, as long as we can live on bread and water, no one will ever know it if we must tell it. We have no right to expect another's earnings unless they receive value for same.

I might say my faithful wife has been confined to bed four different times during my affliction. Twice we were unable to secure any help, and I crawled about over the floor and up the stairs like a child, and was glad I could wait on her. The doctor said her meals would be cold by the time I reached her. One time she was unable to be about for nine weeks, and in this time I fell down the stairs sixteen times—and never did any damage to the stairs. I dare say my falling was harder on her than her illness.

I wish to say this for Mrs. Henry: If any one inquires at the doctor's office and many other homes, where Mr. and Mrs. Henry live, they tell them to go up or down Derry Street from 1200 to 1300, and the porch that is clean and white at all times and fit to eat off of is the place. They say there is none other like it, and it is just the same everywhere inside ❧ I never raised a glass of any intoxicating drink to my lips. I never used tobacco in any form. I never did anything, nor was I seen anywhere, that my mother and wife would be ashamed of, or that they could not have been with me ❧ You will understand that when men and all persons know my affliction did not come from dissipation and carelessness, why they appreciate this fact.

I hope this will be satisfactory. If I were to meet you and talk with you, you might get a better statement. Many times my mind is an entire blank and I lose the thought of my sentences. Therefore I ask you to bear with me and overlook all mistakes. I assure you Mrs. Henry and I appreciate and thank you for all you have done and may do for us.

Sincerely,

J. G. Henry.

(Wife born September Twenty-fourth, Eighteen Hundred Seventy-five.)

P. S.—Indeed I would very much like to have us mentioned as Selling Agents for Doctor Baker's medicated peroxide toilet-soap; this is a seventy-five-cent soap, but we are selling it for thirty-five cents parcel-post prepaid ❧ I also forgot to state that in October and November, Nineteen Hundred Eight, I had my nose bridged up, but my many falls have badly broken it.

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What Is Education?

Charles M. Carroll



THE growing belief that the schools must deal with every-day living is the greatest forward movement in modern education.

A man may have talent and culture, be a great scholar, and yet be unable to make a living ❧ ❧

P. G. Holden, director of educational work for the International Harvester Company, says:

" Education is that training which fits for the duties of life—all the duties—development of mind and muscle, training for citizenship, for home-making, for parenthood, for social and economic duties.

" Education is derived from all our surroundings and experiences, and can not be limited by any set term of years, nor any place nor system. It is a progression all through life ❧

" Education has been defined in many ways according to the age and the country in which the teacher lived; but when it is all summed up, we find that what people need is the kind of teaching which will make it possible for them to do their part in the world's work ❧

" At Omaha, the Chairman of a meeting once asked me, ' Why is it that you are preaching corn throughout Iowa? '

" And I replied, ' To save souls.'

" He said, ' Will you please explain? '

" I said: ' Brother, don't you know that the corn side of people is bigger than the angel side? There are six thousand ministers preaching from the angel's point of view. It seems to me that it was time somebody began to speak from the big end, the end that concerns people —from the corn side.'

" There is one great principle: if we are to help the world and humanity, we must help through the things that concern all of the people—through the things that they give the world; their days, their toil, their labor. Don't you know that the ministers have only one day in the week to preach, and that is on Sunday? And only one hour on that day, and I have six days? '

" The human race was made long before books were made. Books are tools, like an ax to the woodsman. They are great conveniences, but they are not the end. Is the ax the end? No, it is the clearing, the crops, the home—they are the end. Books the end? No, they are the means to an end. Education is fitting for the duties of life, and not all the duties are to be found in books.

" The boy who has raised a calf or a pig has learned some of the principles of feeding, and this with the profit he received made the work amount to something. Work—real problems—develop strength, self-confidence and ability. Work makes better citizens physically, spiritually, morally, intellectually, economically."

WHERE work ceases, failure begins. For two thousand years the world has been working and feeding itself. Food is the chief material concern of life, and it is important that the citizen be able to feed and clothe himself. Otherwise, degeneration follows, and he becomes a burden on society.

" Why should I give of my earnings to feed Bill," says Professor Holden, " when if I had seen that Bill was properly taught, he could have fed himself and been happier in so doing? "

Education is in the air. We are teaching and preaching it—talking it, living it. The world itself is a great institution of learning, and all the people in it are teachers. The exchange of knowledge from one to another goes on without end, both day and night, year in and year out. From the farm and the factory, every year come thousands of graduates—self-reliant, economically independent, schooled in the game of making a living. The achievements of others are about us on every side. The great white way leads on. In this great world of opportunity, there is no excuse for failure. Success both great and small will come to us as we have eyes to see and brain to understand.

I think it really better, if you have to choose, to drink beer out of an earthen pot—as did the father of John Sebastian Bach—and be kind and gentle, than to have a sharp nose for other folks' faults and be continually trying to pinch and prod the old world into the straight and narrow path of virtue.

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What to Do With Mary

Berenice A. Burch



ALL over this land at this season we find families in conference, with the questions arising, "What shall we do *for* John?" and "What shall we do *with* Mary?"

John is nearly seventeen, Mary is just past fifteen, but Mary has kept pace (with credits to spare) with John all through the high-school days, and graduation sees them standing side by side.

Ever since John has been able to lift a hammer or to guide a horse, he has been asked what he meant to do or what to learn as manhood's work ❧ ❧

Father wishes—nay, hopes—that John will care to be a doctor and follow in his footsteps, but cheerfully relinquishes this ambition when John stoutly announces that he is going to be a banker, and straightway proceeds with a will not only to give John the necessary training, but to establish himself firmly in a place that will make John an opening when he shall be ready to enter this, his chosen field.

But what about Mary? Once, long ago, when baby curls hung in luxurious clusters and baby lips and hands imitated with precocity some grown-up foible, Father fondly stated that the child was a natural-born actress; but seasons and growth have changed Mary into just a plain, average, young girl. Gone is the power of mimicry, never fostered, and no one has ever questioned Mary as to what she would care to do, or ever tried to discover in her mind any special aptitude; it was concluded somewhere, in some powerful but lost writ, that she should grow up and marry, but she has not been offered training for this, either.

SO John is sent to prepare to be a banker, but Mary is sent to be finished—and alas, it is all too true, in the majority of cases, she is finished.

The finishing process consists in acquiring a smattering of knowledge from books, and a huge, incorrect valuation of non-essentials; and when poor Mary comes to her life-work she is wholly unprepared, either to produce for herself or to lend any material aid to one who would care to produce the necessaries of life for her ❧ ❧

She is vain, having been taught that physical beauty is her one greatest asset in the matrimonial mart; extravagant, because her purchasing authority and ability have been limited to the frail fripperies and fineries of fashionable attire; light-minded, because her associations with people have called for light chatter and excluded serious thought; often burdened with the treacherous, insidious habits of liquor and nicotine, indulged in at first in playful bravado. And so we find her untrained, manufactured unworthily, wholly unfit for the high estate of either a successful wife or a successful business woman; indeed, history is proving that as far as she is from being the companion and helpmate of her men, yet she scarcely is able to be an attractive mistress—and yet Mary stood beside John at graduation.

THE relationships of life divide themselves into vocations as surely as do industrial conditions. To follow any vocation successfully, one must have two essentials: the spirit of desire for the work and a degree of training. One may stand uncovered, intensely appreciative of the grandest scenes of Nature, but he can not carry it on canvas to the world without a sense of color and form and some technical training; a woman may love a man devotedly, but she can not give him mental and spiritual companionship and understanding, nor yet be the incentive for his highest attainment, without having her own resources of mind cultivated and the ability to perform the tasks of living as well or better than the average hireling.

Motherhood and wifehood, and indeed all the personal relations of life, are vocations. Their standard of perfection can be measured only by the quality of womanhood. It would be as sane to say that all men are constituted to be blacksmiths, or that all women were so organized as to be toe-dancers, as to say that all men and all women can be equally successful in these personal vocations.

It is conceded that less than ninety per cent

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of men in commercial pursuits succeed; it is certain that the percentage is even less in the other walks of life. This fact is just now becoming felt: a fiery, bubbling caldron that with its accumulations of error threatens to burst, now permeates the social atmosphere with horrid unrest.

SO let us urge Father to give Mary an equal chance with John. Let Mary be watched over with loving concern; then let her be required to choose a path in life and to walk therein

Any one of a thousand reasons may force her to be self-sustaining. This knowledge alone, if she can not be persuaded that it is a worthy thing to produce the wherewithal of her food and clothing, ought to be argument enough to the parents of the world that Mary be left not entirely unprepared for such contingencies

It is a fact that, out of the millions of women who are now self-dependent, less than fifty per cent have had any voluntary assistance in gaining the training for the work into which they have entered; the greater number having been forced by borrowing and sacrifice to get a small training after the downfall of parent or husband has made their entry into industrial life a necessity. There is no way to compute or measure the courage and fortitude so spent nor the suffering so endured.

You who still must believe that Mary should marry would be giving her a better chance to marry happily than she now has.

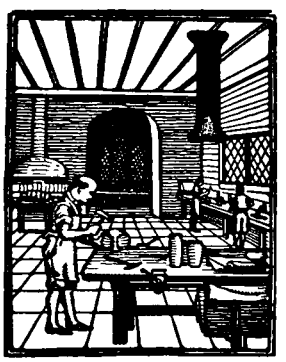
Mary chooses to be a doctor, a lawyer, a nurse, or a bookkeeper; her life in her chosen profession associates her with men whose minds are developed along the same lines as her own; they work together to accomplish the same results; they reason together with the same habits of mind; they agree and disagree; together they make discoveries of logic or science; they become necessary to each other, their mentality is equal, their earning capacity the same.

Mary commands the respect of her fellowman because she is truly his equal; she becomes his friend, companion, wife.

IT is a holy thing for the mantle of the father to descend upon the son, and it is a gracious thing for the cloak of the father to protect the daughter; and when fathers have considered the daughters and given them, not only gentle ministrations and tender love but the means of independence, then indeed shall she say, So great was his love that he bore me in his arms lest my feet be cast against a stone

Elbert Hubbard—An Intimate Relation

Percy A. Beach



I WAS Elbert Hubbard's private secretary for two years. I traveled with him on lecture tours and business trips I rode horseback with him and tramped the fields with him and worked—bless you, yes! *worked* with him between times For Hubbard was a worker; I never knew a better conserver of energy. He would dictate perhaps all the morning, then ride or walk to the farm, come back, eat lunch, work most of the afternoon, and then correct manuscript or answer letters in the evening. He worked when he felt like it—and he kept himself in such fine physical trim that he most usually did feel like it

I'LL never forget the first day I worked for him. When I began work at Roycroft he was away, and I stenogged in the Shop until his return. He installed me in the library of his home, and left me alone the first day, until four in the afternoon. I was dolled up in patent-leather shoes, a starched collar and a tailor-made suit. I would have lost my dignity had I worn a flannel shirt and corduroys as did the other Roycrofters! Well, he drifted in about four and said, "Kid, want to hike up to the farm?" Sure I did! He looked me over as we trod the open road, and then, when we reached the barn on the hill, handed me a dung-fork and said, "Help Curtis load up; I 'll be back in a minute." I helped. I was born on a farm, and it was n't the first time I had forked manure. But just the same, it gave me a jolt

Hubbard did n't come back. I worked until six, and then drove down to the barn back of

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Emerson Hall and helped Curtis do the chores

The next morning I was clad in corduroys and a flannel shirt. Hubbard smiled knowingly when he saw me, but said nary a word.

SHORTLY after that I accompanied him on a lecture tour. As soon as he boarded the train at East Aurora he was a different man—absolutely different. He forgot the Shop entirely. A lecture tour was a mental play-spell for him. At first I was working for him, but after we had made two or three one-night stands, I was merely traveling with him, as a companion—as I would travel with my father, for instance.

And he was thoughtful! I had seen some of the country, but when we would reach a city he would say, "Ever been here?" If I said "No," when the Leading Citizens met us with an auto, and suggested a drive about town, he would say, "The kid's never been here before; suppose we drive all around." This happened many, many times.

I remember once we were in Boston—my first visit. We were walking on a street off the Commons, and I said, "Where's Tom Lawson's office?" He replied, "Near here; I'll show you." In less than five minutes I was shaking hands with Mr. Lawson, in his cartoon-decorated office.

HUBBARD was a good listener. Of course he was continually gladding somebody's hand on the street, at the hotel or after the spiel. And he did it kindly, graciously, wholeheartedly, although he said mighty little. But, let him meet a man that gave him a new slant, zowie!—he'd talk to that man until he pumped him dry. Then, when the man left, it was, "Kid, where's your book?"—and in a few hours an editorial would be on its way to Mr. Hearst, *The Fra* or *The "Phil."*

While on the road Mr. Hubbard was a devourer of newspapers. And he rarely read a paper in the morning without getting material for an article. It might be some little paragraph, tucked off in a corner of the paper, but it was grist for his literary mill.

He was a consistent tipper—not lavish, but consistent. He left it to me to tip the porters, and always, invariably, as we were walking away from the train, he would say, "Did you give George a tip?" He knew I had, yet he wanted to be positive that I had n't slipped up.

¶ He lived simply. During the Republican Convention at Chicago in Nineteen Hundred Twelve, which he reported for Mr. Hearst, we stopped at "The Blackstone"—everything paid for, even the tips. Yet, rather than eat breakfast in the well-appointed grill, where the coffee was unbeatable, Hubbard would go over to Thompson's, sit at the lunch-counter and order a baked apple, sinkers and coffee. He did n't like the delay at the swell place; and I also felt he did n't like to be gazed at while eating—he wanted privacy. Anyway, he would go to a lunch-counter from choice—not because it was cheaper, but because it saved time

Every day he would hike five or six miles—sometimes ten. He did this to keep himself physically fit. But, oh, he enjoyed it! He was happy out in the open. And he always had an indoor baseball with him. On long rides he would get off at every station and play ball. On one trip we had eight or ten who got off and played ball with us. He did n't like to talk when on a hike; he spent his time thinking, occasionally pulling a pad out of his pocket and putting an idea down so it would n't get away from him.

AND how he did love to hear a new story! It did n't matter if it was a trifle racy so long as it had wit and cleverness in it. I remember once when I went on ahead of him from Chicago to Sparta, Wisconsin, to visit my brother and sister. I met him in Minneapolis two days later. When his train pulled in, he rushed up to me and said, "Here's a new one!" And then he told it to me. I enjoyed his enthusiasm in finding a listener and getting it out of his system as much as I did the story.

¶ That was the time when he wrote that splendid article about the *Titanic*. We left East Aurora on a five weeks' lecture tour through the West the day the *Titanic* went down. He bought papers at nearly every stop. At Chicago, he dictated an article to me. It was punk stuff—and I told him so. He said, "Write it out, and we'll see how it looks." I wrote it out while at Sparta. It did n't read any better than it sounded when I took it down. I was sorely disappointed, for it was an opportunity, and Hubbard had come tardy off. When we got on the train at Minneapolis, he handed me a bunch of manuscript, written on small hotel

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stationery, and said, "Write this out as soon as you can, and we 'll get it in the current issue of *The Fra.*" I lost no time in doing so, and was delighted to find that what he had written with his own hand *was* up to my expectations. I wish I had saved that manuscript!

How he ducked and dodged invitations to stay at private homes while lecturing! I remember one city, where he was going to stay at a private home, and I at a hotel. As we walked from the home, after dinner, to the lecture-hall, he said: "Kid, you 're lucky! You 'll get a good night's rest, while I 've got to scintillate for these folks; they rob one of privacy; they know every time you cough, or turn over in bed. If you eat catsup on your beans they 're surprised; and if you eat beans at all they 're surprised. Yes, you 're lucky."

Hubbard seldom called on people for a friendly chat in the different cities he visited. He did n't have time. He did make one exception, however. When in Saint Louis, he would check his grips at the depot—or hotel, depending on the length of stay—and hike to J. C. Strauss' studio on Franklin, near Grand Avenue. He was at home there; the place was his. He played ball in the back yard and roamed about the studio as though it were a part of the Roycroft Shops. Strauss understood him. Strauss is an artist—with a lovable, artistic temperament. I like his photograph of Hubbard reading, with the tortoise-shell glasses low down on his nose, the best of the many, many photographs he had taken. It pictures the man as I knew him—the every-day Hubbard.

I HAVE heard it said he "lowered himself"—whatever that means—when he went into vaudeville. Don't you believe it! He elevated the perfesh! He was a favorite among the vaudevillians, too. They truly loved him. He made much of them—took them on hikes, played ball with them, gave them books and autographed pictures. And how those good, simple folks appreciated it! But some of them could n't understand how he could "change his lines." What will "go" in Toronto won't go in Winnipeg. So Hubbard would try out his stuff. At the first performance, if he did n't get what he thought was a proper response from his audience, he would try another bunch of stories at the next performance. About the third time he knew just what to give 'em—namely, what they wanted. If the average vaudeville actor drops even a word of his spiel he is kerflummoxed, knocked out. Usually they stood in the wings while he was monologizing. But they could n't understand how he could put it over the way he did. Hubbard was at his best in vaudeville.

I sometimes think Hubbard was greatest as an orator—or rather as a public speaker, for he could n't properly be called an orator. I have watched him hundreds of times from the wings and from the audience. He played with his audiences, toyed with them. Just as soon as he saw two or three move uneasily in their seats, he would switch from the serious to the humorous, and then gradually work back again. Sometimes he had to work hard to get his audience with him, but I never knew him not to. And when he did, he shoved up his shoulders, relaxed, and bubbled.

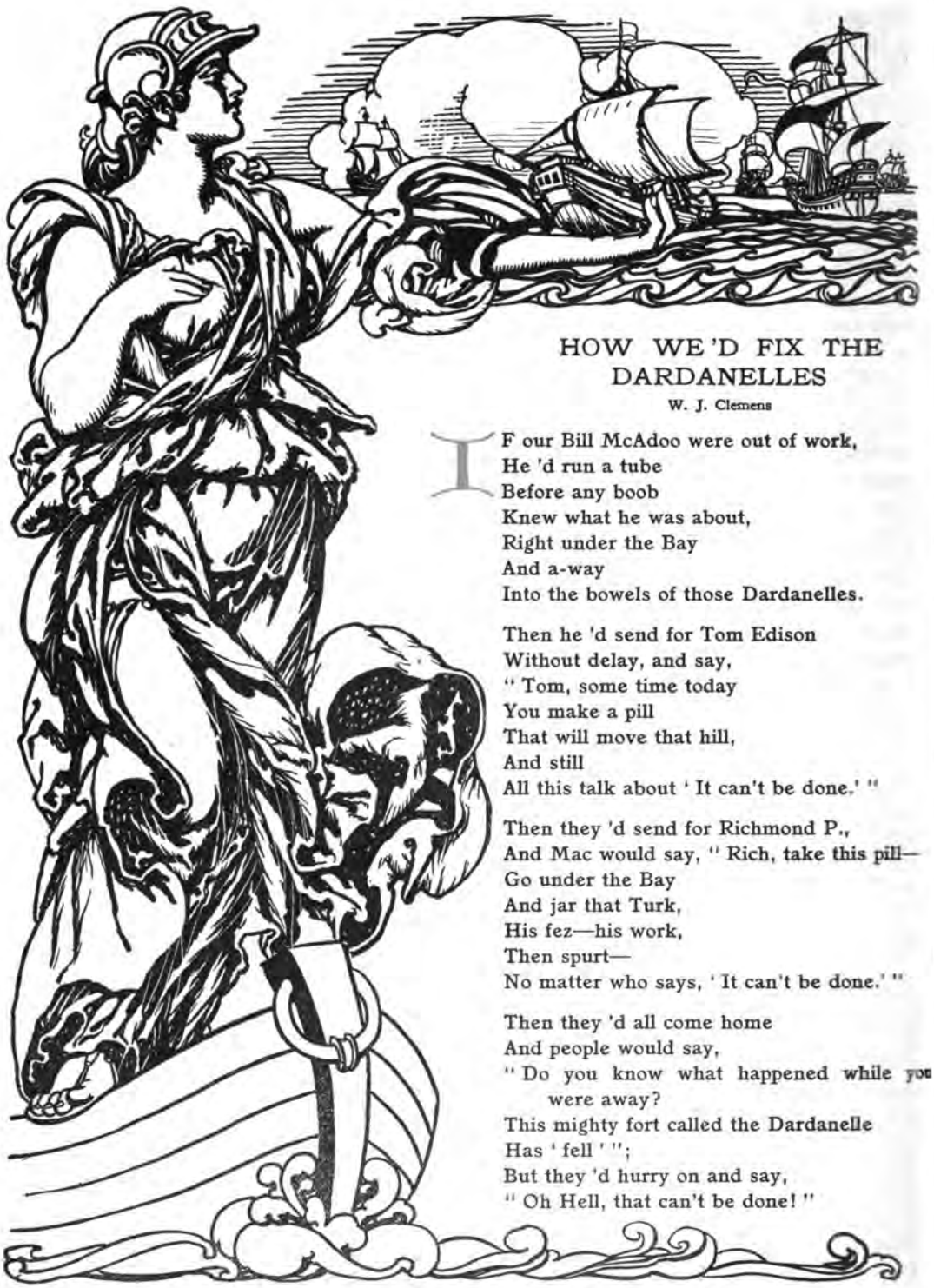
I once asked Mr. Hubbard if he ever got stage fright. To my surprise, he replied: "There are times when I have to take hold of the scruf of my neck and carry myself on to the stage. After I get a-going and hear a laugh or two, I forget it. Why, when I began to lecture I read from manuscript entirely! Finally, I broke away from it. A man in Boston told me that I never would speak right out of my heart until I discarded the manuscript. I tried it, and found the man was right; but I did n't believe him when he said it."

I was often asked this question: "I suppose you have to take down all of Mr. Hubbard's lectures?" As a matter of fact, I never took down a single one. Hubbard seldom, if ever, used notes. When he got a new story or an idea that he wanted to work into a lecture, he tried it on the unsuspecting public, and if it went, he continued using it until he found something better.

I can not realize that Elbert Hubbard is gone. Neither can I imagine East Aurora without him on the playgrounds, in the Shops, the Inn, and at the farm. I don't want to go back there. I do realize, though, what a great privilege it was to be associated with him so closely and so intimately. I believe I knew Hubbard, the Man. Yet there was a something he always held back. You never could see quite all of the inside man.

I am thankful, very thankful, for all he taught me. But, oh, how little I gave in return!

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HOW WE 'D FIX THE DARDANELLES

W. J. Clemens

IF our Bill McAdoo were out of work,
He 'd run a tube
Before any boob
Knew what he was about,
Right under the Bay
And a-way
Into the bowels of those Dardanelles.

Then he 'd send for Tom Edison
Without delay, and say,
" Tom, some time today
You make a pill
That will move that hill,
And still
All this talk about ' It can't be done.' "

Then they 'd send for Richmond P.,
And Mac would say, " Rich, take this pill—
Go under the Bay
And jar that Turk,
His fez—his work,
Then spurt—
No matter who says, ' It can't be done.' "

Then they 'd all come home
And people would say,
" Do you know what happened while you were away?
This mighty fort called the Dardanelle
Has ' fell ' ";
But they 'd hurry on and say,
" Oh Hell, that can't be done! "

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Assists, Assaults and Ali-Bi's

—*ALI BABA, Censor*

I have been reading with keen interest the recent issues of *The Fra*, and I consider them very good indeed. I realize that your Father left you a high mark to shoot at, but I candidly believe that you are living up to the high standard set by him. The editorials and other articles in the past few issues have certainly had the "punch" in them. I consider that recent issues of *The Fra* compare very favorably with the previous issues.
Chalmers Motor Co., *Hugh Chalmers.*
Detroit, Mich.

What you have been writing for *The Fra* is as simple, charming and natural as anything "John" ever wrote when he was feeling just right.
Your Father's genius for taking plain, common, every-day themes and working them up into fine literature has been bequeathed to you, in spite of the old-time aphorisms that lightning never hits the same tree twice, and that genius does n't reproduce.
New York. *Bert M. Moses.*

Be your own self at all times, Bert Hubbard—do not ever be beguiled to any conscious or unconscious effort at imitation of your illustrious Father—and you will find your own following, and you have youth, and the future before you—and who can tell?
Spokane, Wash. *Grace Ridgway.*

I have one criticism which I can furnish, and that is, reduce the size of *The Fra* to a size about 7 in. x 9 in., which will increase the number of pages and allow it to be filed away more conveniently in a bookcase.
Two Harbors, Minn. *Arthur Magnuson.*

I assure you that it is a source of real pleasure for me to know that you are qualified to carry on the work of your Father. You show initiative, and I am glad to see that you have the courage of your convictions.
Sprague, Wash. *Dr. C. M. MacKenzie.*

What has captivated my humble self is your part in its shaping—your articles, I mean. I shall look eagerly for more of them and longer. You write the best of any of *The Fra* contributors. You are all sympathy, like your good and great Father. You relate things with such perfect understanding—second to him only.
Andrew Nordloef.
Sec. & Mgr. Minn. Cement Construction Co.,
Long Prairie, Minn.

I think *The Fra* is Extra Good—I admit it. I feel proud to receive such a beautifully gotten-up magazine. And I like our brother "Bert."
No. Vassalboro, Me. *Mrs. Minnie E. Hawes.*

I can not read *The Fra* and go away unaffected by it. Mind and heart catch health in its pages, and away I go with a new spring in my step, with clearer mental vision, with more rightness of purpose.
Sandymount, Dublin. *Lena Butler.*

I take this opportunity of expressing my delight with the new *Fra*. I did not think it possible for any one to keep up with the old *Fra*, let alone surpass it; but each successive issue of the new *Fra* proclaims louder and louder the verdict, "Guilty."
Point Marion, Pa. *Albert D. Mayer.*

All you have to do is to continue producing the goods, and an appreciative world will take them as fast as you hand them out. My wish is that you may help others as much as your Father did, and that they in turn will appreciate you as they did him.
Karpen Bldg., Chicago, Ill. *E. J. Dunn.*

Enclosed herewith is check in your favor for $4.00 to cover the cost of two subscriptions to *The Fra*; one for me and one for a friend who will appreciate *The Fra!*
President Erie Railroad *F. D. Underwood.*
50 Church St., New York City

Not underrating the ability, skill and genius of your Father and Mother, "My Friends," I like the new *Fra* better than the old. God speed your good work.
Auburn, N. Y. *Charles S. Gross.*

I believe we all know that if we could have more of this straight from the shoulder, sincere literature these days, and less of the wishy-washy fiction, it would be better for the world in general, and men would be truer.
Central Oil and Gas Stove Co., *H. C. Bates.*
Gardner, Mass.

The Fra is like a black chick out of a white egg—totally unexpected, a glorious surprise, very much worth attention.
San Mateo, Cal. *Miss Ardee Parsons.*

I find that in most cases your thoughts run about the same as mine, and it sure is a pleasure to read a magazine of that kind. I wish that you would enter my subscription to begin with the October issue. I enclose check.
White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. *W. Irving Burton.*

Please let me congratulate you on the new *Fra*. I have reserved my opinion until this time, because I did not think it possible *The Fra* could be carried on without Elbert Hubbard; but must say the entire working force and yourself should all be heartily congratulated, as it looks as though *The Fra* will continue to grow bigger and better every year.
Marr & Holman, Nashville, Tenn. *J. W. Holman.*

Your seemingly personal solicitation for my subscription to *The Fra* prompts me to ask if you are to continue the same policy as under your Father's direction. In other words, whose side are you on? You know you can't play both ends against the middle while fellows like me are looking on.
Fay Lewis & Bros. Co., *Fay Lewis.*
Rockford, Ill.

Don't get too much business in *The Fra:* we want science, literature, entertainment. Business is a necessity. Give us more luxury, pleasure, play. You can do it.
Binghamton, N. Y. *Henry Lang.*

Last night I happened to pick up my copy of your October issue, and after reading it from cover to cover, a sort of homesick feeling came over me. I wondered just how much of that good stuff I had missed in the last year.
Detroit, Mich. *Jas. D. Wilson.*

The Fra for October is a Real Magazine. It shows broadness, courage and cleverness. The "butcher cover" is appropriate—there is meat on the inside.
Birmington Mattress Co., *Sidney F. Lazarus.*
Birmington, Ala.

The writer personally believes that your first three numbers since the loss of Elbert Hubbard I, fully warrant and amply prophesy its continued success.
H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. *M. S. Achenbach.*

My most valued friend is *The Fra*. Have I the blues (and who can always dodge them?) I go to the latest *Fra* and come out white. May I long have occasion to invest my money at such a high rate of interest.
The Photolite Studio, *H. G. Downs.*
Warren, Ohio.

Write for Catalog of Roycroft Books, Furniture and articles of Copper and Leather.

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I would make *The Fra* an organ of inspiration and education along thoroughly Rationalist lines, appealing to the awakened liberal thought of the day. If you consider that my services would be useful to you in shaping and editing *The Fra* let me hear from you.
Chicago, Ill. *M. M. Mangasarian.*

I have always considered it one of the best (if not the best) educational magazines published; in fact, an education by itself, and have noticed that the new *Fra* is keeping up the record. I have been greatly pleased with the editorials of late, and can only say I am glad that this department has fallen into such very able hands. Felix is a "buster," and the thing will go if you and Felix are behind it.
Santa Rosa, Cal. *Luther Burbank.*

I think *The Fra* very artistic and most attractive. Its editorials seem full of life and vim.
Granite Bay, Short Beach, Conn. *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

I think you made an error in your editorial in the September *Fra—Banks Behind the Times.*

Your last sentence says that "a banker is neither a professional man, nor an Investment Broker, but a businessman, and he must learn the ways of his breed."

I suggest that he is neither a professional man, a businessman, nor an investment broker—but is rather a pawnbroker, up toward the head of the class.
Southern Lands, Cleveland, O. *W. J. Sanborn.*

Be as radical as you choose, but don't be guilty of class consciousness, see *Political Plattsburg. Et tu* Felix? Good Magazine on the whole.
Ironton, Ohio. *Charles Howard.*

Tell Brother Shay the slam on the *Obsolete Banking* is the best thing I've seen in years. Keep a-going and much luck go with you.
Cleveland, Ohio. *Thomas F. Fox.*

Your Brown Butcher cover looks strong, vigorous and handsome. Felix sure is some editor, his *German Kultur* is the best war item I've read since *Who Lifted the Lid Off of Hell.* I want to thank you for telling us about Grandfather and Grandmother Hubbard.
Nathalie, Va. *D. E. Moorefield.*

I like your style—I like your clean, keen sentences. I am feeling certain that *The Fra* will maintain its worth and popularity in your Editorial Management.

Oklahoma City, Okla. *Emmet Miller.*

Felicitations is good—how about Felixcitations next time? Yours for more of the good stuff.
Columbus, Ohio. *Walter B. O. Frank.*

I too like George V. Hobart say, "God—how that boy, Felix, can write."
New Lexington, Ohio. *Julia Wright.*

There 's great things ahead of you, boy. Life has been mighty good to Felix and I believe Felix has been good to himself. No one wishes you the great and good things in life more than Quinn Miller.
San Diego, Cal. *Quinn Miller.*

I still like *The Fra* in its new dress, and all; with the exception of the Editorial part. Candidly and plainly speaking—to me, it is punk. A man may have a gift of the gab, but if he has no message his words are but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, as the Good Book says.

I am not an educated man myself and am somewhat hampered on expression; but I am a reader and think I can recognize ability and greatness in others.
Idaho Falls, Idaho. *Richard Conway.*

Why not write up an article dedicated to Felix. I am anxious to know more about him, are his brains inherited or manufactured?
Buffalo, N. Y. *Earl W. Clawson.*

Felix, the new editor is evidently just the right man to fill as nearly as possible the chair which your illustrious Father left vacant.
East Sound, Wash. *Ernst Skarstedt.*

Bert and yourself are to be congratulated. The success of *The Fra* was so instantaneous that it made me dizzy.
Rand McNally & Co., *F. A. Berry.*
Boston, Mass.

October *Fra* is splendid.
The Nautilus Magazine, *Elizabeth Towne.*
Holyoke, Mass.

Felix is an "Is-er"—here 's a bumper to him. When I saw the first *Fra* issued after the untimely demise of the beloved Elbertus, I indulged the hope that perhaps we might find balm in Felix. And now, presto, the hope is realized. Fra Elbertus was right—Felix will learn, though I should apologize, in the Fra's behalf, for the tense.
Cotton Plant, Ark. *Ross Mathis.*

Having read both the Slaton article in the August number and the article on *Jew Money* in the October number of your magazine, and, having enjoyed both greatly, I desire to express to you my thanks and appreciation. I am a Jew.

I am an ardent admirer of Elbert Hubbard. His death was to me as a loss of a personal friend. I can give you no higher compliment than to tell you that you have proven yourself worthy to carry on his brilliant work.
Wm. D. Brown & Co. *William D. Brown.*
Philadelphia, Pa.

I must detain you long enough to thank you and Felix Shay for the October *Fra.* My artistic taste is pleased with the brown cover and my soul delighted with the two editorials *Jew Money* and *Forward Charge.* I have sung in a Synagogue for years, and had business dealings with the Jews, so know. I would be proud to be one.
Chicago, Ill. *Jennie F. W. Johnson.*

The Fra is O. K.

Shay is acting like a human being.
Luverne, Minn. *Harry A. Hoy.*

Jew Money read right to me. Tonight I heard a bunch of red nozzeled non-Jews panning a successful Jew in Chicago, and felt the Chicago Jew was O.K. judging him by his enemies.
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Richard Ingalls.*

I did not have the opportunity to look over my September *Fra* until last evening, when I discovered a "Gem." I refer to your article *Friends of the Devil.*

I consider it one of the best I have ever read. If we could only get more articles like this in the magazines it would cause more people to see a constantly growing aggregation in this country in a different light.
Room 232 P. O. Dept., Washington. *W. P. Davis.*

Felix: Stop the War! You can do it!
Palestine, Texas. *Frank Hufsmith.*

With pleasure I am sending you the two-spot.

I think I would like Felix and if I did not he could retreat as fast as those Russians.
Milwaukee, Wis. *W. L. Heinzen.*

The Fra is still one of the publications that can boast of interesting editorial matter, and in the writer's opinion should bring you a constantly increasing subscription-list.
Wayne Knitting Mills, *R. W. Smith.*
Fort Wayne, Ind.

We must congratulate the Hubbard publications on securing Felix Shay's services for we feel sure that he will continue the good work which was started by our friend the late Elbert Hubbard himself.
M. & S. Gear Co., Inc. *Lewis H. Scurlock.*
Detroit, Mich.

Felix Shay, present editor, is a wonderful character, and his *Felicitations,* which are appearing in each issue of *The Fra,* are literary gems. Please consider me a lifelong subscriber.
Pendleton, Oregon. *Will M. Peterson.*

I like your Editor—Felix Shay, he has a good face and looks like a man that can do things.
Pres. Flap-Lok Envelope Co., *E. F. Turner.*
Memphis, Tenn.

"*The Fra* MUST be a great publication," you say. It is—and to make it even greater, fill it from cover to cover with Shay's *Felicitations.* Would suggest a good liver stimulent for the few who are unable to appreciate Felix' stuff.
Los Angeles, Cal. *F. S. Calkins.*

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AN UNUSUAL TRIP

BY W. W. WASHBURN

I HAVE friends who travel a great deal more than I, but who have apparently no greater number of friends than I possess, yet they tell me it is very seldom they take a long trip without meeting some friend on the train, while I, as a rule, never meet a friend while journeying

The other day while making a hurried trip west I met with an exception to my usual experience; and what a wonderful exception it was! The fact is, I can not help telling about it.

I had no more than boarded the train than I met my old friend Hollister of Kansas City. I had not seen Hollister for years. Way back in Eighteen Hundred Ninety we were interested together in the elevator business. When I sold my stock to Hollister it was after a long period of worry for both of us. Business had been bad and the going to the wall of one of the largest banks of the State of Missouri made us financially and in every other way very shaky. I was none too well, but Hollister was "all in," as is the saying. He was unable to think, he could not sleep, he was nervous, he had brain fag, he could not digest his food; there was not a function he could perform with any satisfaction or success; no doubt he believed that he was losing his mind. I, in my own heart, believed that Hollister was slowly dying. I was not alone in this belief that he could not live another three months.

When, therefore, I met him the other day, looking better in health and better in physique—in fact, an unusually virile man as well as in a most exuberant state of mind and body, as though he had been reborn (he is past sixty years of age), I could not help asking for the secret of his renewed youth.

It took Hollister but a minute to say, "I owe my regeneration and life to Swoboda, who, through teaching me the simple principles and secret of evolution and how to use them, has recreated me in body and mind, and made me better in every way than I had ever been in my youth, and all this after I had been told by specialists that nothing could give me health."

Said Hollister, "When I think of my physician telling me to travel and to quit business, which, by the way, was going to the wall because of my inability to run it in my poor state of mind and body, and when I think of thus being practically sentenced to complete ruin, so to speak, and when at the same time I realize my present condition of rejuvenation, I awake to a greater and greater appreciation of Conscious Evolution and its wonderful possibilities for the human race."

He said, "Swoboda taught me not only how to rebuild myself, but also how to continue my life and evolution where nature left off. In my case, he improved upon nature, and I have since learned that he has done as much for thousands of others—men and women of every age and condition."

Continuing, Hollister said, "It was a red letter day in my life when I heard of Swoboda from the publisher of the largest newspaper in Missouri—a friend who had learned from experience as well as from others of the wonderful success of Conscious Evolution."

As can be seen, Hollister could not say enough in praise of the renewer of his life and fortune. Naturally, I became interested, for I am getting along in years, and have, mistakingly, like most human beings, come to expect weakness as inevitable, in consequence of gaining in years.

When my friend assured me I could, through Conscious Evolution, be made young again I indeed became interested and eager for the demonstration. I took Alois P. Swoboda's address, which, by the way, is 1389 Aeolian Building, New York City, and obtained his booklet by mail a few weeks ago. I at once started to use his method, and now can comprehend why Hollister was so enthused with delight in the new life, for I, also, am growing younger, stronger, happier, more energetic, and more virile by leaps and bounds. It is a fact that one must experience this new and better life which is produced through Conscious Evolution if one is to comprehend what is being missed without it.

It was an unusual trip and a wonderful day for me when I met Hollister on the train. It was a wonderful day for Hollister when his newspaper friend led him to Conscious Evolution, and I need but hint to the readers of *The Fra* —let this be a wonderful day for you. Get in touch with Swoboda, and obtain his booklet—it will cost you nothing, and may start you on the road to a new and better life. Swoboda will send this booklet to anyone for the asking. I know it is his aim to help as many as possible. This booklet explains his new and unique theory of the body and mind, and, no doubt, it will prove interesting to everyone as it did to me. It gave me a better understanding of myself than I obtained from a college course. It startled, educated, and enlightened me. It explains the human body as I believe it never has been explained before. Moreover, it tells of the dangers and after effects of exercise and of excessive deep breathing

What Hollister said to me seemed too good to be true. What I say, no doubt, seems to be too good to be true, but Swoboda has a proposal which everyone should consider and thus learn that nothing which is said about Conscious and Creative Evolution is too good to be true.

In concluding this statement I can not refrain from mentioning the fact that I now have pleasure in work and in a strenuous life, and I whistle, hum and sing; where formerly I always wore a frown (according to the evidence of my family) I now, as my friends say, always wear a smile.

Interesting Observations

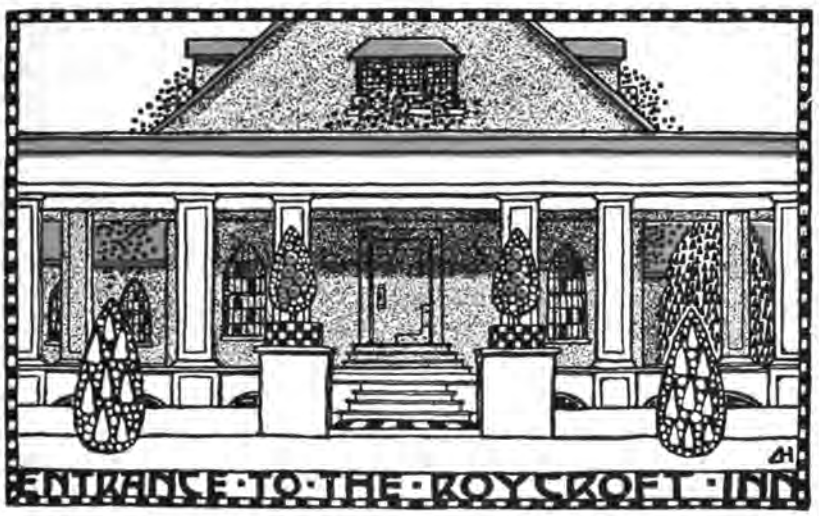
Recent observations have called attention to the fact that seven men out of every ten who weigh less than 150 pounds and who are more than 5 feet 10 inches tall have active tuberculosis in some degree. This only emphasizes the conclusions at which keen observers have arrived—that tuberculosis is much more prevalent than the human race is willing to admit. Hundreds of physicians have tuberculosis and do not suspect it. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the average layman does not know what is the cause of his languidness, depression or nervousness?

¶ It is fortunate, however, that physicians at last are learning that the body makes its own antitoxins and serums for the express purpose of destroying germs of all character which enter or invade the organism. Physicians are learning that the body is a self-maintaining institution and that its ability to maintain itself depends upon the discipline the cells receive in harmony with the physiological limits of each individual organism. Discipline creates reactions and increases the molecular action. This means the production of greater energy and greater efficiency, mental and physiological.

The Address of Alois P. Swoboda is 1389 Aeolian Building, New York, N. Y., Advertisement

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¶ East Aurora is thirty minutes from Buffalo on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Automobiles meet the trains. A fine brick boulevard runs all the way from Buffalo to East Aurora, to speed on Autoists.

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¶ Rates, $2.50 and up. American Plan. Satisfying Meals. Out-of-Door Sleeping-Rooms. Plenty of Baths. Quiet. Understanding!

The Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, New York

DID you know that when you love every one and you grow to know any one, you love that one for ever and ever, even if you never see her, or even him, again?

Well, it's very interesting, besides being very well worth knowing (and I've only lately found it out myself), because, although it's the love that you give that makes you happy, the love that you get gives you a great deal of pleasure. And all this is so just the same, although the One is dead.—*Bolton Hall.*

A SECOND love is finer, more perfect, than a first, more completely inwrought with the best that a man's or a woman's nature has produced through years of contact with the realities ❧ The man who demands the untouched heart of a woman, who recoils from the thought that she has loved or may love another than himself, is close akin to the Egoist, Sir Willoughby Patterne, who inspired Meredith to his famous and scathing dictum concerning "this voracious gluttony. "The capaciously strong in soul among women," Meredith sagely meditates, "will ultimately detect an infinite grossness in the demand for purity infinite, spotless bloom." The soul learns through the memory of its emotions; and the soul that has learned most and yet kept its hold on truth and the higher virtues is the most worth claiming as a mate.

—*Margaret Ashmun*

❧

I look forward to the time when the people will give up the extraordinary habit of taking medicine when they are sick.

—*Sir Frederick Treves, M.D.*

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THE man who "don't know and don't want to know" is more dangerous than a cyclone—he is liable unconsciously to deal death to the best friend he has on earth. He is like a man asleep at the switch.

The man who "don't know and don't want to know" might have been able to save himself from hell—he might have been able to help save society from chaos. "Of all sad words—it might have been."

But he didn't know and he didn't want to, yet we trusted this man with the ballot. He had the power to vote issues which concerned the welfare or the torment of others, and yet he goes to the polls and votes after boasting that he "doesn't know and doesn't want to know."

The man who goes to the polls and votes, when there is a single political issue before the people which he does not understand, is a dangerous man to be at large.

A fool can not understand—a bigot won't understand. Neither of them ever did anything for a waiting world.—*Clyde J. Wright.*

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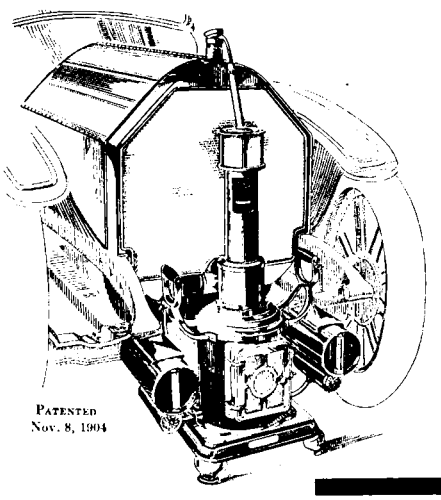
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Why not get the health habit?

It is better to be victimized occasionally than to go through life filled with suspicion.

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A Remarkable Man

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J. G. HENRY, 1224 Derry St., Harrisburg, Pa.

The cost of the present war, in lives, physical and mental agony, and money, is beyond human comprehension. And what is it for? Governments could settle their differences in court just as well as do individuals. It is more uncivilized for nations to engage in warfare than it is for two men to fight over a disagreement.

We already have an international courthouse at The Hague. Let each nation have a representative, or one for each fifty million inhabitants or fraction thereof. They could be subject to call or hold regular sessions.

All matters that nations are unable to settle between themselves must be brought before this body, and the decision of court is final. To insure abidance by the findings of the court, each nation should be permitted to have a limited number of warvessels of various types, say one battleship, and others in proportion, for each fifty millions of population or fraction thereof. The same is true of a standing army. These as a sort of police patrol.

It would be the duty of the army or navy, or both, of each and every nation that any given

CROWNED heads and their advisers certainly made a dismal failure of maintaining peace by preparing for war. "Preparedness insures Peace" is a maxim of the past.

Comparatively few people seem to believe that permanent international peace will succeed the war. The great nations could establish and maintain a peace basis if they would spend a fractional part of the mental and financial energy in the effort that they have in preparing for war.

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nation accept the decision of the court. Not a gun would be fired.

This would tend to keep the nations on their good behavior, as they would want friends should they have a case in court. Selfishness would be less in evidence. Any nation would have a fair trial and receive a just verdict ❧ There would be no grounds for humiliation. No nation's honor would be in jeopardy. The millions of men and money put into normal channels would make a better and happier world. — *Spencer R. Stone, M. D.*

❧

EDUCATION has for a chief object the formation of character ❧ To curb restive propensities, to awaken dormant sentiments, to strengthen the perceptions and cultivate the tastes, to encourage this feeling and repress that, so as finally to develop the child into a man of well-proportioned and developed nature—this is the aim alike of parent and teacher.—*Herbert Spencer.*

❧

CONSIDERING all the heresies, the enormous crimes, the wickedness, the astounding follies, which the Bible has been made to justify, and which its indiscriminate reading has suggested; considering that it has been, indeed, the sword which our Lord said he was sending; and that not the devil himself could have invented an implement more potent to fill the hated world with lies, and blood, and fury; I think, certainly, that to send hawkers over the world loaded with copies of this book, scattering it in all places, among all persons, is the most culpable folly of which it is possible for man to be guilty.—*James A. Froude.*



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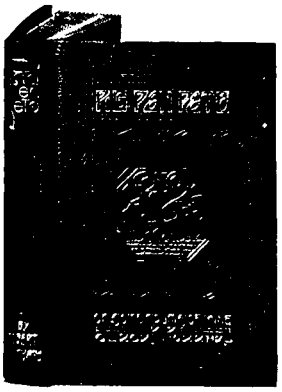
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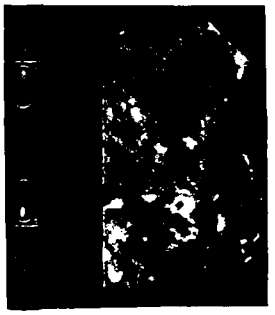


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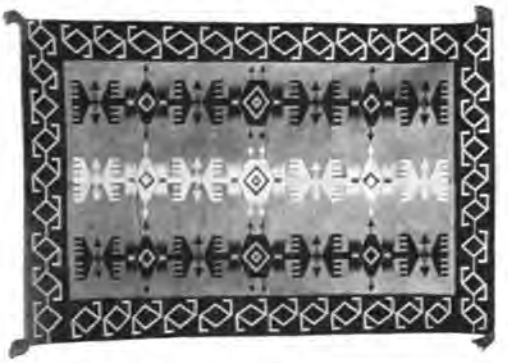
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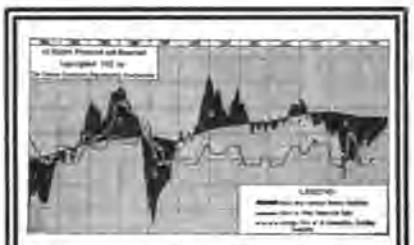
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would have worked in obscurity, and it would be left for the slow years after death to unfold her work into daylight and wide renown ❧ Hundreds of groping lives would have reached for the idea without grasping it ❧ Fifty years ago Jane Addams would have been a prophet, but not a leader ❧ Today the advertisements of magazine and book publishers carry her patience and her fertile thought to the consciousness of her race. Under publicity her influence is as pervasive as a climate. Only the warriors and the politicians used to be boomed and magnified in their own generation ❧ The face, the voice, the curve of thought, of many champions are now scattered from the skyscrapers and taught to glow in the twilight of subway stations.
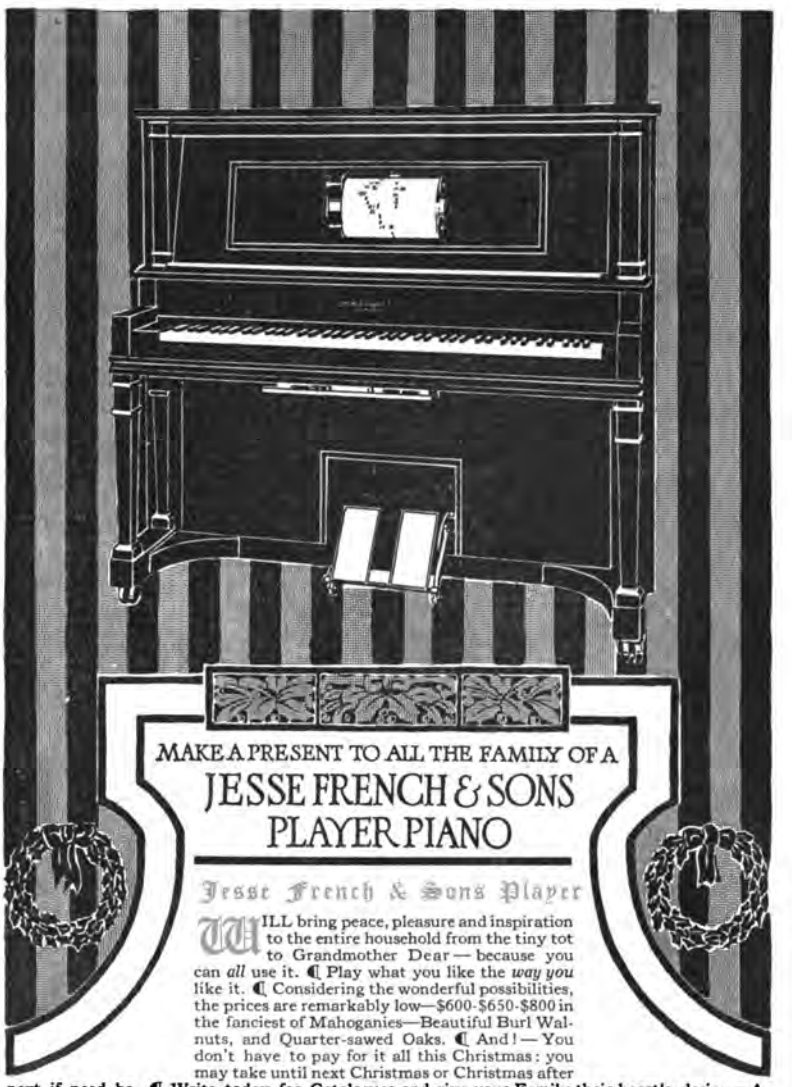
—Arthur H. Gleason.

❧

THE supreme principle of my business life has been the belief that business efficiency and the welfare of the employees are but different sides of the same problem ❧ Character is an economic asset; and business efficiency depends not merely on the physical condition of employees, but on their general attitude and feeling towards the employer ❧ The test of any scheme of factory organization is the extent to which it creates and fosters the atmosphere and spirit of co-operation and good-will.—*Edward Cadbury.*

❧

We are firm believers in the maxim that for all right judgment of any man or thing it is useful, nay, essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.—*Carlyle.*



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Brunswick "Baby Grand" Pocket Billiard Style

EVERY DAY IS THANKSGIVING DAY where there is a *BRUNSWICK "BABY GRAND"* in the home

Home billiards played on this superb billiard table keeps the home circle intact. There's always a family gathering around a "Baby"—the BRUNSWICK "BABY"! ¶ It's the home magnet that brings your boy home with a run. Father and son, mother and daughter, find it a joy-fest—a common ground upon which to build up a closer intimacy and understandingness

The BRUNSWICK "BABY GRAND" is a beneficence, a joy-bringer, a cementer of friendships—altogether, a matter for thanksgiving

Make every day a Thanksgiving Day. Get the BRUNSWICK "BABY" in your home. Write the Brunswick-Balke-Collender people for the beautifully illustrated booklet, *The Home Magnet,* which tells you all about billiards and the superb tables which they make, and the easy payment system by which you may obtain one. It's free—and so are you, for you are under no obligation to buy

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
Dept. 26-B, 623-633 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Please send me the free color-illustrated book, *Billiards—The Home Magnet.*

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... *State* .....

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HAVE noticed that in households where a strap hangs behind the kitchen door, ready for use, it is not utilized so much for pure discipline as to ease the feelings of the parent. They say that expression is a need of the human heart; and I am also convinced that in many hearts there is a strong desire at times to "thrash" some one. Who it is makes little difference, but children being helpless and the law giving us the right, we find gratification by falling upon them with straps, birch rods, slippers, ferules, hairbrushes or apple-tree sprouts. The free use of the rod never made a child "good."

ELBERT HUBBARD

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P159.3

THE FRA

For Philistines and Roycrofters



December 1915

Richard Le Gallienne
Hugo Erichsen M.D.
Mayer C. Goldman
Hudson Maxim
Elbert Hubbard
Charles L. MacGregor

ELBERT HUBBARD
Publisher East Aurora N.Y.

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Ask for Elbert Hubbard's Booklet, written after a visit to the wonderful Pompeian Plant. Seriously, humanly and withal pertinently, he discusses the merit of Olive Oil. A little Masterpiece. It is FREE to the readers of *The Fra*.

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FULL QUARTS
32 oz. . . 1.00

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

IS ALWAYS FRESH!—AND WHY

¶ The Dealer who sells Pompeian Olive Oil is urged by us never to order more than a THIRTY-DAY SUPPLY. No extra discounts are given him on LARGE Orders—and in consequence Pompeian Olive Oil is always "New Stock"—FINE and FRESH.

¶ Each and every Shipment of Pompeian Olive Oil, which comes to us in Casks from Abroad, is stored in cool, dark, glass-lined Tanks; kept like butter is kept in a Creamery. It is packaged from day to day to meet the demand. In this manner the full "Fruity Flavor" of the choice Mediterranean Olives is retained.

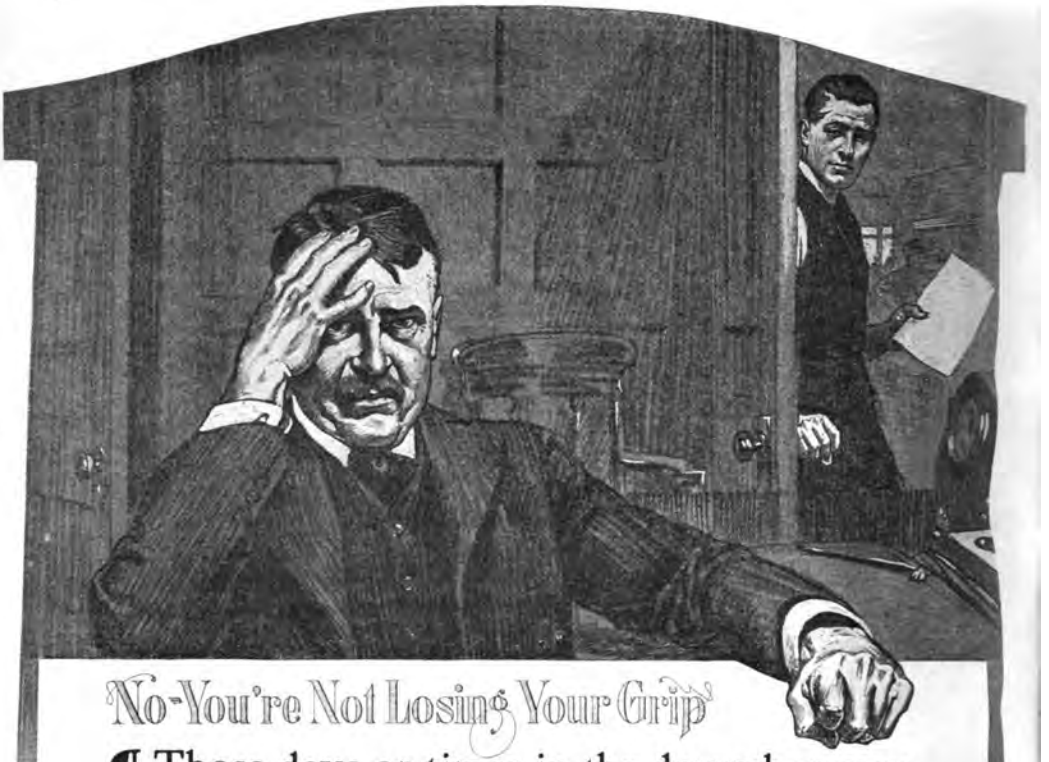
¶ Pompeian Olive Oil is MORE than just PURE—it is Tasty and Palatable.

¶ Pompeian Olive Oil is never sold in bulk. You may purchase it in full-measure Half-pint, Pint or Quart SEALED Tins—air-tight and light-proof—from Grocers and Druggists. *Order a Tin today.*

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

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No-You're Not Losing Your Grip

¶ Those days or times in the day when you lack "punch" in your work don't mean that you're slipping back. The condition isn't mental at all—it's as purely physical as is a "foggy" brain after loss of sleep.

¶ And you're not in any "alarming" physical condition—yet for efficiency's sake it needs a remedy—proper nourishment is the remedy. You don't take enough exercise to get away with the heavy meals which would give you the nourishment you need. What you should take is

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic



¶ A real aid to digestion—therefore enabling you to get fuller nourishment from what you eat. Itself nourishing. These qualities giving you just what you need to replace the strength and energy you're burning up so fast in your daily brain-taxing and nerve-straining work. A genuine strengthening tonic. Taken before retiring, a splendid aid to sound sleep. Recommended for the over-worked, the anæmic—all who are over-wrought or under-nourished.

All Druggists—Most Grocers

Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product, not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14.50 per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

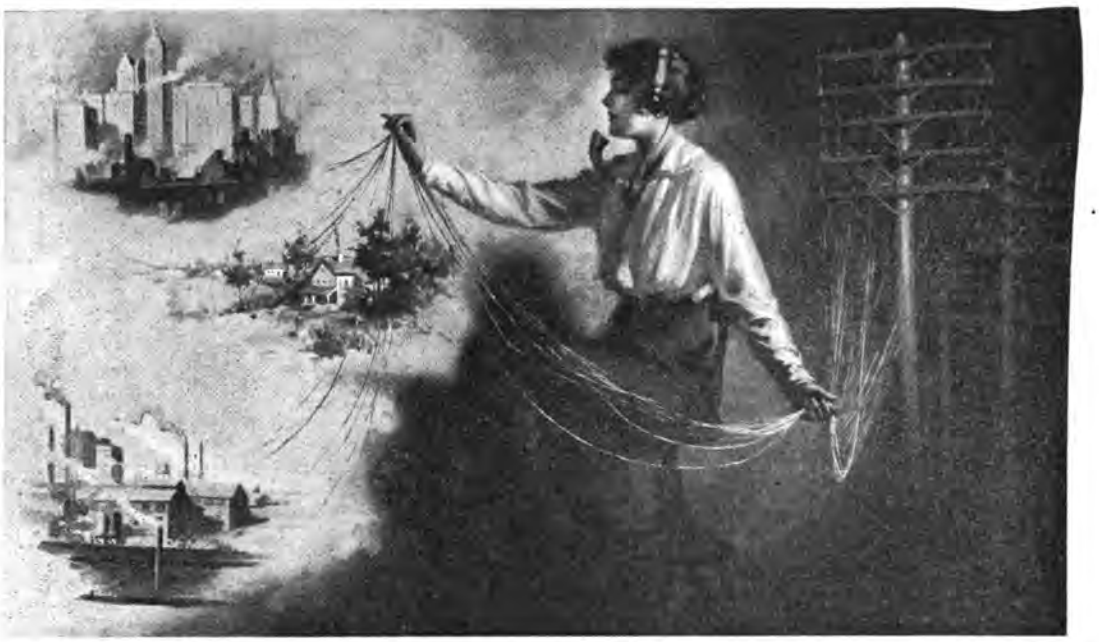


Interesting Booklet on Request

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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Weavers of Speech

Upon the magic looms of the Bell System, tens of millions of telephone messages are daily woven into a marvelous fabric, representing the countless activities of a busy people.

Day and night, invisible hands shift the shuttles to and fro, weaving the thoughts of men and women into a pattern which, if it could be seen as a tapestry, would tell a dramatic story of our business and social life.

In its warp and woof would mingle success and failure, triumph and tragedy, joy and sorrow, sentiment and shop-talk, heart emotions and million-dollar deals.

The weavers are the 70,000 Bell operators. Out of sight of the subscribers, these weavers of speech sit silently at the switchboards, swiftly and skillfully interlacing the cords which guide the human voice over the country in all directions.

Whether a man wants his neighbor in town, or some one in a far-away state; whether the calls come one or ten a minute, the work of the operators is ever the same—making direct, instant communication everywhere possible.

This is Bell Service. Not only is it necessary to provide the facilities for the weaving of speech, but these facilities must be vitalized with the skill and intelligence which, in the Bell System, have made Universal Service the privilege of the millions.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

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IVER JOHNSON

¶ Has n't the idea been growing on you lately that a bicycle would be a mighty pleasant, handy thing to own?

¶ Unless we are mistaken, you have seen a number of men riding out to the golf links or tennis courts on bicycles this season. Men are riding it to the works or to the suburban depot. A few ambitious fellows have recently crossed over to the Exposition on bicycles. Touring on bicycles is growing in favor.

¶ Is there anything your boy could get more genuine good out of than a bicycle?

¶ The next step is to pick out the best, most reliable bicycle that 's made.

¶ All prejudice aside, there 's no question about the Iver Johnson being the highest grade bicycle in America.

¶ The Iver Johnson is the last of the standardized, name plate bicycles of national reputation. It costs a little more (not much more), but that added cost is represented by the finest bearings that ever went into a bicycle, seamless tubing instead of welded tubing, forgings instead of castings, best tires, saddle, etc., five coats of baked and hand rubbed enamel instead of thin paint and varnish, heavy nickel over copper plate—and finally the insurance of good performance guaranteed by the name "Iver Johnson."

¶ This model sells for $40. Other models from $30 to $60. Juveniles from $20 to $25.

¶ Send for Free 82-page Catalog describing Revolvers, Shot Guns, Bicycles and Motorcycles.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS

351 River St., FITCHBURG, MASS.

99 Chambers St., NEW YORK CITY



WITHIN a period of fifteen days, every year, from September Sixteenth to October First, a number of crimes have been or may be innocently committed.

If you don't believe it, ask some of the Federal Marshals or Wardens who have been instructed to prosecute sportsmen who shoot wild ducks, geese or brant before October First in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Idaho, Oregon and Washington.

New York State says that the season on these birds opens on September Sixteenth, within its borders, yet the Federal mandate remains undisputed, but not enforced, by the State Conservation Game-Wardens.

Up-State sportsmen in New York State have protested vigorously against the Federal Law ❧ For various reasons they look forward to an amicable arrangement which will bring the open-season date to conform with that set by the State Conservation Commission ❧ By October First, it is claimed, the black duck have migrated in numbers farther south. By this those hunters living around Long Island and in Pennsylvania enjoy the cream of the shooting, while those in more northerly zones have to be content with the leavings—that is, if they observe the law. And some won't, because they believe "There haint no sech thing."

The Honorable T. C. Sweet, Speaker of the New York State Assembly, has received many communications in protest to the Federal Law in its application to that of the State. The attention of Congressmen has been called to the conflict; so that the proper remedy for a situation which exposes many a huntsman

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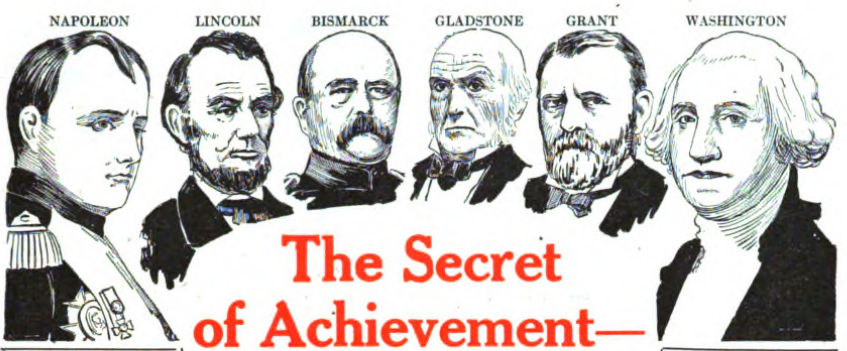
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a prosecution scarcely uninvited and perhaps unsolicited, may be forthcoming ❧ Sportsmen, Hail the prospective! —*H. T. Keeler.*

❧

AS I stood behind the coffin of my little son the other day, with my mind bent on anything but disputation, the officiating minister read, as a part of his duty, the words, "If the dead rise not again, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." I can not tell you how inexpressibly they shocked me ❧ Paul had neither wife nor child, or he must have known that his alternative involved a blasphemy against all that was best and noblest in human nature. I could have laughed with scorn.

What! because I am face to face with irreparable loss, because I have given back to the source from whence it came the cause of great happiness—still retaining through all my life the blessings which have sprung, and will spring, from that cause—am I to renounce my manhood and, howling, grovel in bestiality? Why, the very apes know better, and, if you shoot their young, the poor brutes grieve their grief out, and do not immediately seek distraction in a gorge.—*Thomas Henry Huxley.*



The Secret of Achievement—"Power of Will"

By Frank Channing Haddock, Ph. D., M. S.

A Scientific Course of Will-Training Which Has Helped Over 75,000 People — Sent Free without Deposit

This great work provides a thorough course in Will-Training, consisting of 28 lessons. It reveals the secrets as to how great men train their wills into wonderful power.

All psychologists will testify that great men are not born with more gifts than others. They simply make something of their gifts, and others do not. They learn how to use their wills. We, on the contrary, allow the great powers we possess TO LIE DORMANT.

Partial List of Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it depends.
How to develop analytical power.
How to think "all around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in Thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.
The Six Principles of Will Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
The NINETY-NINE METHODS for using Will-Power in the Conduct of Life.
Seven Principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal Power.
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
How to develop a strong, keen gaze.
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.
The First Principles for success in contact with others.
How to keep the body well poised.
How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming power.
The fifty-four Master rules in the control of others.
How to throw off Worry.
How to overcome the tyranny of the Nerves.
How to secure steady nerves.
How to maintain the Central Factors of Health.
The Law of Will-Power in Habits.
Fifteen Methods of Mastering Anger and Irritability.
The Mental Attitude you must hold to impress people. Etc., Etc., Etc.

A complete list of contents would almost fill this page.

How to Develop Inflexible Will

It has long been known that the Will can be trained into wonderful power — like memory, or like any one of the senses — *by intelligent exercise and use.* The trouble with almost every one is that they do not *use* their wills. They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstance.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become powerless to lift a feather. That is exactly what happens, in most people, to the faculty we call "will-power." Because we never use the Will, we finally become *unable* to use it. We degenerate into beings little more than slaves—unhappy, discontented, envious, hoping blindly that "some day"— without any effort — we will attain what we most want in life.

Helps Everybody

"Power of Will" provides the shake-up that ninety-nine out of every hundred people need. Men like Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Supreme Court Justice Parker, Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador, Lieutenant-Governor McKelvie of Nebraska, General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co., Assistant Postmaster-General Britt, Ernest Knaebel, Asst. Att'y-Gen'l of the U. S., E. St. Elmo Lewis, now Vice-Pres. Art Metal Cons. Co., Gov. Ferris of Michigan, are owners of this great work — and literally thousands of other men of action and ambition like them — read, use and praise "Power of Will."

Its readers talk of it as of a Bible. It has made decisive men of action out of the most miserable "down-and-outs." It has cured victims of drink and other vices. It has made big men bigger by showing them how to use their brains better. It is a goad to young and old alike. It has reawakened ambition in men and women who have been turned from their life purposes, and shown its students how to carry forward their ambition into consummation.

Send No Money — Examine Book First

The price of the book — although it is really a complete course in Will Training — is only $3.00. The publishers will gladly send a copy free, for five days' inspection. Send no money now. Merely mail the coupon below, enclosing your business card or giving a reference. If you decide to keep the book, send the money. If not, mail the book back. Tear out and fill out the coupon now, before you forget.

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"I hand you $3 in payment; from what I have already seen I believe I can get $300 to $30,000 worth of good out of it. Better still, I believe it worth more than money in any amount."—C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent No. West Life Ins. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

"Will-power is a compilation of mighty force. My first week's benefit in dollars is $900.00—cost $3.00: profit $897.00."—J. W. Heistand, 916 Tribune Bldg., Chicago.

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"The first thing I happened upon when I opened this book was 'Some Diseases of the Imagination,' and I tell you that chapter alone is worth ten times the price of the book. I wish such a volume had come into my possession 25 years ago."—Thos. O'Connor, 270 Precita Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

"You could not buy it for one hundred times the amount I paid for it, if I knew I could not get another copy."—R. E. Seay, Pascagoula, Miss.

We have hundreds of such testimonials on file.



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Gentlemen:
Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" on approval. I agree to remit $3.00 or remail the book in 5 days.

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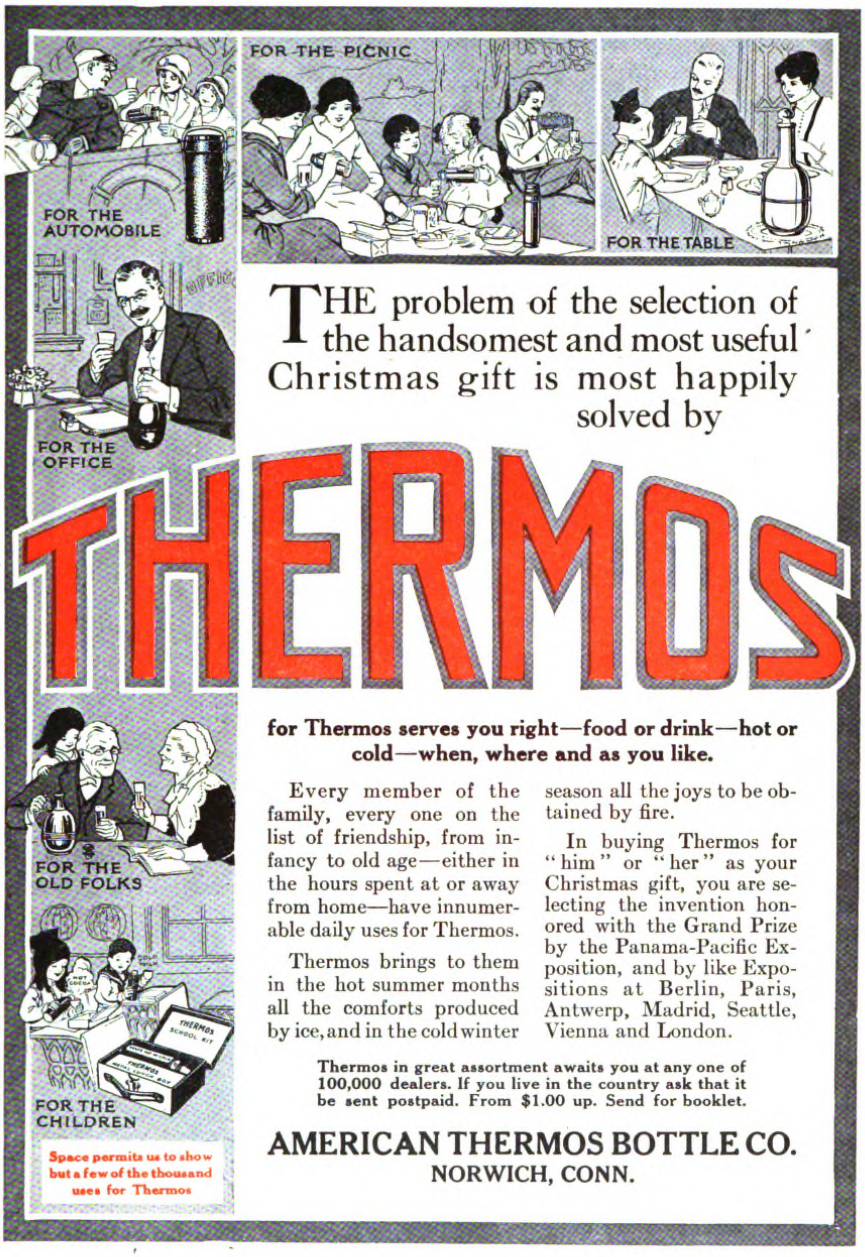
AMONG all the basic principles of economic life, none is more vital than this—that every able-bodied adult should have a job; that he should work at the thing for which he is best suited and best fitted, and that he should be paid the full value for what he produces.—*Scott Nearing.*

❧

All our cogitations respecting the *modus operandi* of medicines are purely empirical.
—*Prof. D. Meigs, M. D.*

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THE problem of the selection of the handsomest and most useful Christmas gift is most happily solved by

THERMOS

for Thermos serves you right—food or drink—hot or cold—when, where and as you like.

Every member of the family, every one on the list of friendship, from infancy to old age—either in the hours spent at or away from home—have innumerable daily uses for Thermos.

Thermos brings to them in the hot summer months all the comforts produced by ice, and in the cold winter season all the joys to be obtained by fire.

In buying Thermos for "him" or "her" as your Christmas gift, you are selecting the invention honored with the Grand Prize by the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and by like Expositions at Berlin, Paris, Antwerp, Madrid, Seattle, Vienna and London.

Thermos in great assortment awaits you at any one of 100,000 dealers. If you live in the country ask that it be sent postpaid. From $1.00 up. Send for booklet.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
NORWICH, CONN.

OF all attainable liberties, then, be sure to first strive to be useful. Independence you had better cease to talk of, for you are dependent not only on every act of people of whom you never heard, but on every act of what has been dust a thousand years.—*John Ruskin.*

NUMEROUS indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment ❧ How many families whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide, in the restless struggle of life, are then reunited, and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good-will, which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first days of a future state of existence, provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies, does Christmastime awaken!

We write these words now, many miles distant from the spot at which, year after year, we met on that day, a merry and joyous circle. Many of the hearts that throbbed so gaily then, have ceased to beat; many of the looks that shone so brightly then, have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped, have grown cold; the eyes we sought, have hid their luster in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstance connected with those

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happy meetings, crowd upon our mind at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday. Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days, that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth, and transport the sailor and the traveler, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home!—*Charles Dickens.*

THE idea of having navies for the protection of commerce is delusive ❧ It is putting the means of destruction for the means of protection ❧ Commerce needs no other protection than the reciprocal interest which every nation feels in supporting it—it is common stock—it exists by a balance of advantages to all; and the only interruption it meets, is from the present uncivilized state of governments, and which it is its common interest to reform.

There can be no such thing as a nation flourishing alone in commerce; she can only participate; and the destruction of it in any part must necessarily affect all. When, therefore, governments are at war, the attack is made upon the common stock of commerce, and the consequence is the same as if each had attacked his own.—*Thomas Paine.*

THE mission of government henceforth in civilized lands is not repression alone and not authority alone, not even of law, nor the rule of the best men—but to train communities through all their grades, beginning with individuals and ending there again, to rule themselves.—*Walt Whitman.*

The Bank Book Proposition



isn't alone one of saving, but of earning power—making more to save. In this a most vital factor is keeping brain and body fit—increasing one's efficiency.

Many on the way to prosperity, bankrupt health and ability by wrong habits of living—among them coffee drinking. For the subtle, cumulative drug, caffeine, in coffee is frequently the unsuspected cause of headache, nervousness, biliousness and many other ailments.

The way to protect one's self against coffee handicaps to health is to quit coffee entirely and use

POSTUM

—the pure food-drink

Made of wheat and a bit of wholesome molasses, Postum has a delicious flavour much like mild Java coffee, yet is free from drugs and other harmful elements.

There are two forms of Postum: The original **Postum Cereal,** must be boiled; **Instant Postum,** the soluble form—made in the cup by adding hot water. The cost of each is about the same per cup.

You can bank on **POSTUM**

"There's a Reason"

—sold by Grocers everywhere.

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HAND-HAMMERED COPPER



C-601 — SMOKER'S SET — Complete, $15.00

Prices of Single Pieces

C-601 E Tobacco-Jar or Humidor, 4 inches high inside	$10.00
C-601 G Tray, 9 x 13 inches	5.00
C-601 H Match-Holder	1.50



C-604 — ASH-TRAY — 50 Cents
Diameter, 4½ inches

THESE and a hundred more articles Hand-Hammered and Modeled in imperishable Copper are illustrated, accurately described and priced in The Roycrofters' new 1916 Catalog. There is a copy FREE to every reader of THE FRA. Send for one at once

BESIDES articles in Copper, the Catalog shows the complete Roycroft line in Leather, Furniture, Books and odd pieces—about 400 items—each the work of an artist—each a treasurable gift. A Roycroft Catalog will make your Gift Selections for this Christmas "easy sailing."



C-903—PRICE, $15.00
Equipped for Electricity
The shade is aluminum-lined, and the openings are fitted with amber-toned mica.
Lamp, 14 inches high
Shade, 8 inches in diameter



C-1103 — CHAFING-DISH
PRICE, $20.00
Tray, 14 inches diameter Height, over all, 8 inches



C-901 — PRICE, $10.00
Equipped for Electricity
Lamp, 18 inches high
Shade, 7 inches in diameter
Aluminum-lined

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

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FOR ROYCROFT GOODS IN CHICAGO

Roycrofters who live in Chicago and its environs will be glad to learn that MARSHALL FIELD & CO. announce "The Roycroft Shop" as a permanent department of their great Store. Marshall Field & Co. have the exclusive Agency for Roycroft Goods in Chicago.

In anticipation of the Holiday Season they have on display a carefully selected assortment of flower-vases, bowls, desk-sets, sconces, trays, smoking-sets, etc., all hammered and worked by hand from copper sheets at the Roycroft.

Also, artistically designed pieces of modeled leather — hand-bags, bill-folds, card-cases, manicure-sets, photo-cases, kodak-albums, table-mats, pillows, etc. — and many other Roycroft Handmade articles.

Marshall Field & Co.'s "Roycroft Shop"

is a rare treat to the weary shopper, and should be visited by all interested in the work of the Roycroft. Further, such a visit will suggest to you many beautiful things which will make unique Christmas Presents

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

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Roycroft Modeled-Leather Bags



Price, $8.50
Envelope Bag, modeled in Lily Design
Has inside frame. Lined with ooze-leather. Size, 5 x 8¼ inches



Price, $7.50
Envelope Bag, modeled in Colonial Design
Has top handle. Lined with moire silk
Fitted with change-purse, mirror, note-book and pencil. Size, 3¾ x 8 inches



Price, $6.50
Modeled in Carnation Design
Lined with ooze-leather
Fitted with mirror and change-purse
Size, 6¾ x 7½ inches



L-55 — Price, $35 00
Modeled Calf, laced edge and braided handles. The frame is made by hand in our Copper-Shop and set with a green jade. This is a very unusual, beautiful bag. The size is 6½ x 8½ inches



Price, $10.00
The Bag shown above is modeled in Empire Design. Leather-lined. Has inside pocket and coin-purse.
Size, 7 x 9¼ inches, Price, $10.00
Size, 8 x 9¾ inches, Price, $12.00

Send for Beautifully Illustrated Catalog. It's FREE!



Price, $12.00
Modeled in Fuchsia Design. Leather-lined. Has inside pocket and coin-purse
Size, 8 x 10½ inches, Price, $12.00
Size, 7 x 9 inches, Price, $10.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

Mail Order For Your Roycroft Xmas Gifts NOW!

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Roycrofters in St. Louis, Attention!

The Stix, Baer & Fuller Company (the "Grand Leader" Store of St. Louis) have made arrangements with The Roycrofters to display and sell Roycroft Goods in that city. They have been given the Exclusive Roycroft Agency.

The Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.'s "Roycroft Shop"

is the next best thing to a "Little Journey to Roycroft." You will find there a beautiful Christmas assortment of Roycroft hand-hammered Copper Goods—vases, bowls, serving-trays, smoking-sets, sconces, desk-sets, etc. Also, exquisitely-modeled leather shopping-bags, bill-folds, mats, card-cases, manicure-cases, etc. Also, Roycroft Books in medium-priced and fine bindings—in fact, most of the articles created by Roycroft Master Craftsmen ✠ ✠ To enable you to inspect select Xmas gifts personally, Stix, Baer & Fuller Company's "Roycroft Shop" is brought near to you ✠ Be sure to pay it a visit ✠ ✠

The Roycrofters *East Aurora* *New York*

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FOR ROYCROFT GOODS IN BUFFALO

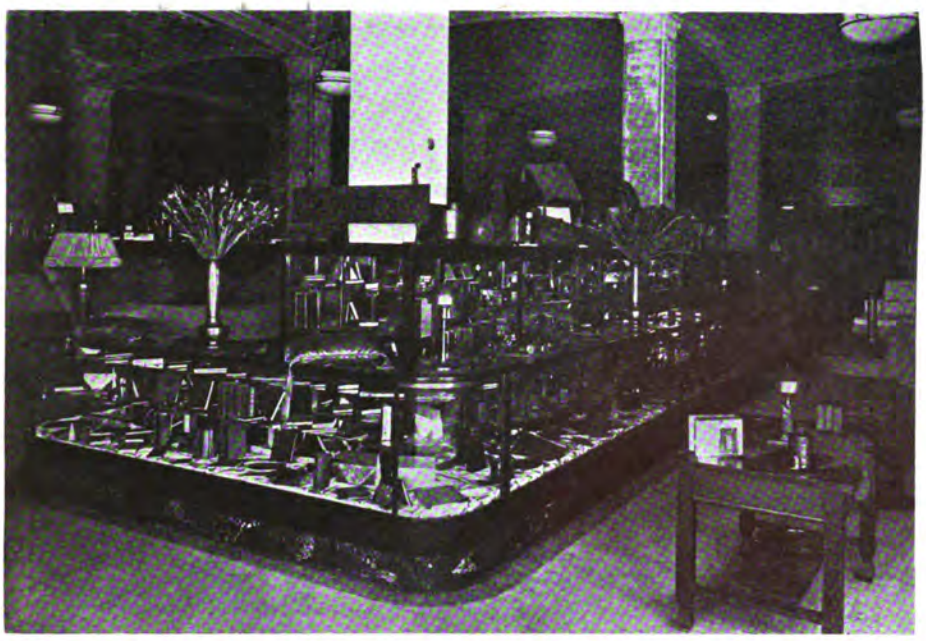
¶ For the convenience of Buffalo patrons, The Roycrofters wis to announce that they have made special arrangements with th

WM. HENGERER COMPANY

for the exclusive display of Roycroft Goods in their Store, which displa will occupy a special department to be known as " The Roycroft Shop. Roycroft Books, Hand-Hammered Copper and Modeled-Leather good make most desirable Christmas Presents. They are unique, exceptiona out of the ordinary ✠ To the Christmas Shopper who is at his or her wit end making up a Gift-List—a visit to " The Roycroft Shop " of Wm Hengerer Company will be a source of much enlightenment ✠ Do yo Christmas Shopping early! Visit Hengerer's " Roycroft Shop " this wee

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y

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FOR ROYCROFT GOODS IN NEW YORK

ROYCROFT GOODS are obtainable at "The Roycroft Shop" of LORD & TAYLOR, situated in their splendid new Fifth Avenue Store—Fifth Avenue and 38th Street.

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¶ A beautiful assortment of Roycroft Holiday Goods is given special display for the convenience of patrons.

Drop in and take a look.

LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mail Order For Your Roycroft Xmas Gifts NOW!

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A New 1915 Roycroft Catalog Has Been Sent You to *Use*

HOW? ¶ Ah — that's simple! ¶ You turn the pages of *Hand Made at the Roycroft Shops* in rapt admiration of the beautiful Books, the rich Modeled Leather, the toothsome Candies, the deep-toned, everlasting Copper, the willowy, willow Baskets, the flowing, artistic Ties, the solid, honest Furniture. ¶ With your pencil you check the articles that you would *like to own*, that He certainly would appreciate, that She would love to possess — gifts for a dozen people you know, and another dozen gifts that you would like to give for the Special Joy of Giving. ¶ You decide that your One or Two or Five Dollars which you will invest with us in Roycroft Handmade Gifts will bring TWICE as much satisfaction to the recipients of the gifts, as would other articles *double* the cost! ¶ You decide to shun the shoddy, the temporal, and the vain. ¶ You write down your desires, you enclose your check, money-order, or stamps, and you address us. ¶ Lo! Two or Three days hence there comes to you, from Roycroft, a package all wrapped in Orange Paper, with bright Yellow Labels on it, and you open it. No matter how *high* were your expectations, your satisfaction will go *higher!* ¶ Roycroft Gifts are distinguished for their excellence of workmanship, their artistic design, and their character of permanence, at any Christmas celebration. But, *Please,* Send your Order *EARLY!*

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All Roycrofters in Johnstown are invited to visit ROTHSTEIN'S ROYCROFT SHOP. It will be an experience that is unique and altogether delightful; an unequaled opportunity for gift selections which will make your Christmas shopping instructive and pleasant.

Prices are Moderate

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JOHNSTOWN, PA.

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Guarantee The leading Dealers stock Steer Warms. This proves their merit. The manufacturer guarantees Steer Warms. This protects the Public. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

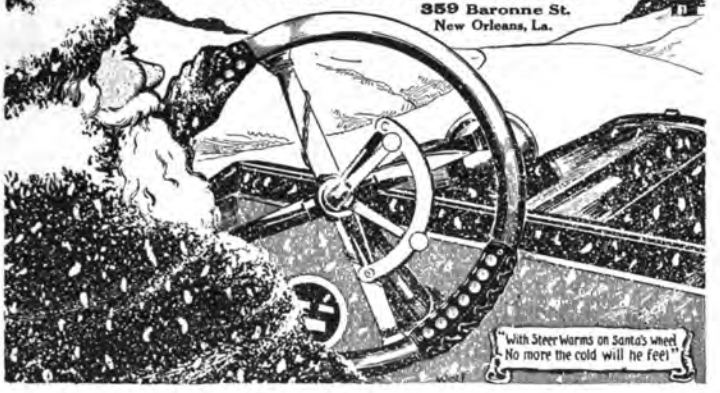
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THAT dogmatic creeds are losing their vitality among us today admits of no slightest question. Not even the activities of all our theologians, our religious writers and publishers, our revivalists and church-endowment workers, can hold back the rising tide of liberalism, of materialism if you will, that threatens to engulf even "the hopes of perdition" so dear to our progenitors. One prime indication of this tendency is the rapid multiplication of cults now everywhere into the larger and more powerful stre growing Christianity ❧ Thinking men today, a similar process at work; though the outcome is to be, not every one can as yet.—*George Allan England.*

❧

Economy does not consist in the re reduction of estimates. On the contrary a course almost necessarily tends to inc expenditures ❧ There can be no ec where there is no efficiency.—*Disraeli*

observed. W are today enter ing an evolu tionary stag which in som ways parallel that wherei the state religio of ancient Rom broke down disintegrate and died th death, leaving comparatively clear field for th triumph of a new and far more vital faith ❧ In Walter Pater's *Marius* one finds a trenchan analysis of this evolution. Pitia- bly futile he shows to hav been all effor on the part authority to ho men's minds the old concep The time w ripe for chan Coincident w new social property r tions, new re ious beli arose—t spawned p ically—assu a thous forms, onl subside at

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THERE is no true work ever done without enthusiasm. The artist whose heart is cold is a mere artisan. The student of science who works with no great humane enthusiasm for knowledge is only a mechanism more delicately organized than his microscope or his magnetic battery. The statesman who is simply a calculating player with human pawns on the chessboard of a nation or a political party is less a man than the humblest citizen whom the impulse of patriotism urges to the daily discharge of civic duty or pushes on to the battle's front in the hour of his country's peril. The deepest secret of life, as well as the mightiest force of life, is love ❧ Without love there is no enthusiasm, and without ideals there is no enthusiasm. We freeze our hearts by selfishness and stifle them by sordidness. We fix our eyes upon the little field circumscribed by our day's activities and ends. With no wide-reaching affection and no uplifting ideal, we make of our life a treadmill and of our duty an unwelcome drudgery. We disclaim the highest endowment of the soul, and deny our sonship to God. Narrow faiths and narrow hopes put fetters on the spirit, and small affections keep small the heart and low the temperature of life.—*Philip S. Moxom.*



WE ought not to get books too cheaply ❧ No book, I believe, is ever worth half so much to its reader as one that has been coveted for a year, at a bookstall, and bought out of saved halfpence; and perhaps a day or two's fasting. That 's the way to get at the cream of a book.—*Ruskin.*

Mail Order For Your Roycroft Xmas Gifts NOW!

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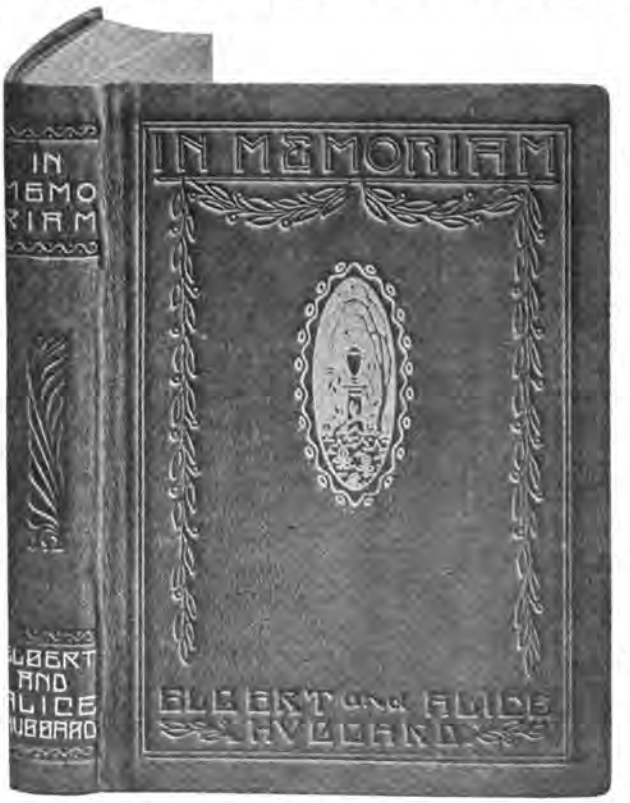
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CHRISTMASTIDE

AN ASPIRATION BY CHARLES FLEISCHER
Leader The Sunday Commons, Boston

TO love is to live.
To aspire is to grow into larger life.

* * * *

Lowly was the origin of Man. Long and laggard has been the story of human unfolding. Lofty, beyond our imagining, is our certain destiny.
"It does not yet appear what we shall be."

* * * *

At Christmastide, the Western world is bathed in the finer ether of love and aspiration.
We celebrate a spiritual attitude. We acclaim not a God become flesh, but the Human Being growing gradually and steadily in godliness.

* * * *

To love is to live.
To aspire is to grow.
Then let us love, that we may know more of life.
Daily let us widen the spiral of our sympathy, until it includes not only our kin of blood and our kind of soul, but even those whom the various and dividing differences among men keep far distant from our understanding and good-will.
Let us crowd hatred out of our hearts by flooding them with love.
And may we aspire always to grow in human stature.
In the greatest and best that have been, may we see the image of what we might be.
Always may we be haunted by that "sublime discontent," which proclaims our dissatisfaction with the ***Man we are*** and our aspiration towards the Greater Man, the very God we ***can*** be.

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THE FRA

DEVOTED·TO·BUSINESS·AND
THE·BUSINESS·OF·LIVING

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ELBERT HUBBARD · PUBLISHER

Vol. XVI DECEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED FIFTEEN No. 3

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Ali Baba

Bert Hubbard



ALI BABA, I think, had more to do with my bringing up than did my parents. He joined our family when I was two years old.

His real name is Anson A. Blackman. When he first came to us I could not say his name: the nearest I could come to it was Ba-ba. I guess my father tacked on the Ali because the Bab really could trace his lineage back to the forty thieves ❧ At any rate he is just plain Ali Baba of East Aurora, and the Ali Baba of the Arabian Nights has nothing on him ❧ ❧

ALI BABA was father's hired man. He did the work around the place; took care of the horses, the cow, chickens, and our garden. Also, he took great care of me, and of my brothers when they came. My mother had faith in him and felt perfectly safe in leaving us kids in his care.

He had no children of his own, although I remember his telling of his son, who died when about fifteen. It was a great calamity to Baba, for he was fond of the boy and had wonderful hopes of his being the biggest man in Erie County. So it was but natural that his love and hopes should perhaps divert to me ❧ I was almost constantly with him, helping do the chores. He gave me the responsibility of gathering the eggs and keeping the record. There was a monotony about getting just so many eggs every day, and I wanted to make some startling records. So I conceived an idea. I would fool 'em. Suddenly the hens began to stop laying, or seemingly so. This lasted several days, but all this time I was storing up about half the day's receipts of the henhouse, in the bottom of the feed-box. In about a week I had saved a bushel-basketful, and one day surprised the bunch by bringing them in and chalking up the record day—three eggs apiece for each eligible hen. I forget

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now (for memory has a way of losing track of disastrous results) just what happened to me, but my scheme was punctured by the Sherlock insight of Baba. The egg record showed an even production after that.

MY early training in business, and my father's ideas of making me an earner, are brought back to me by memories of my childhood that are very precious to me now. He believed that a boy should know the value of money by having to earn it, or by thinking he earned it (same thing). If I wanted five cents for a tablet I had to carry in some wood and pile it up neatly in the woodshed. Or I had to help Baba clean up the barn, who would see to it that I was duly paid.

I remember one very clever boyish scheme I worked. Father offered me ten cents each for every rat I should catch in the henhouse, and he furnished me with six steel traps. For several months I did a good business and was collecting bounty regularly. The rats began to get scarce and my income was failing. Now, a few months before this, I had a pair of tame white rats (not members of the order), which one day gnawed their way to freedom. I felt very bad about this, for I had bought them out of the receipts of my rat-catching. But Baba consoled me and helped me in my sorrow. "Just you wait and one of these days I 'll put you next to something," said he.

The weeks went by and that "something" held a lure for me. I was still trapping in the henhouse, and one morning on making my rounds of the traps—would you believe it!—there in one of them was a spotted rat. He was part white and part black—looked like Juliet. I quickly finished him and ran for Baba. "Ah, ha," says Bab, "did n't I tell you! Business is picking up. Now them spotted rats is crosses between your tame white ones and the regulars. They are a rare thing. You ought to get fifteen cents each for them instead of ten. Better see the boss about it at once."

And I did. Sure he thought they were worth the advance and I got it.

ONE other instance of my early earning. I had a notion of becoming a milkman. Great was the milkman with his wagon and bottles! So I played I was one. I took my express-wagon and gathered up all the tin cans in the neighborhood. Particularly was I fond of Royal Baking-Powder cans, for they had a cover. They were all neatly arranged on the back porch, much to the discomfort of cook and mother. Then when it rained I would take them all around to my milk-station and fill 'em up. This milk-station happened to be the gutter-pipe from the eaves on the south side of the house, where it emptied out on to a big flat stone.

Having filled the cans they must be distributed. Each fence-post around the yard, and the corners of the house were customers. Cans were delivered there, and I suppose I forgot sometimes to gather up the empties later. They did n't look well scattered around, and one day Baba was told to take them all down to the dump. But Baba and I were good friends and he knew how I liked my milk-route. So he says to me, "I 'll give you a dollar for them cans." He got 'em! The next pay-day the dollar was charged in Baba's expense-account for the month, and in about a week I had another crop of cans.

SPEAKING of his expense-account: Baba got forty dollars a month, three square meals and a hand-out every day. Beside this he did some business on the side—sold some eggs occasionally or perhaps a chicken. Then too, he had to buy things, get the harness mended, or pay the freight on a box of Larkin Soap father might ship out from the factory. All these things had to be reckoned up, and so it was that after dinner on each fourth Sunday he would call off the items from his Lydia Pinkham almanac (which served as day-book, ledger and journal). I would set them down in a long column on a piece of manuscript-paper like the kind that the *Little Journeys* were written on. Then these columns had to be added and the difference found. Sometimes the balance was one way and sometimes t' other, but the forty a month always came on last and brought the account in Baba's favor. After that I would take the sheet to my father and he would write out a check for it. Baba always had a roll in his jeans big enough to choke an ox, and today owns his little cottage around the corner next to Grandpa Hubbard's. Here he and Mrs. Baba keep house and "reminiss" about the "good old days when Bertie was a boy." In time to come when their story shall be written, the book will tell how they lived happily ever after.

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"I speak Truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and I dare a little more as I grow older."

FELICITATIONS

Felix Shay

Prussian Mercy



EDITH CAVELL, an English nurse in Brussels, was sentenced by a Prussian Drumhead Court-Martial at 5 P. M. one afternoon and shot against the wall at 2 A. M. next morning. A squad of twelve armed men faced her. When came the word "Fire" from the Pruss in command, the guns spoke and every man shot wild ❧ At short range but one bullet slightly wounded her, and that was an accident —one German soldier's eyes were blurred with tears. ¶ She fainted and fell.

Then the bastardized descendant of Attila, the Pruss in charge, whipped his pistol from his belt and skilfully placing it in the ear of the prostrate woman, blew out her brains.

Did this report come from the English or the French? No! It is taken from the neutral Amsterdam (Holland) *Telegraaf,* and no one shall deny its truth but the damnable barbarian, the ferocious Pruss, her murderer ❧ The word of Poe's Orang-Outang would be received with as much grace.

EDITH CAVELL was not advised of the "crime" she had committed, until the hour of her trial. She was not granted the right of a counsel of her own selection. No clergyman of her own faith or tongue was permitted to console her in her last hour. No, nor was she permitted to discuss her "crime" with any but her accusers.

She was dragged into Court (save the word!) by Prussian soldiers; tried (God help us!) by Prussian Military Judges; defended by a Prussian Lawyer, "who was in touch with the proper authorities"; and nine hours afterward, by the light of the gibbous moon, was shot by a Prussian assassin.

There was no Mercy, there was no Trial, there was no Justice, there was no thought for that Mighty Vengeance to come. 'T was the uncontrolled assault of an animal who has tasted blood!

Her "crime" was that she nursed back to health English and French and Belgian boys —German boys, too—and when recovered, she helped them to leave desolated Belgium—and who would not help a carrion crow to leave that barren land, seared by the winds of Hell! That was her "crime."

She was miles and miles from the "Front." She assisted convalescing soldiers to get "Back Home." Her work was for Humanity—and when the worst is said, she inflicted no injury on the Prussian Army but a theoretic injury! ❧ ❧

Sons who have such mothers speak of their qualities reverently. Honorable young men seek sweethearts whose faith and courage and loyalty offer as much. Civilized generals reprimand kindred offenders with a tear in their eye and a quaver in their voice and a thought for their own dear women at home who, placed in the same position, would do exactly the same. Savages are given pause by such unselfishness, such willingness to help and care for others.

But the Bosches—*Gott im Himmel!*

They burn, defile, destroy, butcher, while we, pathetically inclined to Play Fair, would yield them provocation.

Until Baron von der Lancken and Baron von Bissing, to show their utter distaste for civilizing influences, their contempt for America, mumble formal lies when Brand Whitlock, American Ambassador, supplicates them, and while they talk touch the button which orders the cold-blooded murder of a woman of another race.

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BELGIUM is ravished and lifeless. Fair France is in the arms of the Brute. The good-natured Russian Peasant fought this Thing face to face with oaken clubs against Krupp steel. Now little Servia is battling for her rags and hovels.

Across the sky, the ill-omened Prussian Eagle wheels and screams for Victory, and up from below arises the gargling guttural of the "Conquerors" who wade through blood—these marauding Pruss, who in one short year have destroyed more of Civilization than the great Germans of all time have contributed.

¶ They flounder through blood and lies, they flaunt broken treaties, they speak of the "necessity" of the tragedy of the *Lusitania*, they glorify the destruction of Cathedrals and Historic Relics, they bombard Unprotected Towns, they drop bombs on tenements, shoot defenseless Women against the Wall, and sing—sing *"Deutschland uber Alles!"*

But no—not that! Not that!

The Prussians may capture Paris, they may blow up London, they may occupy Petrograd, and effect a union with their true brother, the Turk. They may possess Europe, and mangle it as is their wont! Their spiked helmets may pierce the skies from the Zuyder Zee to Suez and from the Baltic to Gibraltar! For a time they may seem to win, but a Destiny as inevitable as the Ancient Plagues will find them at their Feast-Boards and strike terror into their piggish eyes and ghoulish souls.

Deutschland uber Alles!—Never!

IT has been written that "he who conquers others must first conquer himself"; that "he who lives by the sword shall die by the sword"; that "the oppressor shall be oppressed"; that an eye shall be given for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and that the murderer of defenseless women shall hang on Hell's own Tree.

Should it be necessary, Holland will throw off her cloak of neutrality and go into the fight on the side of Civilization! Roumania and Greece, when the last decision has been made—and they must choose between Prussian Rule and Freedom—will come charging in. India, who has endured the crimes of the most despised of Englishmen, Warren Hastings, will choose the spawn of his spawn rather than a von Bissing. Egypt, who has felt the strong hand of Kitchener, will say, "Give us that hand in preference to Oppression's hand wet with the blood of women." Little Japan—"Yellow Peril" and all—will seem a blessing alongside Prussian Dominance and Prussian Justice, and will be invited into Europe—and if you want to know our heart's secret, alongside every little Jap you will find fighting an American!

¶ A great composite voice will call to Civilization's outlaws: "You may tear up scraps of paper; you may grind the Iron Heel upon a small and neutral State; you may destroy cathedrals, burn historic towns, sink ships without warning, drop bombs on sleeping citizens, and we give you the benefit of the doubt: but when you, without shame, but with deception and guile, take Law for a pretense and in cold blood murder a woman, then, you blood-luster, you must answer to us."

BRAND WHITLOCK, American Ambassador to Belgium, stationed at Brussels, asked Baron von der Lancken, Civil Governor of Brussels, as a small favor to the American Government, in exchange for great services rendered Germans in Belgium in the early days of the war, to delay the execution of Miss Cavell. When he wrote:

"My Dear Baron:

"I am too ill to put my request before you in person. Once more I appeal to the generosity of your heart. Stand by and save from death this unfortunate woman. Have pity on her.

Brand Whitlock."

Baron von der Lancken "refused to interfere with the execution"—and then von Bissing to whose shoulders comes the cloak of Bloody Jeffreys and Butcher Weyler, whose soul through Eternity will shrivel 'tween Heaven and Hell, ordered Edith Cavell out into the yard when the Moon was down and the Stars had pressed to their eyes the Clouds to hide the dreadful sight—ordered her out before the Firing-Squad to be shot to death.

To win his Iron Cross!

Brand Whitlock

HALF a dozen years ago, Brand Whitlock came to Roycroft to rest and walk over the hills and philosophize.

One night Old Ali Baba kept Brand up after

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hours, expounding to him his Doctrine of Salvation by the abolishment of the Paid Priesthood. When Felix came over from the Shop at ten-thirty, Brand was backed up in the ingle-nook saying, " Certainly "—" I think in the main your premise is well founded "—" Oh! yes; I must yield you that point "—and Baba's chin-whiskers were pointing due south, horizontally, and he was sitting on the extreme edge of his bench, which was a sure sign that he had only reached his third conclusion, and there were seven more to come!

" Baba," suggested the rescuer, " I think Roxie is down in his stall. I heard something kicking." And Baba grabbed his hat and commanded Brand, " I 'll see you agin—I like the way you talk."

Brand proffered a cigar and his thanks, and settled down for his good-night smoke.

WHITLOCK was then Mayor of Toledo, Ohio. He had succeeded to office "Golden Rule " Jones, and his belief in Jones and his principles was whole-souled and sympathetic. ¶ We talked of Altgeld, and 'Gene Field, and Emma Goldman, and Tolstoy and—Jones.

One night, years before, Jones had 'phoned him, he told me, and requested him to put on his coat and hustle down to a certain Hall to make a speech. Brand pleaded that he was not prepared and Jones answered, " Oh, Shucks! " ¶ Then Brand asked, " Well, what sort of an Audience is it—? " and Jones exclaimed, " O Hell, Brand, Just Folks! "

" I have made many speeches since," he confided, " but from that night to this I have never met any other kind than ' Just Folks.' "

Brand Whitlock was a kindly, broad-minded executive, and he made all the narrow, harsh, persecuting laws inoperative in Toledo, to the annoyance of a certain class of people.

One day a much-flustered lady rushed into the Mayor's office, and heatedly announced, " There are several naked boys swimming in the Park Lake! " (Or some such place.)

" Naked! "

" By George! " enthused Brand, " I 'll bet they 're enjoying it this Hot Day. I wish I could join them. Just where did you say they were——? "

What a grim and depressing experience it must be for this large-hearted, finely intelligent, subtle gentleman, to break against the low-browed mentality of a von Bissing.

The Happiest Day

THE happiest day of your life was—not the day you graduated, nor the day you proposed or were proposed to, nor the day you were married, nor the day your first-born came ——! On each of these days age has somewhat tempered your spirit, and restraint and reserve forced you to hold back a bit of what you felt. But not so on that Happiest of Happy Days! That day you were yourself ten thousand times, and you were young and the World was young—and it was Xmas ❧ ❧

You crept downstairs softly, expectantly, in your nightie, the morning after the night before, when you had been tucked tenderly into your bed and kissed that kiss of fair promise that only one's mother can give; told to go right straight to sleep, lest Santa Claus should find you awake and never stop at all ❧

You remember that you just a wee doubted that there was any such fellow as Santa Claus, and when you awoke to tumble out of bed, impatient to see and know, you still had time to premeditate that you would probably be disappointed. You doubted all the way down the stairs, and yet you were bravely hopeful! When you saw that glorious tree, and when your father said, " Merry Christmas, little boy! " and tossed you to the ceiling, and permitted you to empty your stocking right away, and let you wear your drum into breakfast—*that* was your HAPPIEST Day!

Your memory never misses that day.

THE super-scientific Sociologists, and the Professors of Eugenics, and the Anemic Antiquarians, and the too-busy Society Matrons desire now to abolish Xmas-Trees and Gift-Giving ❧ It perverts the young and it corrupts the old, they tell us, and we beneficently smile at them. To Give and Make Merrie may corrupt selfish or shallow or complex people, but not you or me, Brother—it expands us and brings us joy.

Disillusion comes when the Giver gives and expects, or gives for some other reason than the pleasure of giving—or gives beyond his means—or sends the gift fretfully at the last hour, and never a kind thought with it.

He who simply sends a gift sends the thing itself, but he who walks around the block and

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delivers it in person, or who writes a letter of friendship and faith and hope—that man never tires of Christmas—never finds it a bother, and all that he gives comes back to him, and the joys that others feel are reflected in his soul.

Then ring out the false, ring in the True!

Say to yourself: "Behold, what I have accumulated. Not much, but more than I want! More than I need! This surplus divided into many small parts and wrapped 'round with Good-Will and blessed with Heart's Love will mean happiness for others. Therefore I shall give and thank God I may ——"

But let us be careful not to compete with our friends in the value of the gifts we give. That way lies remorse and disappointment. Nor let us give indiscriminately. Give only to those whom you love and to those whom no one loves. To all others a word of cheer written with your own right hand!

To the children give what their hearts desire. The years are short and soon you will be gone. Give them toys to break, and not to keep, drums to cut open, and dolls to pull apart. Candy and fruits in quantities. For one day of the year, let them choose their own portions and suffer their sweet indispositions. For the very things the Kiddies should not have and should not do will give them the fairest memories of you when they grow older.

To yourself—give the companionship of children and a place in the circle around the Christmas-Tree. Cast aside your sophistications and advance halfway for that Brother-Love which is in the heart of every man!

The great Human Family *needs* you.

Be one with the little children! Hang up your stocking with the others! Christmas-Morning, feel the thrill of what you may find therein! Join the parade into breakfast! Let loose your laughter! Be one of the group! Contribute of yourself freely and realize in your heart that we do not Get until we Give.

TO all those who have no Kiddies of their own, or no particular place to go Christmas-Day, we give the invitation to come along to East Aurora and spend the Eve and the Day with The Roycrofters; to share our tree and be one with us. Never mind your name or fame. Whoever you are, there is a place here for you. You will be welcome ❧ Come help us celebrate the Feast of Old Saint Nick, who, we are told by the Savants, is the "patron saint of travelers, sailors and pawnbrokers." Glory be to him!

Poe's Last Game

JOHNNIE POE is dead. The whistle has blown. The score is on the board. He has played his last game. So passes a sportsman and a gentleman.

Fifteen years ago, Poe was a star on the football-team of Princeton University. Next only to Woodrow Wilson, he is Princeton's most popular hero. Twice (or was it three times?) his individual efforts defeated Yale.

"Wherever fighting's the game,
Or a spice of danger in grown man's work,"
said Kelly,
"You will find my name."

And so you would find the name of Poe.

He loved the fight and the game.

After he left College, he became a gentleman adventurer, a modern d'Artagnan.

He fought in a South American Revolution; and as captain of seven ragged Honduras soldiers he manned a cannon and bluffed a large force of the enemy and sent them a-scooting.

I saw him a year or so ago ❧ He refereed a football-game at the Johns Hopkins University Field. A very little man he was, for so great a football-player, but quick and intense. He seemed to be close to forty years.

When the great War broke out, there was only one thing for him to do: he went to the Front.

One day, long ago, a Princeton Student was escorting a testy judge around the grounds. Suddenly he nudged the old man and in an admiring whisper told him, "There goes Poe."

¶ "Poe—Poe! For what is he famed? A relative of the great Poe perhaps?"

"A relative," exclaimed the youth; "why he *is* the great Poe."

He was. A gentleman and a player!

Second-Class Leaders

TO debase and prostitute a Country in the quickest possible time, first prostitute the Thought of that Country. Teach the people how *not* to think, or how to think *illogically*, or to blindly accept the word, or the faith, or the example, of Second-Class Leaders. That, more than Unpreparedness or War, is the danger that besets us.

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Let the people of these United States continue to listen to the banalities of Vice-President Marshall, the rural patron of the Ten Original Virtues; or harken to the policies or principles of Bryan, the bold Chautauquan; or mind the mouthings of Teddy, the bloodthirsty defender of our honor—and presently where once the strong and thoughtful individual of Revolutionary Times maintained his rights and self-respect, and weighed the arguments, and where other individuals agreed or disputed the points—a flock of fat and silly geese will quack, quack their approval in concert, and then waddle off in an aimless parade, each watching the feet of the one in front.

'TIS a sorry day for America, and something is radically wrong with the Public Sense of Decency, when Billy Sunday can attract fifteen thousand people to his vulgar vaudeville. When men supposedly better than the average stoutly maintain that Billy the Blatant "does good," it 's a depressing sign that Thought is on the wane and that Ignorance shrouds us like a Pall!

When George M. Cohan and his perpetual Yankee Doodle Rag satisfies the Public's desire for the Drama; when the Cast-Iron Political Graft Statues in the Park satisfy the Public's desire for Sculpture; when Ban Johnson and his Baseball Trust satisfies the Public's desire for Fair Play; when Robert Chambers and his he-almost-did-but-decided-he-would-n't Stories satisfies the Public's desire for Literature; when Nell Brinkley, aided and abetted by William Randolph Hearst, foists on us the voluptuous young lady with the belladonna eyes and the seductive lips and the one-and-a-half shoe, and the shivering-shemezah dress, tossed riotously into the arms of the lecherous young man on the lone hillside—when this satisfies the Public's desire for Art; when Charley Chaplin and his Six Funny Capers attracts the grown-ups of this Country in crowds and satisfies their desire for Humor; when any old kind of Medicine Man or Neurotic Female can evolve a "Religion" and pass the plate and satisfy our desire for a God—then I write with Talleyrand, "It's worse than a crime; it's a blunder."

NO wonder that other Nations smile at us and say we have no Literature, no Art, no Philosophy; that the best brains we own are developed lopsided in the accumulation of dollars; that we are "young"—! They are right. We *are* "young."

Mr. Punch and the Ginger-Bread Man takes the place of Phidias and Plato, and the Hurdy-Gurdy thrills us as Beethoven never can!

To the American Artist or the Sculptor or the Writer or the Economist or the Thinker who offers something that is truly strong and fine, we say, "Oh, please, sir, put a frilly dress on it, tie a bright ribbon around its neck and curl its hair, that it may be sweetly pleasing to us."

Or the TRUTH shocks us and we scurry away, run indoors and lock it out!

Just what will America bequeath to Posterity?

Mary's Son

PETER PAUL RUBENS' picture, *The Descent From the Cross,* hangs far back in the dusty cloister of the ancient Cathedral of Antwerp. Against the dim old wall, the white figure of the Christ shines and strikes light into the gloom. The hands and feet are torn where the nails pierced and held them; the brow is circled with a crust of clotted blood; the torso, weak and lifeless, bends and sways; a crimson blotch marks the side where the spear was thrust; the arms and legs are awry; the neck falls to one side; the mouth hangs open, and in the sunken eyes is the look of One who died for men. Eight of those who worshiped this Man of Sorrows tenderly ease him down from the Cross.

Wrapped in fine linen, the body of Him who was Crucified will be given into the arms of Mary, the Mother. What grief! What anguish shall be the part of Mary! Her only Son done to death by those who did not understand. Nailed to a gibbet, mutilated, spat upon, given vinegar for drink, left to bleed out his life in the heat of the sun.

Yet Pontius Pilate gave to Mary the body! Then she could straighten the cramped limbs and bathe the wounds that knew no pain, and cool the lips that were cold forever! Then she could hold the dear head in her arms and whisper to Him, and croon again her cradle-songs!

BUT what of the five million Marys who on Christ's-Night this year must reach out empty hands to the sons who lie festering in shallow trenches, or piled in ghastly,

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grotesque heaps between the lines in Europe? What of their bodies mangled and rent asunder and sprayed with quicklime—to which compared the crucified body of Christ seems blessed by a special dispensation?

Within the year, Mary's Son walked away to fight for what he believed was right; he went to drive the Money-Changers from the Temple, and lo! His life was taken cruelly. He died half-crazed and alone. His poor body lies broken and dismembered; flung into the muck and left to rot.

Five million homes are desolate in Belgium, Germany, Britain, France, Austria, Russia, Italy, Servia, Montenegro ❧ Five million Mothers of Men, who loved their sons as Mary loved Her Son, hold out aching arms and pray, "Oh, thou Pilate, give to me the body ——!"

But there is no body: The sepulcher is empty! Only the vultures keep record of the slain.

A Hand-Grasp

GEORGE V. HOBART, who mixes his humor with brains; who creates most of the current slang a decade in advance of its universal adoption, phrases this estimate of a biped difficult to class: "He handed me four limp digits, and I shook them hurriedly and handed them back."

Again, it was Hobart who wrote, "That man is so conservative that after he shakes hands he counts his fingers to make sure they are returned to him."

Like many a great one who has come up through, he meets life impulsively. He has no time to read over pedigrees; nor doubts his first impressions. He measures the chance acquaintance by the quality, and may I say, the texture of his hand-grasp. He knows the spiritual reacts on the physical, and again, that the physical reacts on the spiritual.

The hand-grasp is the "direct wire" from the soul—and a soiled, or barren, or mean, or clammy, or crooked little soul sends its message straight through the finger-tips!

The La-de-da with the limp, cool, damp antennae invites the thrice over.

Gamblers, Simpletons, Deacons, Accountants, Shrimps, Tenors, New England Brahmins, Small-Town Bank Presidents, Unsexed What-Nots, Rich Relatives, Lady Newspaper Philosophers, Water-Fleas, 10-20-30-cent Actors, Undertakers and Pickpockets protrude their repellent, lifeless feelers and leave an impression on your friendly hand, or mine, that only Old Dutch Cleanser can remove.

So then, give us the vigorous, warm, personal hand-grasp. Not the knuckle-crushing secret test of strength of the very young, nor the bruising clutch of the Book-Agent, but the touch of palm on palm and the grip and turn of fingers on fingers and the pressure and the glow; look us in the eye and let us know you are *there*.

"We, the People"

ELSEWHERE in this issue of *The Fra*, Hudson Maxim states that Pig-Pen Politics are responsible for the Pig-Pen Railroad-Stations in East Aurora and other Intellectual Centers.

No thoughtful person denies that the Politicians are "applying the screws" to the Railroads, and no thoughtful person believes that the Railroads deserve what is being meted out to them, or that a persecuted Railroad can spread Prosperity.

Nevertheless, Politicians are human, just like Railroadmen and just like the "guys along the line." The Politician does not live who can go contrary to Public Opinion for long. Or, to state it affirmatively, when the Public desires the Railroads to be let alone, the Politician will be quick to turn his star-spangled efforts in another direction.

Politicians give the people what they want, and every time the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in East Aurora assaults the eye of a Citizen, "The People" want a piece of the Pennsy's Hide cut fresh from the rump.

This feeling may not be logical, it may not be just, but from the Pennsylvania Railroad standpoint it 's "Public Opinion," and to play up to Public Opinion and risk a *constructive* policy may not be poor Economics at the last.

Witness these inspiring little contributions to current literature which produce a thousand sympathetic letters each month. We would prefer to use this space to write an essay on Bald Heads. We would much rather not write this stuff at all, but ——

Permit us to melodiously sing that ancient ditty of Bert Williams, "I ain't goin' to do nothin' for nobody 'till somebody does something for me." Now then, ***Chorus!***

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Salesmen in Society

MILLIONS of more or less pertinent preachments have been passed out to Salesmen in the past fifteen years, admonishing them to do this and that.

Invariably Rule One reads: " Take unto yourself a snappy appearance. Press your pants, shine your shoes, manicure your nails, wash your ears, touch up your celluloid collar, be inconspicuously elegant."

Golly day! as they say in the South, the Salesmen have taken it seriously and without moderation have gone and done it. Now the sometime salesman smells of frankincense and myrrh, and tooth-paste and talcum.

He *ought* to be all right, but somehow or other he 's so slicked down he is n't *human!*

When the modern Salesman enters, the Boss, mistaking him for the Swedish Ambassador, hurriedly buckles the hook at the top of his pants, apologizes for his shirt-sleeves, finds the " representative " a chair, and all the while the Sales-Talk is on sits and awesomely admires the get-up of his caller.

But—this is not the subject! I simply got off the main theme when I chanced to remember a group of assorted Salesmen I saw make up in the washroom of the Pullman the last time I rode on the cars. Most of them were flabby and pink ❧ They used scented soap and they scrubbed and prinked and polished ❧ When I put my head inside the green curtain, I was flabbergasted by the effects in underwear, meshes and hues. I intruded myself into that little room with some minor ambitions of my own, but they were never worked out, because the fat men were still at it when the train came to a stop.

I make no complaint. I got my money's worth watching them shake things on themselves and sprinkle things and rub things and place things and take things! They made my old college chum Bill Morrow, " the best-dressed man in Pittsburgh," qualify with Nat Wills ❧

BUT to the point! ¶ I met a salesman last week who told me times were " dull."

" Dull, eh! What 's your territory? "

" Ten largest cities."

" Interesting! "

Then I talked Football and the War and what not with him for a time, and presently we were back on the subject again although I am not sure he knew it.

He told me that both he and his wife were golf enthusiasts and that she traveled with him. They had " cards " or an out-of-town membership in a nice Golf-Club in each city. Instead of stopping at a Hotel, they both put up at the Club.

Each morning he would get up early and go into town and hustle for orders, and each afternoon he would be back at the Club by two o'clock, ready for a "round."

Of course that man worked only half a day and cheated his firm out of the other half-day, every day. But he beguiled himself with the excuse that he was " always in condition," and therefore able to make four hours' work serve as eight hours' work.

Condition?—Not so you could notice it! It takes a stronger character and a stronger mind than his to walk past the Nineteenth Hole seven days a week and to refuse to participate in that other Quiet Little Game upstairs, when it 's too dark for golf.

THAT man has the Social Bug. His golf and his wife and his Country Club friends—all play up to the weak side of his character and not to the strong side.

With an engagement at a Country Club to play a Foursome at two o'clock, a Salesman is not giving his undivided attention to business at eleven-thirty or at ten-thirty or at any other thirty. I should say this particular fellow is worth a nickel an hour as a Salesman, whatever his natural ability may be.

He wastes time and territory for his firm. When they get on to what 's happening, perhaps it will be too late. Perhaps their competitors will be firmly entrenched in the " ten largest cities " that he is maltreating now. Perhaps he 'll hold his job, but the chances are he 'll not!

THIS chap has a blood-brother, though somewhat younger: the one who arranges by wire and otherwise that every hour of his recreative time shall be "engaged" before he steps foot into a town.

All his pockets are crammed with letters of introduction to the girls that Bill or Jack or Pete met somehow or other at Asbury Park or Newport or Tuxedo.

Leave him with an evening on his hands and

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nothing to do, and the vacuum which he calls his mind aches with its emptiness until he feels the hurt. " By Jove, you know," he complains, " I just can't stand these Rube towns."

¶ I give you his Social Schedule for a week, and his Business Schedule you may work out for yourself. Attendre!

Monday night—Dinner at the house of the Peachy Little Blonde that Phil once met at West Point; and after dinner a drive with her in her runabout to cool off.

Tuesday night—Smoker and Frolic at the University Club, to honor Jimmie McDuke, who made the home-run against Pekin University last Spring.

Wednesday night—The Blonde to dinner at the Saint Vitus, and the evening spent with Terpsichore. Encore! Encore!

Thursday night—A German at the Gilded Hof, auspices of the Musty Bachelors.

Friday night—Mixed and informal Theater-Party with some of the bunch he met the night before, especially the Snappy Brunette with the ankle-watch.

Saturday noon—Talks at the City Club on *Why Salesmen Should Be Good Mixers.* Several sociable drinks at the Saint Vitus, and several explanations as to just how he came to be such a crackerjack speaker.

Then a round of golf at the Club.

Six o'clock, 'phoned the Blonde, squared himself, and had her over for dinner. Danced at the Saturday Night Hop until twenty minutes before train-time, and then she rushed him to the station in her runabout, and he in his dress-clothes. Such a lark!

Sometimes this young gentleman misses the train, and sometimes it 's Monday night's train and not Saturday night's train and then he must stay over the next day and evolve an alibi for the Home Office.

By the Lord Harry! these men are neither boozers, nor gamblers, nor fools ☙ All this is simply incidental. The main dissipation is the pursuit of the Social Bug, and that pursuit makes of a man a Waster: who wastes his own time, who wastes the time that rightfully belongs to his Firm, and who eventually wastes the time of every one who knows him. His ideals, his aspirations, are all for the Good Time, and he does not realize that the only Good Time is that which comes from doing your job just as well as you know how, and loyalty to it and eternal vigilance for it ☙

He does not realize that the ceaseless go, go, saps his strength and leaves him a numskull; that every now and then the greatest of men must stop, get off by themselves, to store energy, energy, to say nothing of wisdom ☙ He does not realize that before he can give out to his customer something worth listening to, he must equip his mind with more than Small Talk and Country-Club Chatter.

He does not realize that any businessman who has ever hired a dozen clerks knows him for what he is the minute he puts his foot on the Office Rug, and that all his " front " and all his " gracious manner " will not help his Sales-Sheet when his prospect discounts him for a Know-Nothing, and places him with the other Scissor-Legs and Flat-Heels.

He does not know that success and accomplishment require that a man shall sacrifice all the pleasant non-essentials, that the essential shall stand out as something the world wants!

¶ Let certain salesmen and others digest these two thoughts: Never seem any better than your trade—To fill your job give it all you 've got—it 's none too much!

Note—This does not apply to *All* Salesmen—only to those who feel guilty!

To Any Man!

GOD loves the honest man or woman—not honest as the Churchman or Moralist or the Reformer would find him honest! Honest in the sense that he stands before one unabashed. Who without flubdubbery or flunkyism, or fakery proudly represents himself for what he is. Who says: Here I am for what I am; I can only be myself; I desire to be nothing else ☙ I show you my real self because I know you will feel confidence and in turn show me your real self. I am not afraid of you nor you of me. Neither of us is perfect; both have much to overlook, to be patient with, to forgive ☙ I will not pretend to you nor deceive you, and you will not deceive me. I will not be aggressive with you nor assertive nor on my guard. I know you mean me well and I mean you well, and neither of us want aught that belongs to the other. I will speak the Truth to you, as it seems to me, and you will take great interest in my talk. Not for its wisdom! But for the impressive traits of the true individual you will find in the talk of any man who speaks the Truth.

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Everybody's Business

Charles L. MacGregor



IT is your business to establish a survival value. Our splendid hopes and plans to the contrary, an estate is what our labor produces—if it produces anything—and an estate is probably all we shall be able to leave ❧ In this great country whose initials form the dollar-sign, each of us, alive or dead, is judged by the estate others know or suppose us to have.

The Income Tax affects less than one-half of one per cent of the population: a paltry three hundred fifty-seven thousand five hundred ninety-eight out of one hundred million people report incomes in excess of twenty-five hundred dollars a year.

So accumulating an estate is Everybody's Business ❧ ❧

SUPPOSE your banker should offer to increase your estate—to be paid, cash in full, to your family or business, immediately at your death—as many thousands of dollars as you would pay him annual interest on in advance, at, say, three per cent. Suppose he should tell you that you could continue such estate as long as you might live and pay the interest, and that, after two years, your interest payments would be smaller each year. Suppose he should entirely relieve you of payments (the bank assuming them) if, before you reach the age of sixty, you become so disabled by accident or disease as to be permanently prevented from following any remunerative work or profession. Suppose that, any time after two years, you might borrow, with no security except an unrecorded mortgage on this estate, real money at not to exceed six per cent, to use for emergencies or your regular interest payments. Suppose he should allow you a larger loan each year, which loan you might continue or pay off, wholly or in part, at your own pleasure. Suppose, further, that any time after three years you might draw out in cash, reduced by any existing indebtedness, a fair and definitely stated equivalent of all you had paid in interest, and surrender your estate. Or, after three years, suppose you could take, with no more interest payments, a continuance of your estate for the number of years set forth in your original agreement, to cover such extended benefit ❧ If your banker offered you such a proposition, conditioned only on your being in average good health when you accept, and limited as to amount only by your ability and willingness to pay that little three per cent interest, what would you do?

The very first thing, perhaps, would be to satisfy yourself as to your banker's sanity. Why, you 'd figure up how much interest you could stand each year, and get into the game—of course you would.

In view of the fact that the average estate is said to last but from seven to nine years following the creator's death (ninety per cent of estates of over five thousand dollars becoming dissipated in seven years), you might want your banker to protect your family by paying the money in ten, fifteen or twenty instalments or, say, for as long as your wife might live, at least twenty such payments, which include a fair interest on the deferred portion of the principal, to reach your heirs.

SUCH is the whole-life contract made with the policyholder in an old-line, mutual life-insurance company—standard legal-reserve companies forming an American institution which now pays, each day, over a million dollars to beneficiaries, widows and orphans. Here is a contract not simply made with any mortal individual or bank, but entered into by a chartered corporation, fully guaranteed under the strictest of laws, backed by the combined strength of government, the honor of associated men of position and known trustworthiness, who have allied with them the powerful forces of science, mathematics, and modern business procedure, coupled with the greatest money-making agency in the world—compound interest.

Some men were discussing one day who were the world's greatest inventors. One claimed that he who gave the people the printing-press had accomplished most; another favored the one who made possible the steam-engine;

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while a third considered the inventor of the telegraph the most valuable genius of all. Finally, a Wise Man, who had listened in silence, and who was an authority on finance, as well as a historian, said: "Listen, you gentlemen! Dot fellow vat invented interest, belief me, he vass no slouch!"

The firm foundation on which legal-reserve life-insurance is built is interest earnings from carefully selected investments which are designated and held, for further safety, by the State, combined with a strict adherence to the law of mortality, which has been determined with such accuracy that it is known, to the smallest fraction, just how many persons of a given age will die each year.

The only thing the old-line company can not do is pick out the individual who will die; but when one applies who looks as if he might be "it," he is declined with thanks.

STATISTICS show about eighty-two per cent of the value of combustible property insured against fire, and seven per cent of the estimated value of American lives covered by life-insurance. Nevertheless, it is claimed that seven-eighths of what Americans leave at death is life-insurance.

It is a grim fact that nineteen out of twenty fail to provide for old age or for their families; that eight million women must work to live; that thirty-five per cent of widows are in want, while ninety per cent lack life's common comforts; that ninety per cent of the men who have engaged in active business fail to reach old age with a competency; and ninety per cent of the children who enter school at the age of six have to leave and go to work before they complete the eighth grade.

A mortgage on the home, or money borrowed for the business, at, say, six per cent, depletes, through the worry it creates, the happiness of that home or the energy required for the business. If the man dies, who pays the mortgage? How shall the money or the brains be made good for the business? What man could refuse, when assuming such six per cent indebtedness, to absolutely guarantee its full payment in the event of his death, if shown that an additional two per cent or three per cent interest would do the trick and further increase his estate?

"Public opinion in this country is everything," said Abraham Lincoln. As to Everybody's Business, public opinion, popular sentiment, is undeveloped, unformed, untrained. The number of people who understand life-insurance, who have any idea of it and of the real problems underlying it, is shamefully small.

Here is an army more than one hundred fifty thousand strong—the agents and medical examiners of legal-reserve companies, drilled with pen and stethoscope. These soldiers of welfare and human kindness protect and serve the dependents and beneficiaries of those whom they induce to take thought of the future.

Life-insurance is very much more than ceaseless activity of insistent, persistent, enthusiastic persuaders to duty. It is much more than a prompt alleviator of grief and want. It is more, even, than the most beneficent form of practical co-operation science has yet devised for easing the burden of individual responsibility, cutting it into thousandth parts, and distributing thus, over years, the inevitable cost of the certain loss of human life.

Members of legal-reserve companies doing business in the United States have in force about twenty-two billion dollars' worth of insurance. There are also in assessment companies and fraternal societies probably eight or nine billions in unguaranteed certificates, of which this discussion does not treat.

AMERICAN life-insurance deserves credit for a large part of an approximately one-third reduction in the pauperism of this country since Eighteen Hundred Eighty.

More than thirty million dollars have been saved each year in maintaining the Nation's poor. Skirmishing with drunkenness and crime, life-insurance elevates the standard of citizenship. It fights for self-help and self-dependence.

Those whom the State must support have been strangers to this influence. Of eleven hundred persons in the Philadelphia Almshouse, three had been beneficiaries of life-insurance. Of six thousand children in a large asylum, the parents had been left life-insurance in no more than twelve cases.

American educators, within the past fifteen years, have turned to this subject, and two hundred sixty-three of five hundred eighty-eight colleges and universities teach

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life-insurance ❧ Attending these schools are considerably more than half of our college-student population.

Young Men's Christian Association night-schools, where more than fifty thousand ambitious young men use their free hours for study and improvement, in nearly four hundred of our cities, are rapidly including life-insurance ❧ ❧

A standard textbook on life-insurance, prepared by the National Association of Life Underwriters, has been announced.

Minnesota's last insurance commissioner, the Honorable J. A. O. Preus, unanimously seconded by the National Association of Insurance Commissioners, calling for legislation for compulsory insurance instruction in public schools, declared, "Whatever the future may bring, popular instruction in every kind of insurance is elemental, for it is the knowledge and judgment of the masses which will ultimately determine the destinies and future of this great business."

Employer and wage-earner appreciate the plan which makes it possible to insure employees against death, assuring dependents one year's salary or wages of the dead bread-winner. The cost of this great benefit, often prohibitive for the insured and protected family, is usually borne by the concern, adding a little to payroll expense. It is sometimes shared by the insured.

Under this system of group insurance, a single blanket-policy contract covering Philadelphia's four thousand policemen for eight million dollars' worth of life-insurance has been issued ❧ ❧

Cities, mercantile establishments, manufactories, railroads, banks and trust companies thus help solve the problems of employer and employed and bring life-insurance home in a more complete, liberal and economic form than has heretofore been possible.

The much talked-of, desired brotherhood of man has surely come on apace when Labor, after years of distrust and misunderstanding, demanding of Capital in the words of that great play, *The Servant in the House,* "In God's name, who are you?" has been answered, not merely with talk, but by good, necessity-providing cash, with the words: "In God's name, your brother!"

The Necessity for a Public Defender

Mayor C. Goldman



THE rapidly increasing sentiment in favor of the establishment of a Public Defender to represent indigent accused persons is an eloquent tribute to the need for such an official ❧ The Public Defender idea contemplates a "square deal" in the administration of justice, the granting of an equality to all classes of accused persons, whether rich or poor, strong or weak, the giving of the same rights in our Courts to the accused as are accorded to the accuser, so that all persons who come in contact with the criminal law shall be given equal opportunities, equal resources and equal privileges. The ascertainment of the truth is the primary consideration in the trial of any case, and consequently any system by which the truth can be more satisfactorily established must appeal to the enlightened thought of our people. If the theory that "a man is presumed to be innocent until he is proven guilty" is to be given its real value, it follows that the State must exert as much effort to establish the innocence of an innocent man as to establish the guilt of a guilty man.

IT is not the function of a Public Defender to attempt to defeat justice by securing the acquittal of a guilty man, any more than it is the function of a District Attorney to convict an innocent man. It should be the duty of both officials to work harmoniously, with the idea of bringing out the facts and the law in a given case and to strive for a higher ideal in the administration of justice. The Public Defender idea is fundamentally sound from a humane, practical and economic standpoint; besides which it is justified not only by the successful experiments in Los Angeles and other cities of this country, but has ample precedent in the history of older civilizations.

Among the benefits which will accrue from the

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establishment of a Public Defender are the following:

1. That the theoretical "safeguards" now thrown about the accused will be rendered more effective through a genuine protection of his rights.
2. That cases would be more honestly and ably presented.
3. That perjured and unscrupulous defenses would be materially reduced.
4. That unfair discrimination between different classes of prisoners will be eliminated.
5. That justice will be more speedily administered, thereby reducing the confinement in jail of one awaiting trial—and in larger cities reducing the prison congestion.
6. That a certain type of criminal lawyer will speedily disappear.
7. That the truth in any trial could be more easily developed.
8. That the expense to the country would be decreased.
9. That the whole tone of a criminal trial and of the criminal courts will be elevated by a higher ideal of justice.

WHILE the District Attorney is presumed to safeguard the rights of accused persons, it is also true that his function is mainly that of a prosecutor; that he is expected to prosecute, and even a conscientious prosecutor can not properly protect the rights of a defendant because it is humanly impossible for one individual to adequately represent both sides of a controversy. If he could, there would be no necessity to have private counsel to represent an accused, as is now the practise.

¶ The Public Defender will substitute a competent, experienced, powerful official counsel in the place of inexperienced, incompetent and uncompensated, and ofttimes, indifferent assigned counsel. Furthermore, the Public Defender will be valuable by his presence and standing before a grand jury on behalf of an accused person, in preventing indictments on evidence, which would not be sufficient for a petit jury to convict. In this respect alone, the Public Defender would save the county the cost of fruitless trials and expense of prison maintenance.

We are gradually beginning to realize that a trial of an issue involving one's life or liberty should be a dignified, earnest and practical attempt to arrive at the truth, rather than an unequal contest between the powerful State on the one hand, and a weak, unfortunate and helpless defendant on the other.

THE Public Defender idea already has the support of many distinguished lawyers, judges and sociologists throughout the country

The writer prepared Public Defender Bills, which were introduced in the New York Legislature of Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, which did not progress because of the pressure of other important legislation. Similar Bills were introduced in numerous State Legislatures during Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, and Public Defenders have been actually provided for in various large cities.

An energetic and persistent campaign is being conducted to bring about the desired result. The advantages in favor of the proposed innovation greatly outweigh the disadvantages, and the enthusiastic endorsement given to the Los Angeles experiment by the local District Attorney, Public Defender and Judges furnishes a complete answer to the objections urged against the Public Defender idea.

The proposed innovation is neither novel, radical nor revolutionary. On the contrary, it is essentially a just, practical, humane and economical step in the direction of true progress.

¶ When the mass of our people awakens to the fact that our present system does not tend to secure equal justice to all classes of accused persons, they will demand a higher ideal in the administration of our criminal law.

The pathway to success is in serving humanity. By no other means is it possible, and this truth is so plain and patent that even very simple folk recognize it.

OTHERS have spoken of destroyed fields, orchards and roads, of burnt bridges, of ruined cities and sunk ships, found on War's pathway. They have raved of lost treasures and wasted fortunes.—I charge War with unspeakable horrors attending and following it. I charge War with stealing the best men, leaving the old and inferior to become fathers, thus with its bloody fingers stunting the growth—morally, mentally and physically—of coming generations I charge War with being Woman's Arch Enemy, the Grand Adversary of All Mankind.—*Mrs. Frank E. Law.*

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Paint and Polish

Chesla C. Sherlock



CULTURE is the equator between Sense and Nonsense. I believe in culture to the same extent that I believe in paint ❧ ❧

Culture that is applied to hide defects in workmanship is worthless. Culture can not make a poor product good, any more than paint can give a rotting structure strength ❧ Paint is useful only to sweeten and preserve. Culture that does not do this is not culture. Put paint on a poor wood and it looks dead and dull. Put it on the right kind and it will rival the full moon in luster.

Some woods can not stand polishing. Others take on polish without a murmur. Many people are like wood ❧ Culture improves some and ruins others. Some can not stand the polishing process, but go to wrack and ruin. In others, culture brings out all that is sweet and gentle.

CULTURE is more or less a matter of temperament. Culture and a Spanish bull-fighter are two distinct and separate things. To put them together would be to prostitute both. ¶ Culture is not something that can be taken in a capsule, and that works overnight. It is more akin to the coral-insect that gathers its little mite and then lies down to pleasant dreams ❧ ❧

For ten centuries the world has labored under the impression that the colleges have a monopoly upon Culture. There is no monopoly on culture, any more than there is a monopoly on air or light or water. Culture is common property. It is a touch of divinity, and it may be won by any lover who is ardent enough in his wooing.

The best culture is self-culture, just as the best help is self-help. The world loves a man who is strong enough to stand on his own feet. The world needs men who have won culture for themselves, because they are the men who can do the world's work.

All else is a mere matter of detail.

Reflections of a Stage-Door Johnnie

Frank A. Eakins



WHEN an actor and an actress get married they cease being friends ❧ ❧

The lips of a show-girl always seem moist and kissable when she wears a veil.

No Johnnie was ever made worse by being married to a chorus-girl, and no chorus-girl better. ¶ If you want to make the leading lady jealous, show her the picture of her understudy in a first-class magazine.

I doubt if there is anything more exciting than to be fooled by a chorus-lady—that you are fooling ❧ ❧

When a soubrette's tight shoes hurt her corns so as to make her limp, she generally says, "Oh, I must have twisted my foot somehow and did n't know it."

If a friend is a second self, I pity some actors' friends. ¶ A musical comedy is generally as good as it can be, while a burlesque is as bad as they dare make it.

Once a stage-door Johnnie, always an Easy Mark ❧ ❧

Some show-girls work for the company; others omit the "for."

An actress generally remembers a part best by the dress she wore when she played it ❧ It seems to me that chorus-girls that lisp, kiss the nicest.

It is awful hard for an actress to live up to the evil reputation the people of the world give her. ¶ Nearly every stage-manager knows a girl that he thinks he might marry if his wife died. ¶ A house without a stage-struck youth is n't a home.

When a show-girl says she "just hates the leading man," she can never tell you why. ¶ I never remember seeing a chorus-lady out driving with a one-armed man.

Acting is all the things you don't learn when you go to a school of dramatic art.

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CHRISTMASTIDE

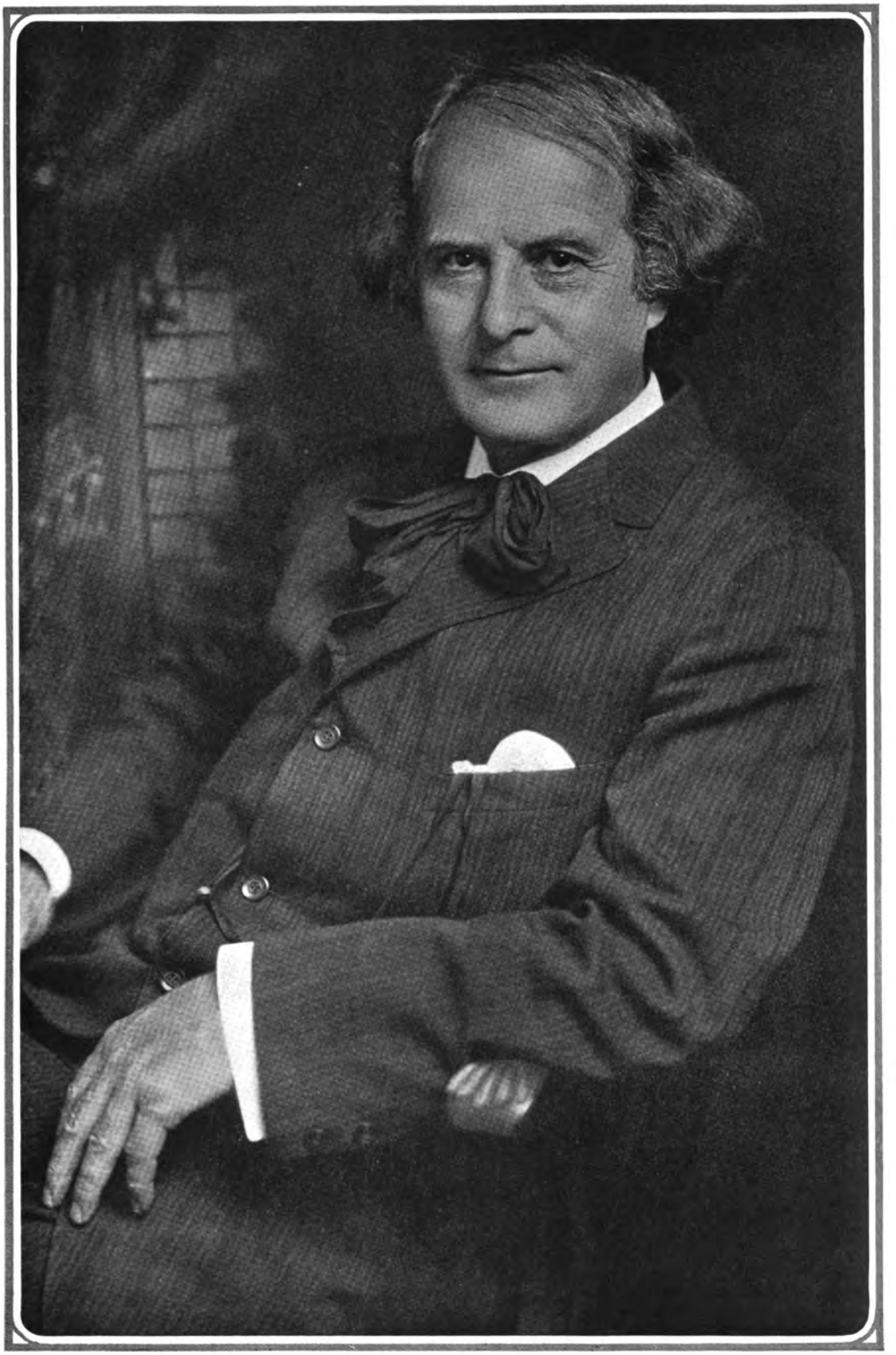
FRANK HENRY DOOLITTLE

THE night falls bitter cold, the stars shine bright above,
The streets are overful of eager, moving life,
Each beaming face bespeaks a wealth of joy and hope,
And ev'ry heart o'erflows with charity and peace—
Thus bards for aye have sung a happy Christmastide.
But now, alas! the golden days are long since fled,
And charity, and peace, and joy are laid aside,
Leaving us grosser passions, meaner qualities:
For poetry, grim prose; while malice, envy, hate,
Shame and remorse attend the modern Christmastide.

The gaily-lighted windows halt our lagging pace,
For children wait at home with faith in Santa Claus—
A faith we dare not shake, since innocence is rare—
And there are other children, too, who claim our thoughts,
Children whose darksome lives know naught of good Saint Nick.
Then, as we pass the doors, the silks and satins swish
Against the garments of poor Lazarus—
Once rich himself, perchance; a rev'ler 'mid the rest—
Listlessly looking here upon the glitt'ring toys,
Wond'ring where next he 'll turn to win his children bread.
Near to him lurks his fellow, one whose sordid hate
And envy of the fortunate have warped his mind
From honorable toil, piercing with jaundiced eye
The brittle glass, as though his demon prompted him
To dash his fist within and seize the sparkling gems.
Hard by the lover stands, his fascinated gaze
Riveted on his rival, there within, whose wealth
Is lavished with free hand upon his ladylove:
He little deems, the poor one, that one tender word
From him outweighs his rival's very weight in gold.

Thus, in review, they pass: more marked contrast here
Is shown than at less festal seasons of the year.
The fact remains that vaunted, happy Christmastide
Doth grow less merry nowadays, as years pass by,
Revealing Christian spirit less, while selfish thoughts,
And pomp, and vanity more rule this holiday.

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THE WATER SPORT



THE JOB



THE HEALTH BALL



THE HIKE



THE COLD DAY



THE LECTURE PLATFORM



THE NEW JOKE



THE BALL-GAME



STRAWBERRIES

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ELBERT HUBBARD'S HOME

MY heart goes out to you, O man, because I can not conceive of any being greater, nobler, more heroic, more tenderly loving, loyal, unselfish and enduring than you are. ¶ All the love I know is man's love. ¶ All the forgiveness I know is man's forgiveness. ¶ All the sympathy I know is man's sympathy. ¶ The fact that you are a human being brings you near to me. It is the bond that unites us. I understand you because you are a part of myself. ¶ I am only a man — a mere man — but in times of loneliness think of me as one who loves his kind. ¶ I am the friend of convicts, insane people and fools — successful and unsuccessful, college-bred and illiterate. ¶ The spirit of friendship that flows through me, and of which I am a part, is your portion, too. ¶ The race is one, and we trace to a common Divine ancestry. ¶ All the kindness you feel for me should be given those nearest you, and it shall all be passed to your credit, for you yourself are the record of your thoughts, and no error can occur in the count. ¶ So over the plains and prairies, over the mountains and seas, over the cities and towns, in palaces, tenements, moving-wagons, dugouts, cottages, hovels, sleeping-cars, autos, day-coach, caboose, cab, in solitary cells behind prison-bars, or wandering out under the stars, my heart goes out to you, whoever you are, wherever you are, and I wish you well. ¶ Only love do I send and a desire to bless and benefit.

— *Elbert Hubbard.*

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EDITH CAVELL—MARTYR

"HAVE PITY ON HER" (BRAND WHITLOCK)
—BUT THERE WAS NO PITY.

R. L. JOHNSON

A BRUTE within old Brussels' gate
Has shot to death, at midnight hour,
An angel nurse, devoid of hate,
A heroine—of Saxon power.

She stood before the firing Huns,
Undimmed, unbandaged was her eye,
Protesting not against her fate—
For England she was glad to die.

A martyr to the cause she loved,
She fearless gave her soul to God.
Will Vengeance spare the cruel brutes,
Or raise a fighting Cavell squad?

She healed their wounded, knew no foe,
Defying Mars, the Kaiser's spite,
She wrought to save the doomed from death,
And pointing to the way said, "Fight!"

A healing angel of the world,
A nurse, whose life was none of bliss,
She gave it all she had of cheer,
Though William made a Hell of this.

To justify their dastard crime,
Again, once more, the Teutons lie:
A hateful flag was on her breast—
For this they branded her a spy.

Contrast the fate of Teuton's spy:
Six months she got, she was not shot;
The Saxon Court was merciful,
Where Germans plot, and counterplot.

Von Bissing's name is a reproach,
Another Jeffrey, to abhor.
The one, a Tyrant on the Bench;
The other, Despot—one of War.

Erect for her a monument,
Depict the Butcher in his role—
The Champion of the modern Huns,
The Savages who 've lost their soul!

The gate of Heaven opened wide,
Our Nathan Hale was there to greet
The angel from a foeman's land—
No braver spirits ever meet.

Joan of Arc, another saint!
The shot was heard around the world,
That clipped the Vulture's bloody beak—
From throne a Hohenzollern hurled.

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Futures

Carl Holliday, Professor of English, University of Montana



WHAT will our country gain by this war? A temporary prosperity and a lasting love ❧ A flurry of wealth-producing exporting, which may prove dangerous unless held within strict restraints, but also a reputation for charity toward all and malice toward none—a charity that knows no restraint.

Surely, during the last three decades of turmoil and war, God has repeatedly brought forward this nation as an example of the peace-lover, the self-controlled, consciously powerful, but no less consciously gentle follower of the Golden Rule. Once more He has chosen to show us in this beneficent light before the world.

This gigantic catastrophe that has crashed down upon Europe will, when ended, cause a sudden and vast demand for American food, American garments, American utensils, American products in every form. For months after peace shall have come, the various nations of Europe will be so disorganized, so lacking in workmen, so incapacitated by the inevitable confusion, that manufacturing, mining, agriculture, transportation and commerce can not possibly keep pace with the needs and demands of the people.

Only those nations which have kept the steady routine of peace will have the surplus energy to apply to the huge task of restoring normal conditions, and America is by far the most powerful and helpful, willingly helpful, of those few nations unshaken by war.

THIS means wealth for America; but it should be noted that this is but *temporary* wealth. These nations are drained to their dregs, and whatever wealth they dole out to America for services rendered will be pressed and ground from their ultimate and almost superhuman sufferings. The wealth that has been destroyed in this war has been destroyed *forever;* the wealth we take from these people in their despair is a wealth drained from the lees of their existence. The limit to their capacity to buy will soon be reached, and there will come a falling off from their demand for imports proportionate to their extreme poverty.

¶ Unless the American manufacturer and farmer guard themselves, they will find facing them a panic similar to that which followed the false flush of prosperity brought on by the ending of the Civil War. For the world is poorer because of this conflict—poorer by billions of dollars—and whatever impoverishes one section ultimately impoverishes all sections ❧ ❧

THE second notable effect will be a large increase in emigration—especially in the emigration of women. Europe is today filled with widows; the Europe of tomorrow will be filled with unmated women. Women will not stay where men are not; this is one of the causes of the desertion of the farm in America—the young men leave and the women soon follow.

So it will be in Europe. Ultimately it means a rush of women into men's occupations and professions in Europe; but the present generation of women is not trained for such work, and they undoubtedly will turn to America for that form of labor which they are able to do now ❧ ❧

The class that will come will probably be the class hit hardest by the war, the city girl; for the girl in the country will find many a vacant field to till ❧ The coming of these city girls means a great influx of labor of the domestic type: cooks, housemaids, seamstresses, janitors, etc. It may mean for the next decade a partial solution of the servant question in America, and a perceptible lowering of the cost of housekeeping.

Undoubtedly that class depending for its existence upon a nation's surplus of wealth—such as musicians, artists and actors—will seek to leave Europe; it will be poor picking for this type for some years to come.

What does this mean for America? It means cheaper high-class music, better and cheaper singers for the opera, and better and cheaper musicians in the orchestra. It means more artists and more good painting in America; it means a better stage. Above all it means a fresh infusion of artistic blood, the blood of

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genius, into our nation. It means that once more America drinks in the ardor, the imagination, the best creative and interpretative genius of a stricken Old World.

THIS influx leads to another beneficial result. The American university and the American school of fine arts will receive a tremendous impetus. The artist will come to America instead of the American going to the artist. The scholarship of Europe is shaken by this catastrophe; money for instruments, libraries, experiments, universities, must of necessity be scarce. The young brilliant intellects have perished by thousands in battle; the incentive to ideal scholarship must for a time be smothered by the cruel hand of poverty-stricken drudgery. It means that the American will soon discover that he can become a scholar, a musician, an artist, within his own land. It means an unparalleled enrichment and enlargement in advanced scholarly and artistic work in America.

Logically, there will grow out of this a greater regard for our own intensely interesting country; in short, it means an impetus for the See America First Movement. Man has made Europe desolate; but God has made America magnificent

Mere curiosity may cause some Americans to go to see the dreary, blackened ruins; but, with the noble results of master workers gone forever from Europe, the human longing for the beautiful and for grandeur unmarred will surely cause us to look with more appreciation upon the unexcelled magnificence of our own land

FAR above all these advantages, however, is that noble opinion which we shall have gained from all the world. We, the people who have been flouted as the nation of the dollar, have proved once more our ability to rise above material greed.

We have proved our ability to refrain from seizing advantage out of the weakness of our brothers

We have shown that we love peace, not because of any weakness in us, but because we recognize its divinity.

We have shown our sorrow for distress, not in idle regrets, but in ships laden with food

We have proved through our earnest offers as mediators that we sincerely desire world peace

We have at all times, officially and unofficially, demonstrated our belief in brotherhood, charity and love.

Surely, when this war shall have passed, from the bleeding hearts of many races shall rise these words of praise: *America, the Nation of Compassion!*

Myrrh

Adelbert Clark

TONIGHT, the sunset's splendor
Has left a tiny bloom;
The fairest tint of lavender
To break the purple gloom.
And from the garden's glory—
My pretty garden close,
There comes the tender fragrance
Of one belated rose.

How sweet and calm and peaceful
God sends the time of rest,
And yet, how oft in sorrow
We face the flaming west.
We waste the time in worry
O'er things misunderstood—
The things that God the sender
Created for our good.

We reach across the silence
For things that ne'er return;
We do not seek contentment,
But pray and plead and yearn.
We make our loss just double
And deepen every woe,
Because we cling to Sorrow,
And will not let her go!

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Precious Stones

W. J. Tarr



ALL the wiseacre verbosity of the severe-minded, which is every little while showered upon the heads of those who love pearls and precious stones, is based on the assumption that those who buy them might find better use for their money.

¶ Some people, it is true, buy ornaments when they should be paying the grocer, but this does not prove the assumption in general. The fortunate, the thrifty, and the energetic frequently find the check-book in need of exercise; and to gratify a love of the beautiful, and incidentally encourage artisans, checks are written to cover generous purchases of jewelry, most of which consists of precious stones set in gold or platinum.

It is much better to provide employment than to give alms, since there is neither an occasion for self-adulation on the one hand, nor a loss of self-respect on the other. We believe in spending money when one has it to spend, and in saving money to cover future needs; but no sane person believes in overspending, so that one is continually in debt, nor yet in living a miserly life, and repressing all sense of the beautiful and artistic.

BEAUTY in art is a method of expression, the perception of which comes through the eye, just as music is expression conveyed to the listener through the medium of the ear.

¶ As music may express vulgarity as well as exaltation, so jewelry may express a barbaric or a celestial taste—may convey to the observer's mind a glimpse of its owner's genuine elegance, or of his crudeness and falsity ❧ ❧

Music and art stir thought far beyond the adequate range of speech, and furnish some phases of inspiration, joy, and a far-reaching grasp of truth that speech fails to comprehend ❧ ❧

Speech has two uses: to convey thought and to conceal it. So, also, art and ornamentation may reveal character, and may in a measure conceal it. Genuineness never has to be assumed, while a mask is in constant peril of penetration—in such danger, in fact, that discovery is only a matter of time.

Hence, when you buy jewelry, do not buy unless you get what you crave. Buy no imitations. Have your mountings of solid metal of the proper fineness. Exercise your sincere personal taste, always bearing in mind that simplicity is the highest art. Buy quality. Avoid flaws and imperfections in stones and workmanship; so that your pleasure in the beauty you have bought shall grow, not dwindle, with acquaintance.

Keep your jewels clean, and handle them with respect. They will repay you well, and by the force of association help you in your striving toward perfection.

What indeed is a precious stone, but " one of Nature's finest thoughts, the product of her happiest moods " ?

Own jewels if you can afford them, but not otherwise. Character is a jewel of such priceless worth that in its pure light the finest gem is false, if treasured at the price of honor ❧

SO then, buy worthy jewelry, when you can afford it; when you make gifts; when you would make place or date memorable, remembering that gold and precious stones are as nearly imperishable as anything we can find on this changing planet—that in time of need they represent not only beauty, but intrinsic worth. In bright days or dark, they bear silent witness at all times to the wearer's love of the genuine, and taste for the beautiful. They classify you as above the crude, if you wear them worthily. They furnish a subtle suggestion of culture that inspires good manners, and the practise of good manners brings you into harmony with your fellowmen and the Universe. Because, if you are genuine and bad, your manners will not be good; if you are false and polite, the mask will become evident on closer acquaintance, for Discord can never produce Harmony. Harmonize the Universe, and you have accomplished Heaven. Introduce Discord, and Heaven is gone. Heaven is within you; so is Hell. Imitations produce Hell, both human imitations and material.

Genuine things, then, furnish an urge toward

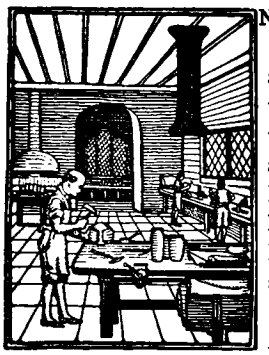
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peace and joyfulness. I repeat, buy genuine beauty in every art when you can rightly afford it, but not otherwise. To do so is to introduce discord. You can possess the soul of beauty, and worship the form of it at a little distance ❧ ❧

Very many beautiful precious stones are moderate in price. Buy them in preference to imitations of the few higher-priced gems, or to any imitations whatsoever. The more genuineness you introduce into your life, the better will your life be. Genuineness is only another word for Truth, which *must* be cherished if the Soul would progress.

Pig-Pen Politics

Hudson Maxim



IN the October issue of *The Fra,* Felix draws a very clever and pertinent parallel between the Roycroft pig-pen and the Pennsylvania Railroad station at East Aurora.

I remember very well seeing that railroad-station when Mrs. Maxim and I visited the great Elbert and Alice several years ago. We remember it as one of the best pieces of dilapidated architecture we have ever seen ❧ But, as is proclaimed in the advertisements of Grapenuts—" There 's a Reason."

One of the ablest expounders of that reason which accounts for the Pig-Pen Station was Elbert Hubbard. Elbert was ever the friend of the under dog, a friend of the downtrodden. By consequence, he espoused the cause of persecuted business. He pulled the mask from the face of the Political Grafters who pose as the people's friends, and who, in their posturing as prosecutors of monopoly, persecute and cripple the great business interests of the country, which are also the people's great interests ❧ ❧

Whoever injures the big-business interests of a country injures the common people of that country—injures all the people of that country.

SEVERAL days ago, on a trip to Washington, I found on the menu in the dining-car of the Pennsylvania Railroad the following quotation from a speech of Elihu Root:

" Measures relating to the great business and the small and multitudinous business of the country have been framed and put into effect under influences which have rejected the voice of those whom they most immediately affect. The railroadman's testimony of what legislation there should be affecting railroads has been rejected because he was a party in interest. The banker's testimony about finance has been rejected because he was a party in interest. The manufacturer's testimony about finance has been rejected because he was a party in interest. The merchant's testimony about commerce has been rejected because he was a party in interest. The shipowner's testimony about the merchant marine has been rejected because he was a party in interest. Knowledge of the business affairs of the country has disqualified men from taking any part in the conduct of the increasing participation of the Government in the control and direction of business affairs."

The reason why there still remains a pig-pen station at East Aurora is that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has been so busy defending itself against the assaults of Government prosecutors, and has been obliged to spend so much money for self-defense, and has had its business so crippled, that it has had neither the time nor the money to make such necessary improvements as the conversion of the pig-pen station at East Aurora into a thing of architectural beauty in keeping with the artistic talents and esthetic ideals of that community ❧ ❧

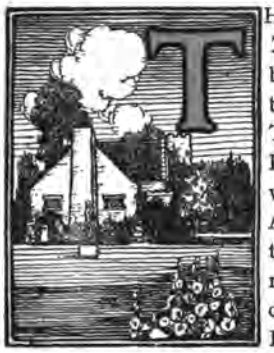
It is a great man who is aware of the things he does n't know.

THE best way to get a man's attention is to get his confidence—and you won't get that if you are not physically and mentally fit to fight the battle. It 's a battle of brains ; and the brain is a delicate part of the physical body, and is easily thrown out of gear ❧ To develop your brain, and neglect its carrier, is suicide. Your success depends upon the development of both. Keep in condition—both physical and mental.—*James W. Elliott.*

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The Dixie Highway

J. Horace Lytle



THE August issue of *The Fra* contained a brief description of the National Old Trails Road, the great East and West highway linking up the Atlantic Ocean with the Pacific; and this month we are discussing the great new Dixie Highway, which is the connecting link between the Gulf of Mexico on the south and the Great Lakes to the north, and which passes through a section of our country that is richest in local historic interest. The Dixie Highway starts at Miami, Florida, on the south, and travels northward through the States of Florida, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and Michigan. The western branch of the Dixie Highway terminates at the city of Chicago; and the eastern branch, which is the more important of the two, passes through many of Ohio's largest and most important cities, and thence on up through the great State of Michigan to Mackinac.

IN crossing the Ohio River, on either the Eastern or the Western Division of the Dixie Highway, tourists will have the opportunity of gazing on the stream where the first steamboats of the world, built by John Fitch in Seventeen Hundred Eighty-seven and Eighty-nine, were operated.

At Lexington, Kentucky, on the Eastern Division of the Dixie Highway, are found many interesting features of a historical nature. Here, in the city of Lexington, the first Bible printed west of the Alleghenies came from the press in Eighteen Hundred Nineteen.

Just south, out of Louisville, Kentucky, tourists may make a pilgrimage to the house where King Louis Philippe lived. It is also possible to make a short detour from this section of the highway and visit the birthplace of the immortal Lincoln, which has been perpetuated with a suitable memorial, built over the original log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born.

Near Bardstown, Kentucky, reached by a short detour from the Dixie Highway, is located the celebrated Trappist Monastery at Gethsemane. Near by is the Nazareth Academy, where is situated one of the most valuable art-collections in the United States, in which are to be found paintings by Van Dyck, Murillo and other old masters, the gift of King Louis Philippe, in exile during the French Revolution.

In Ohio, the eastern branch of the Dixie Highway first touches the city of Cincinnati, and then follows northward along what is probably the most improved stretch of the Dixie Highway in its entire course. Northward through Ohio, the Dixie Highway follows what is known as Main Market Road Number Four, under the designated system of highways as laid down by the Ohio State Highway Department. This assures the Dixie Highway all through Ohio of construction, repair and maintenance, under the supervision of, and largely at the expense of, the Ohio State Highway Department. The present construction of this road in Ohio is largely of brick; though "more miles for the money" is being advocated, by using macadam on stretches where the travel is not so congested. No part of the Dixie Highway passes through a more splendid country than the route up the Miami Valley through Ohio. One of the most important cities touched is Dayton, where the Commission Plan of City Government in its truest and fullest sense was given birth; and thence northward through Troy, Piqua, Lima, Findlay and Toledo, thence on to the great American city of Detroit.

EVERY true Michigander knows the romantic story of the old fort where brotherly love and war reigned hand in hand, when the now Wolverine State was but a wilderness. Every school-child has heard of Chief Wawatam, in honor of whose memory the biggest ice-crushing car-ferry in all the world was christened. They know that the chief, by resort to the ancient tribal custom, claimed Alexander Henry, the one survivor of the Mackinaw massacre, as his brother, and thus saved his life. This old fort stood on the south side of the straits and not on the island, which was christened Machillimackinac, meaning

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"the great turtle," and upon which the beautiful State Park is now located.

All this is written in Michigan history, one of the horrors and one of the evidences that, back in the days of the ruthless Chief Pontiac, military strategy ranking with that of today was not unknown to the savage reds who disputed the rule of the British and paid homage to their "little father" in France.

It is to this ground that the promoters of the Dixie Highway plan to lead their splendid road, and it is a fitting terminal for a highway whose very route and title is intermingled with United States history ❧ Nearly every county through which the Dixie Highway is to pass has voted the necessary bonds to finance the construction, and work has already started at several points.

There is indeed a veritable wave of road-building enthusiasm sweeping over Kentucky and Tennessee. Counties that have heretofore rejected all road taxes by overwhelming majorities have recently given majorities as high as ten and twelve to one in favor of large bond-issues for road-building purposes. And the end is not yet.

Cremation a Desirable End

Hugo Erichsen, M. D., President Cremation Association of America



DID you ever visit a columbarium—that is to say, the urn-hall of a crematorium? If so, you must have been struck with the absolute innocuousness of the human remains therein preserved ❧ You must have been deeply impressed with the fact that there is not even a remote possibility of transmitting disease by means of human ashes; whereas the embalmed and interred human body may be a menace to future generations—a pestilence prolonged. We have this on the authority of Rudolph Virchow, Pasteur, Robert Koch, Victor C. Vaughan, and many others.

But to lay stress on the sanitary evidence in favor of cremation would be very much like carrying anthracite to Scranton—it is an argument that is universally conceded. Incidentally, it may be pointed out that some of those who have advocated incineration on hygienic grounds have proclaimed very exalted views on the subject; notably, Frances E. Willard and the Reverend Doctor R. Heber Newton, of New York.

The former's pronouncement, in her *Glimpses of Fifty Years,* which has become a classic in the literature of cremation, is too long to be quoted here.

The latter wrote, "Having tried to make my life one of usefulness to my fellows, I object to the possibility of injuring any one after I am dead."

LEAVING the hygienic aspect of the question, which is practically a closed book, we come to a matter that is of far greater moment to the average individual; namely, the sentimental side of the reform. For say what you please, most people obey the dictates of their heart rather than their head. To many of these it will be news that sentiment favors cremation rather than burial, provided, as F. W. Dickinson, an ex-President of the National Funeral Directors' Association, pointed out, "that that sentiment has for its foundation an intelligent understanding of both."

It was Kate Field, in her *Washington,* who first called attention to cremation as the most poetical way of disposing of the dead. "Whoever," she averred, "prefers loathsome worms to ashes possesses a strange imagination." In the case of interment we can not let our imagination follow the remains of our beloved dead without coming to conclusions that are, to say the least, far from pleasant. If we have any imagination at all, the painful knowledge is forced upon us that the elements of decomposition and disfigurement are at work under the greensward that covers the graves of our ancestors. For the mental eye of the crematist not only perceives the smiling landscape, but the reeking mass of corruption that lies below.

RHEBER NEWTON gave expression to this feeling in the following words: "I have for years had the intensest horror of thinking of any one dear to me undergoing the noxious process of decomposition, as we have made sure that it shall be made noxious by our whole mode of interment." To which Dean

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McCollester, of the Crane Theological School, Tufts College, adds, "There is nothing more foul than an embalmed body long buried in moist soil." And he has had experience. "One who has attended hundreds of funerals," he writes, "as I have in country and city, in Spring and Winter, finds less to shock in ordinary cremation than in ordinary earth-burial. I have seen fair bodies put in earth which was oozing moisture and even in graves partly filled with water."

Surely sentiment gladly turns from this to what Margaret Deland, herself a crematist, so aptly terms, "The swift vitality of fire and the clean beauty of flames." In the opinion of the Reverend William Hayes Ward, D. D., LL. D., of New York City, it shows "intelligent reason and unperverted sense." And Doctor Knox, late Bishop of Manchester, declares, "It is also the most reverent and decent treatment of the bodies of the dead."

ON the one hand, we have the slow destruction of the body, as accomplished by earth-burial; on the other, the quicker and in itself certainly less gruesome process of quick combustion. For, "In modern cremation," says Professor McNutt, of the University of California, "there is nothing repulsive. It is a last baptism by incandescent heat; a purification by fire, whereby the corrupt takes on incorruption, as the mortal takes on immortality."

¶ "The objections to cremation," Professor Hilgard, of the same University, tells us, "arise, with us, purely from tradition and habit."

When these obstacles are overcome, as they will be some day, we shall all end the game in the same way as did George DuMaurier, the artist and novelist, Sir Burne-Jones, the painter, George Meredith, the poet, Sir Alma-Tadema, the artist, Edna Lyall, the novelist, Spencer, the philosopher, and many, many others ❧ ❧

Against the Grogshop

Doctor L. W. Dunham

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Fra* believes that the subject of Prohibition by Law should be discussed temperately, and the argument attended by minds open to conviction. Many sincere, earnest, intelligent people are eager for the facts, and not at all convinced one way or another. This article answers one by Doctor John Emerson Roberts on "the other side," in a past issue of *The Fra*.]



I WANT to have a little fling at *Perils of Reform* (August *Fra*) by Doctor John Emerson Roberts, who, I take it, has no love in his heart for Prohibition or Prohibitionists, and says a number of very unpleasant things in a very "intemperate" manner, which may appeal to the unthinking—but I do not believe you have any such on your subscription-lists.

His allusion to Kansas and Blind Tigers and the number of arrests for drunkenness makes one smile who thinks. Cincinnati, Ohio, has more Blind Tigers than any other section of Ohio except Cleveland, and they are the "wettest" spots in the Middle West. His number of arrests in Topeka means nothing unless he takes another city of equal size in a license community and compares arrests for the same cause. ¶ Prohibition did not make bootlegging. Federal tax and high license are what make it. There are more bootleggers in the forty-three "wet" counties of Ohio than in the forty-five "dry" counties—this is a fact acknowledged by both sides.

I have lived in "wet" territory all my life with the exception of the past three years, when I moved from Cincinnati to Jamestown (Ohio), a "dry" town, and I assure you that the difference is decided on the liquor point and very much in favor of the "dry" town ❧

FROM what I have seen (and I wish to state that I have always been a "wet" man until the past three years), the Blind Tiger is less dangerous to the youth than the Open Saloon.

Let us start with the proposition that "It Pays to Advertise." We will take two stores: One with attractive window-displays, open doors showing beautiful fixtures, an electric sign of appropriate nature, and a live advertiser on deck. And then let 's imagine another one without a sign, windows boarded up, no displays, no sign of life about the premises. Which do you think would do the most business? Now honestly, which?

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The Open Saloon is an advertiser of its business, and the young boy as he grows up passes it many times, and, while warned of its dangers, soon becomes familiar with its presence, and that familiarity soon breeds contempt—not for the saloon itself, but for its dangers.

Decent men are not customers of bootleggers, but hundreds of decent men go into saloons who would scorn to drink if they had to make sneaks and hypocrites of themselves, and eventually we would have a generation come up who had not tasted liquor and would not need it bad enough to break laws to get it. The confirmed drinker wants it bad enough to connive at the breaking of a law to get the stuff, and I think anything that will do that might better be suppressed.

But my good Doctor Roberts does not want to be good " by law "—he wants his " Personal Liberty." O Liberty, what bunk has been written in thy name! Prohibition would not interfere in the slightest degree with the present devotee of booze, so far as his personal use of it was concerned, but it would make it a little more inconvenient, and he 'd have to buy it by the pint or quart (and thereby save considerably on the cost, and probably drink less, as he would not be expected to " treat " quite so often). But Prohibition would close the Open Saloon with its constant advertising appeal to the youth, and it would take away your right to sell the stuff to my boy, and start him on his way, little knowing, and caring less, whether he became a drunkard or just a " steady drinker," or if he would be fortunate enough to meet an influence soon enough to save him from his " taste," and enable him to assert his independence while the " asserting " was good.

I don't want my boy and girl to go up against what I did, even if they get through as well. It 's too big a gamble! If there is smallpox in the neighborhood we don't want to expose our friends, because they might not get over it. Yet if they did recover they would never get it again, which you can not say about the " Booze Habit." If our " Personal Liberty " man wants to expose himself, he can go into the " pesthouse," but the " Law " says he must not come out again to expose others. If our " Personal Liberty " man owns a fine lot in the city and wants to erect a building for which he can and will pay, he must get a permit to build on his own lot; and if he builds a wooden structure in the " fire zone " he is subject to arrest and fine or imprisonment. And I don't suppose our man who " does n't want to be good by law " would want the authorities to prevent his neighbor from exercising his " Personal Liberty " by burning up his (the neighbor's) house, even if it might set fire to " our man's " property, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

I AM for Prohibition for the " kiddies' " sake. I am for Prohibition because the age-old question, " Am I my brother's keeper? " should ever be answered in the affirmative. I am willing to forego a privilege if the exercise of that privilege would injure others. I am proud to be known as a Prohibitionist; I like the friends of " Total Abstinence "—its victims suffer less than do its enemies' outcasts ❧ Prohibition does not mean stopping the men from drinking, but rather preventing the youth from starting. After Prohibition laws are passed it will take years to secure " dry " officials to enforce them, because the liquor element admit that they will continue to break the law, and thereby stamp themselves as " lawless."

Our fearless champion of the Saloon says much of " Liberty." How much liberty has the poor wretch who is a slave to drink? How much liberty has the child born of alcoholic parents with a lifetime of disease before it because the parents exercised their " Personal Liberty "?

If there is anything " un-American " in striving for the divine right of the children to be well born, to have sober parents, and clean, morally healthful environment in which to develop, then something must be wrong with my conception of America.

It seems necessary to remind Doctor Roberts that " one man's liberty ends where the other man's begins," and while he does n't want to be virtuous " by law," still, " we, the people," have a perfect right to restrain him from thrusting the results of his actions on us, when such results are inimical to the welfare and prosperity (not to mention again the "Liberty") of the community. ¶ But enough.

Prohibitionists are human beings and subject to the Law of Averages, and as such are just as honest, just as sincere, and just as capable of thought as their opponents, and with just as high motives urging them onward.

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Servia

Elbert Hubbard



THE kingdom of Servia has about the same number of inhabitants as the State of Ohio, and in size the kingdom is about as large as the State of Maine. That is to say, its population is five million, and its territory is thirty-four thousand square miles ❧ One half of this territory is rocky, sterile, unproductive, save for scanty pasturage. The other half is valley and dale, laughing hillside and rich bottomland, which blossoms like the sunflower, and has since one Caesar marched through here with his Tenth Legion. Afterward Caesar wrote in his *Commentaries* about the flowers and fruits, and the grapes that rivaled the grapes of Canaan when the Israelites went to spy out the land, and found Philistines who produced grapes, a single bunch of which, slung on a pole, was a burden for two strong men ❧ ❧

The valleys of Servia impressed Caesar; he beheld the grapes and the pomegranates; he drank the wine which he found in goatskin bottles, hung up in caves; he tasted the maize and the melons; and he saw the great droves of wild hogs that rooted among the vines and grew fat on the masts and nuts that fell from the trees. So pleased was Caesar with these valleys that he planted Roman colonies here, and the native swineherds showed his people how to divert the mountain-rills so nuggets of gold could sometimes be found in the beds of the streams. And there, even to this day, men and women labor with pick and shovel and sieve to find the shining particles, just as the Chinese work the abandoned placer-mines of California ❧ ❧

Caesar refers to this barbarous people who tended the vines and pomegranates, who searched, barelegged, for the shining nuggets, and who rounded up the wild hogs betimes, as "Sus" or "Serbs." The words, "vassal," "slav" and "su," mean literally, "the people who produce."

Caesar liked them on that account. And he took from them his own, as was his wont ❧ He did n't take all they produced—just a reasonable amount. He was kind to them, for he left soldiers to protect them, and he also left taxgatherers who collected the tax to pay the soldiers who protected them.

The anglicized word "Servia" means just what it says—the people who serve, who produce ❧ ❧

Caesar's plan of leaving soldiers to protect the people who produce was not covered by copyright. It was adopted before his time; it has been used since. The Romans impressed many Servians into their army, just as the English in India recruit the natives into the ranks of the redcoats.

There is still a question, though, whether when Caesar left an army in Servia he did it to protect the people, or to protect his taxgatherers; just as it is still debatable whether the vast British Army in India is to introduce Christianity and cricket, or to protect the people against a foreign foe.

THE natural boundary-lines of Servia seem to set it apart as a country by itself. Nature produces what the people need, and diligence, without special intelligence, harvests the crop. The stunted oaks that cover the mountains drop their crop of acorns with the regularity of the seasons; the beechnuts ripen, and the grapes grow purple in the kisses of the autumn sun; the goats produce their young, and the women make the cheese from the goats' milk, and the men as Winter comes on hunt the half-wild hogs that make their homes in the ravines and the hillside caves.

And so these people have lived for two thousand years. They are simple, honest, trusting, truthful among themselves, and only become excited and warlike when threatened or disturbed. Their actual government has not changed since history began. It consists of communities of families, groups that live in stockaded villages. Over each group is a patriarch, called a *stareshina,* who is chosen for life. This man settles all private disputes, regulates work, distributes proceeds, executes laws, and punishes the wrongdoer. He is a sort of bishop, and is religiously looked up to and reverenced by the people of his diocese. This religion is an independent form of the

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Greek Church, and seems to have been devised or evolved by the people to meet their needs. But even before Christianity, there existed a pagan patriarchal form of religion not unlike the present religion. It taught obedience, industry, integrity—it inculcated love and gentle consideration. And the reason it taught these virtues is because man recognizes and has always glimmeringly recognized that they are a part of the great scheme of self-preservation.

The Dukhobors of Russia have a similar supreme bishopric, which is a form of patriarchal government that goes back to the time of Abraham

Of course there were occasional clashes of family with family, but the people were warned not to fight, but to leave all disputes to the stareshina, and so the bishops got together on certain occasions and usually compromised matters and made peace. Poor people can not afford war, any more than they can afford nervous prostration. The Christ doctrines of "Resist not evil" and "Do unto others as ye would be done by" are a part of Nature's plan for self-preservation. That is good which serves, and that policy of life which bestows benefits is best.

Yet occasionally there was danger of the country being overrun by wandering hordes from the starved-out East, and at such times the stareshina sent word from village to village and the people combined to repel the invaders.

¶ However, peace was the rule, and often for a century the people of Servia tended the flocks, lived in quiet and content, lived and died—rich in their own right because they had all they wanted.

ONE wonders why the simple, patriarchal form of government was not enough—why evolve a King and Court and Army? And the answer comes in with the march of Caesar and his advancing hosts. The alarm went from village to village, and the peasants—the people who produce—gathered in wild alarm to give battle to the Romans. And the Romans, whose business was war, marched their legions in solid phalanxes, and pitched their tents amid the fertile plains and upon the banks of the Morava and Danube. Caesar did not fight unless compelled—he preferred to parley. He was as great in logic as in warfare. He showed the assembled bishops how futile was resistance—how wise to accept "protection."

And so when Caesar moved on he left behind him a Roman Governor and a Roman Army, and this Army in time was recruited largely from the Servian people, and "the people who produced" had to provide the necessaries of life for the Roman Governor and his retinue, and for the Army.

Read your Gibbon and you will see how Rome did not endure. And there came a time to the Romans in Servia, when, no longer backed up by a Power, not themselves, that made for the mammon of unrighteousness, they made peace with the people by becoming a part of them. Like the Israelites of old, they took unto themselves wives among the daughters of Philistia

The present Servian reveals the Roman blood, and as a people are not unlike the noble Romans, short-legged and fairly strenuous, who are replacing seventy-pound rails with ninety, lessening the grades and straightening the curves on the C. B. & Q., until an income of thirty dollars a year is assured, when they will go back to sweet Sicily and live happy and content forever after.

WHEN the power of Rome turned to dust, Servia slipped back into her patriarchal form of government, and the soldiers and taxgatherers went to work. They had to.

So glided by the eternity that lies behind

In the Fourteenth Century Belgrade was a city of fifteen thousand people. There were three of these cities in Servia, built up by the annual fairs, when merchants came from the East and displayed their wonders. The people made their pilgrimages to the cities, just as they did when Christ was born in Bethlehem. The whole family went, all bearing the riches they had produced: dried fruits, cheese, hides, wine and oil, to be exchanged for other things they could not make.

Thus were the cities made. But in the Fourteenth Century Belgrade was touched by the spirit of the Renaissance. Poets sang, musicians played, painters painted, and sculptors carved

So the years went by, time turned into the Nineteenth Century, and we find Napoleon marching in from the North, as Caesar had marched from the South, and the people were for a time "protected" exactly as the Romans had protected them.

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But about the time we bought from France the Province of Louisiana, Servia was traded off, somewhat as Spain sold the Philippines, and the rule of the Turk began—Servia became a province of the Ottoman Empire ❧ Servia has no use for the Jews, and the prime reason for this prejudice, some say, is because the Jews have no use for Servia's principal product, pork. Roumania is next-door neighbor and first cousin to Servia, and her outrageous treatment of the Jews may be ascribed to the same reason.

SERVIA and Roumania are Christian Governments so called, and between them and Mohammedan Turkey there has always been trouble.

That country is best governed that is governed least. "Make your government too strong," says Emerson, "and you shall have no government." The Turk overdid the thing, and the peasants arose under the leadership of one Kara George, "Black George," and the Turks were driven from Servia's borders ❧ Kara George was a swineherd, a man without education or personal ambition, but a natural leader of men. All he wanted was to make his people free. Nominally the Turk capitulated with Kara George, but the peasant was not versed in diplomatic wiles, and in his desire for peace he allowed the Sultan a Servian foothold ❧ ❧

Kara George was too strong a man, too patriotic and too pure in purpose to let live. The Turks plotted his undoing and gave the promise of rulership to another swineherd, Milan Obren.

Kara George was assassinated, and "Milosch Obrenovitch," Milan Obren, became the Governor of Servia.

The Sultan thought Obren would be an easier mark than the blackamoor George, but he proved to be nearly as stern stuff—he was stubbornly honest. He won the sympathy of Russia and actually freed Servia from Turkish rule for the second time.

A Court grew up at Belgrade; an army was formed; all the machinery of a monarchy was evolved—and the people who produced had to foot the bills.

The King seeing discontent abroad in his kingdom sought to show his unselfishness by abdicating in favor of his son. But this was not enough, and in Eighteen Hundred Forty-two Alexander Karageorgevitch, the son of Kara George, was made King.

And this man having lived long in Paris and other capitals was possessed with the idea that a court with all of its costly flummery was really a necessity to the well-being of the people. All there was between him and his illustrious father was the name.

And there came a time when the dagger did its work and he had to go, and an Obren again sat on the tottering throne.

Then a few short years slip by, the scepter is jerked back and forth a few times, and the son of this Milan Obrenovitch, grandson of Obren the Great, appears—King Milan.

Milan married the now famous Natalie, and their son Alexander it was who was assassinated on June Eleventh, Nineteen Hundred Three ❧ ❧

AND now we have King Peter Karageorgevitch, descendant of Kara George, the patriot. The addition *vitch* to a name signifies "the son of," and is similar to our Peterson, Johnson and Anderson habit. In Servia, and on the fringe of Servia, anxiously, nervously, hysterically, peek and rubber and run dozens of Obrenovitchs and Karageorgevitchs—aunts and cousins and uncles and great-aunts, all of royal blood, as they themselves confess, all descended from the two honest swineherds Kara George and his rival Milosch Obren. And all these petty, pestiferous princes claim rights and privileges, and demand immunity from honest toil on account of the accident of pedigree. Several of them have laid siege to the hearts of American heiresses, as the Turks besieged Belgrade, and in some instances with success. When, in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, the Associated Press flashed the news that Prince Alexis Karageorgevitch was betrothed to Miss Cudahy of Chicago, that the descendant of a swineherd was about to wed the daughter of a pork-packer, the poetic unities were preserved, and the planets wheeled on in their orbits in seeming safety.

¶ Most modern governments are dual institutions. Thus we have the state or local government, and over this is the general or federal government. The clash between these is the cause of most civil wars. It is now pretty generally accepted that the general government that drives with a light rein is the best—the people do not want to feel the force of the

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mailed hand. And so the taxation that supports the general government is usually indirect ❧

A VAST proportion of the Russian population knows nothing of the Czar, save to fuse him in imagination with Deity, just as, according to Thackeray, God to Englishmen was an infinite George the Fourth. The people are taxed, but they do not know it. Upon everything they eat, wear or use, they pay a tax, but as the tax is indirect, their grievance is toward the local taxgatherer, who drives away their cow if they do not pay. The other kind of taxation simply deprives them of food, raiment and shelter, but of this they are as innocent as babes unborn.

There is an old story of a man who prepared the soil for potatoes. He planted, hoed, watered and finally harvested the crop. All the time this man labored in the sun and the rain, another man sat on the fence under an umbrella, smoking cigarettes. When the potatoes lay in piles ready to be taken home, the man on the fence got down and demanded his share. The man who told this story said that if it were not for the Bible no one would know to whom those potatoes belonged.

The real fact is, this story is no jest—it is a very serious and stubborn condition that confronts us.

In Italy the laborer is usually allowed to keep one-half of what he produces, but in war-time the Government may confiscate the whole harvest. And the intent of the Old-World policy is to leave the laborer no more than enough to encourage him to plant another crop ❧ ❧

Servia supplies us an object-lesson of folly done in little. Her local patriarchal form of government that insures good behavior still exists, and has always existed. Beyond this her Court has existed for only a small part of the time.

That this general government, represented by the Court in the present stage of civilization, has a function, none will deny. But that this government has demanded too large a share of the potatoes is equally true.

Servia has a standing army of one hundred thousand men in time of peace; if war threatens, two hundred twenty-five thousand can be called out. What are these troops for? "To protect the people," says the King. But a few of the people who are wise say, "The army is to protect the Court against the wrath of the people."

The King of Servia receives the same salary as the President of the United States, and until Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine there were always more men under arms in Servia than in America.

Servia was in no danger except from Turkey, Austria or Russia, and none of these powers could she fight anyway. Roumania or Bulgaria are her size, but they would not dare touch her for fear of the spanking they would surely receive at the hands of the great maternal powers ❧ ❧

Then why the army?

Oh, to collect the tax to feed the army that protects the court that protects the people who labor to get the potatoes to feed the court that officers the army that protects the people ❧

THE story of Servia's Court is a comic tragedy, the equal of which has never, so far, been pictured by the players on the opera-bouffe stage.

King Milan, father of King Alexander, ascended the throne in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-eight. He had been educated at Vienna, Saint Petersburg and Paris—I trust you understand what that means. In order to do his work, he had to be taken away from his work, and live for six years among a people who had nothing in common with the people he was to serve ❧ Milan assumed the Kingship with a most intimate knowledge of Parisian accomplishments and polite profligacy. In Servia the people are plain, simple, unpretentious. The railroads run to a ravine, and there everybody gets out and walks down the hill and up, and takes another train on the other side. Life is primitive. There are no manufactories. King Milan did n't trouble himself to produce technical schools, art and manufactories among his people. He simply maintained a Court, modeled after that at Saint Petersburg, recruited a large army, and one Schenck of the United States taught him to play a game called draw-poker without any special loss to Schenck.

Milan married Natalie Keschko, daughter of a Colonel in the Russian Army. Natalie was a beautiful woman, and never for a moment forgot it. She was artistic, impressionable, religious, literary, hysterical, gracious and much in evidence ❧ Queen Natalie was

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descended from the ancient family of Buttinsky, and had all the characteristics of the tribe. The type is fascinating, and not uncommon: you will find it on Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, West End Avenue in New York, North Street in Buffalo, the Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, and Commonwealth Avenue in Boston: the woman not to the manner born, who would be every inch a queen—who writes bad poetry, paints worse pictures, plays Strauss' music on the piano, and patronizes the poor ❧ ❧

The gray mare was the better horse—everybody said that. Milan was "educated," but was neither artistic, literary, musical, religious nor scientific. He gradually took to gin-fizz. He occasionally went to bed at sunrise with boots on—he always wore spurs—and when he and his beautiful wife appeared in public, the populace noted that her cheeks were stained with tears—this was what she wished. Queen Natalie was very patient, very loving, very loyal, and found time to keep the political pot boiling. She was a favorite at both Berlin and Saint Petersburg, and wherever she went she created a small, sizzing Number-Six sensation.

¶ So matters went on, with constant efforts being made by the Queen to both conceal and reveal the King's peccadillos—it made her shine by contrast. Some said she wanted to rule alone, and rival Victoria of England.

But Milan was unaccommodating, and would not die—he just got plain drunk. Yet he was a favorite with the army, looked well on horseback, and signed the papers his ministers laid before him.

TEN years and more had gone. Natalie was in Paris, taking a well-earned rest from social duties, and Milan, temporarily relieved from domestic supervision, gave a select banquet where the waiters were all on horseback. Toward the last of the feast the waiters were sent away, and the ladies present took their place. Draga Machin, a widow who wore black lingerie in memory of her husband, who had committed suicide, impersonated Lady Godiva for the edification of the guests. The banquet was a great success.

But when Queen Natalie returned she was told what had occurred. Other things, too, had been happening—several of them. And Natalie applied to the courts for a divorce.

Milan abdicated in favor of his son Alexander, a boy just entering manhood. Natalie expected to remain as Queen Regent, but the people had tired of her, too. She went to Paris—Milan to Carlsbad.

Draga Machin, she of the sable underwear, was a Lady-in-Waiting at the Court of Natalie. It was Draga who informed Natalie of the scandalous things done in her absence. Draga was beautiful, diplomatic, modest at the right time, and all that Natalie was, only more so. She was the daughter of a swineherd with the instincts of Connecticut.

When Natalie left Belgrade, Draga traveled with her.

Later, Alexander went to visit his mother, and Draga Machin made love to him and he to her. He was only sixteen, and she was twice this, but ripened charms are very alluring to a certain type of youth. Besides that, Draga had been the mistress of his father, and thus had proved her fitness.

Natalie sought to break the bond, and even ordered Draga to leave her house—and Draga did, going back to Belgrade with Alexander. Alexander had inherited all his father's vices, but lacked the gentlemanly dignity which Milan at times displayed. Max Nordau refers to King Alexander as "the child of a debauch," and points out his wandering eyes, his misshapen ears, and the inequalities in the two sides of his face as proof of his degeneracy. But Nordau is a Jew, and hated both Alexander and Servian pork, while it is well known that Alexander detested all Jews, so perhaps we should deduct a small per cent, say ten, five and two—make it regular—for prejudice ❧ Alexander used to have his soldiers fight duels for fun—he himself occasionally carried challenges—and in various ways relieved the tedium of army life, and gave work to the undertaker ❧ ❧

Draga showed him how to increase taxation by placing a cordon of gendarmes around every village and collecting a duty on everything that went out or in, and also how to seize a certain percentage of all pigs because they rooted on government land. Like Li Hung Chang, she became an expert in taxation, and kept a goodly percentage herself to cover expenses. She became rich in her own right; and look you! She invested her savings in New York Central preferred, buying through a Paris broker. She was the canniest woman who ever wore a straight-front corset.

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ALONG about Eighteen Hundred Ninety-six, agents from Belgrade canvassed Chicago and called up Pittsburgh, looking for a suitable wife for Alexander. Finances were low, and it was hoped that a managing Mamma with ambitions might be found; but the pork-packers were wary, and the steel magnates had read Max Nordau, copies having been sent them by Draga.

Then came an unofficial proclamation to Belgrade put out by the widow Machin, to the effect that the throne of Servia was shortly to have an heir. A Paris physician certified to the fact, and now was the time to make this heir legitimate ❧ ❧

Alexander and Draga were married.

Belgrade bellowed with disapproval, and the agents in Chicago and Pittsburgh were cabled to come home.

Months went by and there was no heir-apparent ❧ ❧

Alexander was stubborn—he affronted his ministers, and avowed his purpose to follow his own sweet will. Draga led him a merry dance, they quarreled, and then kissed in public and made up.

And all the time the taxation continued, and small lots of Lake Shore common and New York Central preferred were purchased, and these facts got out.

Draga disappeared for several months. When she came back, she rode through the public streets in an open carriage with a white-capped nurse carrying a baby, that was held up to the populace. That evening Draga stood on a balcony, the baby in her arms, and cried to the assembled multitude, "Behold the future King of Servia!"

Some of the people were delighted, and others were not. And when our unkind editor went to work and found out where this baby was procured and who its parents were and told all about it, Draga threatened him with banishment ❧ ❧

And Belgrade laughed.

It is not for me to tell the horrors of the night of June Eleventh, when soldiers of the Servian Army assembled at a summer-garden, and at two o'clock in the morning burst into the palace and butchered the King and Queen. The tale has been told by the ready writers of the yellows in boldface, once for all.

ARE such things terrible? Yes, but not more so than lives given over to Conspicuous Waste—which exists on the bones and blood of men and women who labor in the fields and toil and sweat to provide for a riot of the senses that some miscall life.

Peter Karageorgevitch, who sits on the throne, is close on to seventy years of age*—time has tempered him—and having exhausted his capacity for sin he assumes the pose of virtue. The ministers who support him are men of age and experience, representing the best financial interests of the country. But these men will soon pass to the realm of shade, and others will fill their places.

Has Servia yet learned that Conspicuous Waste and Conspicuous Leisure are built on blood, bought with the price of souls? We shall see.

---

* *This article on Servia, found among Mr. Hubbard's unpublished manuscript, was apparently written in the year preceding the Pan-European conflict.*

Mind alone is eternal! My faith is great: out of the transient darkness of the present the shadows will flee away, and the Day will yet dawn.

Christmas, 1915

George Lawrence Andrews

ALONG the city's glowing street
There move a million happy feet,
And through our land is joy and song,
Good-will and right replacing wrong;

For on this day so long ago
The Prince of Peace came down below,
And now doth love and friendship's cheer
Make glad our hearts and banish fear.

Yet we must think this Christmastide
Of broken hearts and tears undried,
Of homes laid waste in lands afar
By that dread fiend of hell called war.

How Christ must grieve to see this day
The carnage of this vast affray!
God surely will not suffer long
Such awful murder and such wrong.

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AD LIBROS

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

WHEN do I love you most, sweet books of mine?
In strenuous morns when o'er your leaves I pore,
Austerely bent to win austerest lore,
Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine,
On afternoons when honeysuckles twine
About the seat, and to some dreamy shore
Of old Romance, where lovers evermore
Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign?

Yea! ye are precious then, but most to me
Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the fire
To whispering twilight in my little room,
And eyes read not, but sitting silently,
I feel your great hearts throbbing deep in quire,
And hear your breathing round me in the gloom.

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CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION

By Donald Richardson

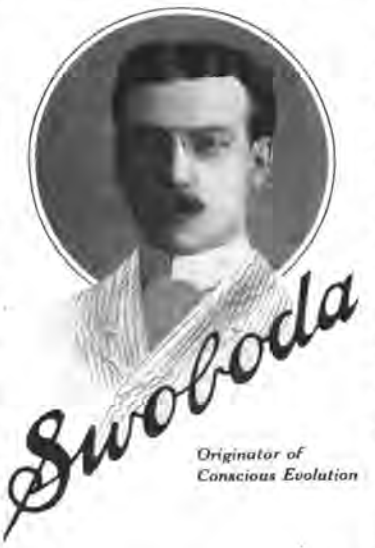
THE simple fact that the human body is built up of billions of cells, all resulting from the evolution of one original cell, is in itself interesting, but little more to the average person. The further declaration that health, life and pleasures of the body depend upon the condition of each individual cell compels notice.

When, however, along comes an individual who combines intimate scientific knowledge of the human cell with the discovery of the means to insure its health and develop unusual energy and potency — who by reason of study, experience and a certain genius, shows us how, without inconvenience, apparatus, drugs, study or loss of time, we can put unusual health and uncommon life into every one of our vast multitude of cells, thus giving the human body and mind the maximum of health, pleasure and power, and do this in a perfectly natural, easy and practical way—then we are all attention.

A Great Secret of Life

This is the marvelous secret uncovered in a wonderful little book by Swoboda, a great pioneer in the realm of physiological science. Some day the complete history of "Conscious Evolution" and its discoverer will be recorded, with all its immense significance and far-reaching ramifications. This brief article can only sketch the rough outlines.

The story of Alois P. Swoboda is one of the romances of human history. As the discoverer of the origin and nature of the laws governing "conscious energy" and of a scientific system for applying those laws in a manner that has operated successfully in over two hundred thousand cases, Swoboda occupies a peculiar niche in earth's hall of fame. He did not merely write a great book, paint a great picture, invent some useful device, or win some particular battle. His fame is built on a far more substantial foundation. He is the wizard of the human body. He is the apostle of the greater, the successful life. Swoboda not only recreates men and women; he makes them more powerful, capable and happy than they were before. He advances them a tremendous way along the line of human development. The man himself—as well as his hosts of enthusiastic clients—is a most convincing example of the effectiveness of his methods. He has revolutionized the methods of energizing the body and mind.



Originator of Conscious Evolution

The Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution Based on a Knowledge of all Sciences

Swoboda fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. He discourses with learned fluency on the science of "Conscious Evolution," which embraces all other sciences, entering with equal ease and facility on any phase of this all-important subject. Start him on his particular speciality—the development of human powers—and he pours out a veritable flood of illuminating exposition. Earnest and vehement, he rises to eloquence as he unfolds in his masterful manner the magnificent possibilities of man under the guidance of "conscious energy." You are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda system of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed person the best proof of the correctness of his theories and of the success of his "Conscious Evolution."

The Aim of Conscious Evolution is Better Minds, Better Bodies, Better Health and More Intense Pleasures

Mr. Swoboda must not be classed with ordinary physiologists, physicians, faddists or with those whose aim is merely the development of muscle. Neither his philosophy nor his science is confined to such narrow limits. Swoboda's plan comprehends the complete development of the human being—increase of internal force, more body power, more brain power, mind power, and, in fact, greater capacity to live and enjoy in every way. He is primarily interested in those influences which make for a fuller and more potent life.

One cannot remain long in the presence of Swoboda without realizing that he is mentally and physically a superman. He makes you feel that you are only partially well, and vigorous and ambitious, only partially developed, that, in short, you are only half as alive as you must be if you wish to enjoy to the full the benefits of living—that you are leading an inferior life. No one can read his book without becoming conscious of his wonderful power and personality.

Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth died with him. Your fountain of youth will die with you. Each man's fountain of youth is within himself. Through Conscious Evolution only can you drink to the full of the fountain of youth.

Swoboda demonstrates that no matter how old we may be we can through the conscious use of the principles of Evolution make ourselves full-powered dynamos, with every part and wheel and power-belt thoroughly in trim, working smoothly and at maximum capacity—100 per cent. efficient.

If you believe you have developed to the highest degree your vitality, energy and powers of living and enjoying, you are, according to the Swoboda Standard, indeed mistaken. Conscious Evolution can lead you to a new and greater realization of health, energy and pleasure.

More power, energy and life are the needs and will be the salvation of the present generation. The problem has always been how to get them. Eagerly we try each solution offered, swarming like the Athenians after every new thing. And yet the means lie right within us, as Swoboda clearly demonstrates.

Conscious Evolution is an antidote to old age in its every form and variety of conditions. It scientifically reduces excessive blood pressure, restores elasticity to arteries and turns the dial of physiological time in the direction of youth, efficiency, vitality and greater pleasure. No one who is energized through Conscious Evolution will be subject to indigestion, bowel sluggishness, nervous exhaustion, brain fag, sleeplessness, nervousness, or any functional difficulty of any character.

Swoboda Has Written a Wonderful Little Book

This book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. It makes clear Swoboda's new theory of the mind and body. It startles, educates and enlightens. It tells how the cells build the body and how to organize them beyond the point where nature left off, for each one of us. It will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course; the information which it imparts cannot be duplicated elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities through conscious evolution of the cells; it explains Swoboda's discoveries and what they are doing for thousands of men and women of every age and condition. It tells of the Dangers and after-effects of Exercise, and Conscious Deep-Breathing. Swoboda's book shows how any one may possess unusual health and vitality.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind and for showing you how you may be able to attain greater pleasure and in every way a superior life.

Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles of evolution, which Swoboda discovered. It will open new avenues through which you may become successful, in satisfying your most intense desires. It is not a dry treatise on physiology; on the contrary, it tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you need to know about the body and mind and the laws of their evolution.

Do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity to obtain a copy of this book while it is free. Address Alois P. Swoboda, 1341 Aeolian Building, New York City, N. Y.

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Isn't that the way you feel when you are confronted with the problem of remembering your old friends at Christmas-time—your more intimate business acquaintances, the men whom you chum with at the club, join in the banquet-hall, meet on the links?

And have n't you often felt that if you could send just a card—a neat, well-executed card imprinted with the old, old sentiment expressed in a new, new way—what a boon that would be?

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Improper, say you? Certainly. In other words, informal, unconventional, spicy, piquant, humorous, lively, exceptional—yes, even clever. However, they 're not "bad," or we would n't offer them to you. But they will make your old college chums guffaw with gusto and (mentally) slap you on the back—"By Jove, Bob 's the real stuff!"

Ask your stationery-dealer for our dollar Box Z of Improper Christmas-Cards—eleven joy-bringers for your close friends.
Or, the dollar Box B of Quality Cards for Businessmen—eleven cards of the sort a man likes to send or receive.

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My New 1916 Proposition

is the greatest offer ever made by any manufacturer and is the first time in the history of engine building that an A 1 high-grade engine of this h. p. could be bought for so low a price. Write for particulars and price-reducing sliding scale schedule.

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THE real difficulty in the government has been not always that it has been deliberately doing wrong, but that it has not always known what was right, because it was not in contact with the whole people and with public opinion.—*Woodrow Wilson.*

CHRISTMAS is coming, but never yet has it come. It has not fully dawned while still a child's careless laughter is drowned in the dreary noise of machines; while yet a maiden, who might be pondering her mercies, is weary in her young days with the heaviness of shame and anxious toil; while yet a mother must needs turn from the child at her breast and the children at her knee. So to our Christmas we will little by little let in a richer music, like a golden-tongued bell turning from a minor to a song of the ultimate triumph.—*A. H. Gleason.*

IF you would be a man, speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon-balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today.

Ah then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood. Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

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I AM a human being ❧ I do not propose to be cooped up or shut in in my love and criticism to mere geographical streaks or spots of people on a planet ❧ This planet is small enough as it is, when one considers the height and depth—the starry height and depth—of the human spirit that wavers and glows through us all—Wagner and Shakespeare, Tolstoy and Moliere! ❧ Though the cathedrals quarrel together and sing praises with siege-guns to their own little foolish national souls, and rain bombs on each other's naves, I take my stand by the great bells ringing in their towers, by the souls of their poets overriding the years, by the prayers and songs of their heroes, artists, inventors, by the mothers and the little children.

We are all in the same world. We are all alike. I will not say of any one nation what I will not say of the others; and I will not say of any man what I will not say of myself.

—Gerald Stanley Lee.

❧

The happiness habit is just as necessary to our best welfare as the work habit or the honesty habit.—*Augustus J. Earl.*

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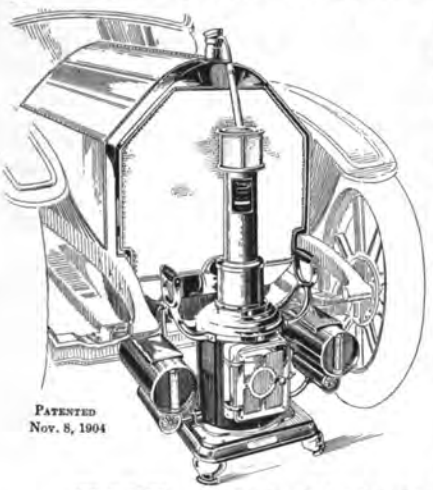
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What we have heard concerning you,
A worldwide scorn be on your name,
And long, long life to know the same.
Thy people? all the world admire,
Upright, and true, they never tire;
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—BramleyKite.

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¶ CO-VES-PA folds into neat, compact form, and is furnished in good, black seal grain leather case; easily carried in vest pocket or lady's hand bag.

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OUR jails and prisons are not crowded with defectives, nor with a second generation of criminals. They are filled with unfortunates, who have fallen once, often through accident, and who never again get firmly planted on their feet. For such men, victims of their own memories or conditions, there must be some hope or cure; yet the study of jail commitments shows a terrible record of second commitments. Men get out of jail or prison; but the original taint is now added to the taint of prison, and they come back to confinement with less effort at self-restraint than they used at first. The medical world would rise up as a body to condemn any method of medical treatment which left a patient more liable to a recurrence of a disease than he was to its first attack. Yet everywhere men are being sent out of prison, with the prison-pallor on them, penniless, weakened in body by prison conditions, and broken in spirit by the withdrawal of all hope, ambition and self-confidence. They have been trained by prison discipline, but it is a discipline which is, in itself, a punishment, and does not fit them for the conditions they must face when they are again free. They have moved by iron rules; been regulated like clocks, but not encouraged as men, or stimulated to take up the personal responsibilities of self-supporting and self-respecting freedom.

In some places, criminals are sent to jail with no guard, going freely on their honor, and even when they reach the jail they find no guard waiting to shoot them down, but are given a chance to test their own manhood,

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given a chance to live in a wholesome place, with sun and air. There is every incentive to gain their own self-respect ❧ I realize that these measures are extreme and radically opposite to the customary prison method, and it may be necessary to proceed cautiously in following them. But they have proven effective, and they promise not only hope of betterment, but the only hope of betterment that I know of. We can begin to work towards that by gradually abolishing our city prisons, with their dark and cheerless interiors, and by building our future houses of correction out in the country, where the sun and the wind can get in, and where all the men who do not forfeit such right can work in an open field ❧ Gradually the idea is growing that crime is not only to be punished, but to be cured.

—Hon. Eugene N. Foss.

❧

THE courts, their delays and the cost of litigation are justly criticized ❧ There is no duty more imperative upon the bar and the bench than to do what they can to simplify matters and put technicalities out of the way and see to it that substantial justice is administered.

The seat of the whole trouble is in the fact that too many appeals are granted when justice does not demand it. A more simple way to put it is to say that our courts trifle with justice by permitting delay after delay upon mere technicalities.—*David J. Brewer.*

❧

The object of education is that a man may benefit himself by serving others.



How Sanatogen Relieves Poor Digestion and Nerve Strain

DIGESTION and the nervous system are interdependent. For while the products of digestion nourish the nerve cells, the nerves in turn control digestion.

Thus if aught wrongly affects either—the nerves or the digestive organs—the other also must suffer.

When, for instance, worry, overwork or shock interferes with digestion, the resultant lack of nourishment weakens the nervous system, causing nerve-strain. This nerve-weakness then reacts and still further disturbs the faulty digestion.

At such times Sanatogen is specifically helpful—first, because it is so easily assimilated by even an enfeebled digestion, and, second, because Sanatogen's chemical union of purest protein and organic phosphorus furnishes precisely the two elements most needed to restore *not only* the weakened digestion but the impoverished nerve cells as well.

This explains why Colonel Watterson, the famous American editor, was able to write:

"I do not think I could have recovered my vitality, as I have done, without this Sanatogen operating equally upon the digestive organs and nerve centers."

And why Hon. Wm. E. Chandler, former Secretary of the Navy, wrote:

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Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

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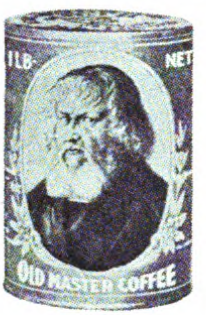
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TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, ALABAMA
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

October 25, 1915.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard,
East Aurora, Erie County,
New York.

My dear Mr. Hubbard:

I am more than pleased with the October Fra. It is so full of the very best matter that I despair of reading even half of it as it deserves before the next number arrives.

I am particularly struck with the sentiments as expressed in the editorials and articles. They have that old time buoyancy so characteristic of your good and noble father.

The pictures are a source of gratification, I am sure, to all his friends. They show how broad and useful was Mr. Hubbard's life.

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Yours very truly,

MLS

Booker T. Washington

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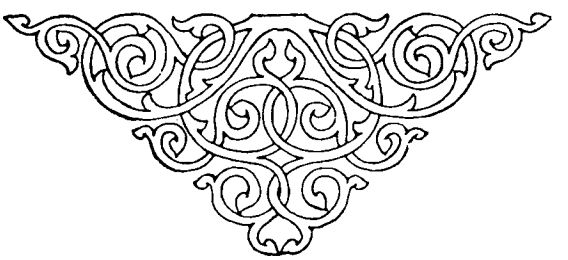
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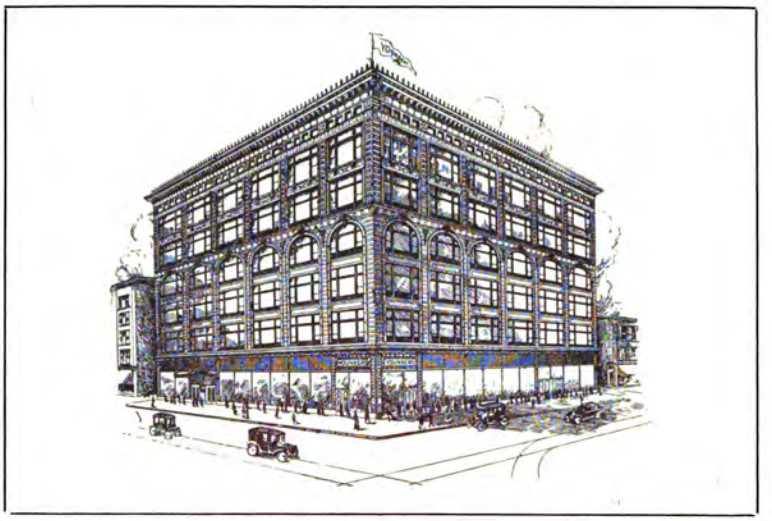
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BY THE ORIGINAL SWEDE

¶ For your own sake be good to your enemies, they can't crush you. In fact, they won't have any excuse when you give them a good cause to be friendly, by being one. Besides good rules over evil. They have a right to show you where to head in at when you do less for them than they do for you. Enemies are like vinegar is to pickles, they preserve our sanity.

¶ If it had n't been for my enemies I could never have discovered what electricity is. Say nothing of their boosting. To me they have surely been a great source of profit and are the backbone of a fortune; when I don't pay any attention to what they say about the good I am doing for myself by being good to them. Why! I could not write this dope if they had n't put me next to myself so I could help myself.

¶ Just think! my wife is even an enemy to my cause, for she would like to be boss, this gives me a chance to be good to her and land the job. No one wastes time hating a nobody, but most of us do not like those who can beat us at our own game of doing something for ourselves. The only way they can be beat, is to do our best at doing something for them. Anyway it 's to use methods just the opposite of deadbeats.

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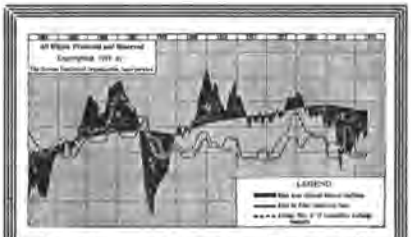
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I DO hold the buying of more books than one could peradventure read, as nothing less than the soul's reaching toward infinity; which is the only thing that raises us above the beasts that perish.—*Penmore.*

FEW people seem to realize that the stomach is the one organ of the body which, more than any other, is responsible for our health and happiness ☙ The stuff you put into your stomach will make or mar you. The right kind of food will make you the right kind of man; just as surely as illy proportioned or improperly cooked food will turn the genial current of your life awry. This subject of the balanced ration, so essential a factor to the well-being of the human machine, has been made a special study by Eugene Christian, F. S. D., one of the foremost dietetists in this country. For twenty-five years he has been preaching the Gospel of Wellness by the proper use of food ☙ We are glad to see that the results of his years of study and research have been incorporated into a little course of some twenty-four lessons, under the title of "Scientific Eating," the which is being offered for a nominal sum by the Corrective Eating Society, of Maywood, New Jersey. We commend this course to the consideration of all who would realize the blessings of Right Living—which is pretty much the same as Good Living.

☙

Nothing that can be poured out of a bottle and taken with a spoon will take the place of a sawbuck.

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MY share in the work of the world may be limited, but the fact that it is work makes it precious ❧ Darwin could work only half an hour at a time; yet in many diligent half-hours he laid anew the foundations of philosophy ❧ Green, the historian, tells us that the world is moved not only by the mighty shoves of the heroes, but also by the aggregate of the tiny pushes of each honest worker.

—*Helen Keller.*

❧

LET us learn to be content with what we have; let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals: a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of a genius; a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in return; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love—and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.—*David Swing.*

❧

Business is human service. Therefore, business is essentially a divine calling.



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How often, on the other hand, have you been attracted to men who knew precisely how to express themselves in appropriate, pithy, compelling language. By my original and intensely interesting lessons you can acquire in a few weeks' "spare-time study" a thorough command of accurate, forceful, persuasive English—so essential in business, professional, social, and public life. You have secret aspirations which this Course will materially help you to realize. You have unsuspected resources and powers within you awaiting development—powers which, properly developed, will place you in the front rank of successful men.

My new mail course in Practical English and Mental Efficiency not only will give you skill and power in your everyday use of language, but will shape your life by a thousand subtle influences, and open to you the gateway to vastly increased opportunities. By increasing your power of language I fit you for larger enterprise, leadership and achievement. I develop your concentration, self-control, diligence, and strength of will. Each lesson is brimful of practical suggestions—helpful ideas which you can use at once in your everyday life. I make your thought an expression trustworthy, and encourage you to depend upon your own great powers.

Grenville Kleiser

Sign and mail this Coupon for free particulars

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,
Dept. 488, New York City.
Without cost on my part send me by mail details of Kleiser's Mail Course in Practical English.

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LOCAL ADDRESS .....
P. O. ..... STATE .....

WHEN I can not feel the warmth of sun,
or smell the breath of grass,
When there is not color in a growing thing,
when kindness does not beat out its way;
When there is no music in the rainfall on the
leaves, when the touch of flesh to flesh
gives birth to no thrill;
When children's laughter is but noise, and
daylight fails to double life within;
Then happiness is gone, then am I dead.

—*Helen F. Kasson.*

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Hand-Hammered Copper



VASETTE FOR SMALL BLOSSOMS
Price, 50 Cents
Height, 4 inches



AMERICAN BEAUTY VASE
Price, $10.00
Height, 19 inches
Diameter of bowl, 8 inches



SINGLE FLOWER VASE
Japanese Style
Price, $2.00
Height, 8 inches



THE ROYCROFT BOWL
Price, $5.00
This bowl serves many purposes. It is generous in size and good-looking. When used as an apple-bowl, or for popcorn or nuts, it will be found very serviceable.
Diameter, 10¼ inches
Height, 5½ inches
Diameter, 13¼ inches — $9.00



SMALL FRUIT-TRAY
Price, $1.25
Diameter of tray, 8 inches



BONBON-BOX
Price, $5.00
This box has a removable crystal glass bowl. The copper cover is modeled in Poppy Design.
Inside Dimensions:
Diameter, 5 inches; Height, 2¼ inches

SEND FOR NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG
IT 'S FREE!

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

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International Motor Trucks

Prices quoted here are cash f. o. b., Akron, Ohio

At Reduced Prices

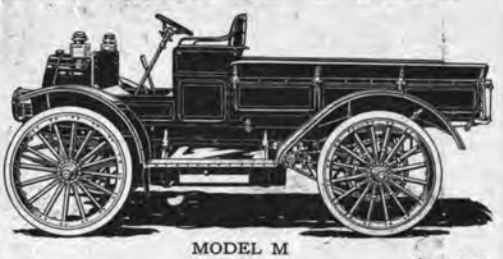
WON MEDAL OF HONOR AT SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION

A Better Truck at a Lower Price



MODEL MA

1,000 pounds capacity, air-cooled **$600**



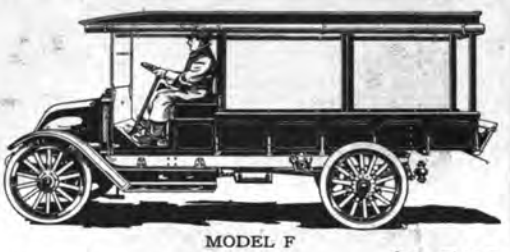
MODEL M

1,000 pounds capacity, water-cooled **$710**



MODEL E

1,500 pounds capacity, heavy duty motor . . . **$950**



MODEL F

2,000 pounds capacity, chassis only **$1,500**

INCREASED factory production made necessary by our large 1915 sales enables us to offer regular models of International Motor Trucks at prices heretofore unheard of in the motor truck industry. ¶ Compare the trucks shown here with any trucks of equal capacity. Buy where you find the best VALUE.

The basis of International Motor Truck success is SERVICE. We make it our business both BEFORE and AFTER a sale to see that our customers get full value for every dollar spent. That accounts for the record sales which have made necessary the construction at Akron, Ohio, of the biggest motor truck building plant in the world.

Thirteen thousand users of International Motor Trucks testify that they are worth the old prices. At these new prices, the lowest ever made for trucks of equal quality and capacity, International Motor Trucks are far and away the best bargain in the motor truck market today. Write to the address below for full description of these trucks and complete information.

International Harvester Company of America

(INCORPORATED)

160 Harvester Building **CHICAGO U S A**

Agents Wanted in Unoccupied Territory. Write, 'Phone or Wire

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PRIZE NAVAJO BLANKET!

This blanket was awarded FIRST PRIZE at the Navajo Indian Exhibition, Crownpoint, New Mexico, Independence Day, last year ❧ Indian traders, Collectors, and Navajos exhibited scores of wonderful and beautiful blankets, but the unanimous opinion was that the blanket pictured here was the very finest piece of Navajo weaving that ever came from the Reservation. ¶ It is made of Germantown yarn. The body is Oxford-gray; the center design white, with fine lines of black. The border is wine color, with border design in white. The two rows of design on both sides of the center are black with fine lines of white. It measures 5 x 8 feet ❧

NAVAJO RUGS AND ROYCROFT FURNITURE

THE "SCHMEDDING STANDARD" NAVAJO BLANKETS fit in with our ideas of the rare, the artistic and the harmonious. We find these superb creations of the Navajo Squaws just the thing to heighten the beauty of Roycroft Furniture, and to add to the atmosphere of rest, repose and comfort that is associated with the Roycroft Inn.

So we have NAVAJO BLANKETS and RUGS in every room—on the hearth before the crackling logs, on divans, in the library, the tea-house, the bedrooms, in cozy corners and nooks—everywhere you'll find "SCHMEDDING STANDARD" NAVAJO BLANKETS—rich, rare, beautiful, full of romance, depicting the pride, stoicism, dignity and picturesqueness of the Indian nature.

"SCHMEDDING STANDARD" NAVAJO BLANKETS are strikingly original, rarely repeated, and never exactly duplicated. They are selected by Mr. Schmedding himself. A guarantee of perfectness in design, weave, color and texture is given with each blanket.

As gifts there is nothing more desirable than NAVAJO RUGS or BLANKETS. Their quaintness, originality, durability and wide range of usefulness make them so.

Add to the beauty of your home, or the gladness of a friend, by making a "SCHMEDDING STANDARD" NAVAJO BLANKET or RUG your selection.

To that end write

JOSEPH SCHMEDDING

ALBUQUERQUE **NEW MEXICO**

N. B.—Ask The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y., to send you a copy of their new 64-page Catalog of Furniture, Copper, Leather, etc. It's Free!

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SAXON "SIX"

With Detachable All-Season Top



Complete, including both all-season top and touring-car top—$935

Closed Car Luxury at Touring Car Cost

Now — to countless men and women — the door swings open to enclosed car luxury — to its varied pleasures and privileges. The last barrier—that of cost—is swept away by the coming of this ***all-season*** Saxon "Six" at $935.

Among enclosed cars of fine *quality* this marks the record *low-price*. And it includes the ***touring car*** top as well as the detachable ***all-season*** top.

So—for but $150 more than the cost of the Saxon "Six" touring car — you really get three cars.

Three Fine Cars for the Price of One

First — ***for winter months*** — you have a luxurious enclosed car. The detachable top is designed with matchless skill. Its graceful contour blends harmoniously with the yacht-line beauty of the body.

Then — ***whenever you like*** — you can remove the sides of the ***all-season*** top and have a touring car with a permanent top — a type of body of growing popularity.

Finally—***for fair weather***—you can have an open touring car. Simply lift off the ***all-season*** top and substitute the touring-car top.

Look For These Class Car Attractions

Six-Cylinder high-speed motor. In power, speed, flexibility, acceleration, hill climbing, quietness, smoothness, and coolness under all conditions Saxon "Six" greatly surpasses—we believe—any car of like price.

Yacht-line beauty. Saxon "Six" exemplifies the latest vogue in body design.

Two-unit electric starting and lighting system of utmost efficiency.

Timken Axles and ***Timken Bearings*** throughout the chassis. Silent helical bevel drive gears. Improved body finish. Linoleum covered, aluminum bound running boards and floor boards. And a score more of noteworthy features. Go see the new Saxon "Six" with all-season top at your local dealer's.

SAXON
Strength-Economy-Service

"Six" Touring Car	$785
"Six" Roadster	785
"Six" Touring Car with detachable all-season top — touring car top included	935

Saxon "Four" Roadster $395

The Saxon "Four" Roadster is the greatest two-passenger motor car value on the market. Note these attractions — Three speed selective transmission: Saxon high-speed motor: Timken axles: Hyatt quiet bearings; Ventilating windshield; Signal lamps at side; Streamline body; Vanadium steel cantilever springs; Adjustable pedals; Honeycomb radiator; Dry plate clutch; and fifteen other further refinements. Saxon roadster costs only one-half cent per mile to operate. See this car at the nearest Saxon dealer's.

Standard Roadster, 4 cylinder.. (Electric starting and lighting, $50 extra.)	$395
Standard Roadster, with detachable coupe top—open roadster top included	455
Delivery Car, three-speed transmission	395

Saxon Motor Company

Detroit, Michigan

Upon request we will send you our magazine, "Saxon Days," with information about the new Saxon models. Address, Dept. III.

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Brunswick "Baby Grand" Pocket Billiard Style

"Jiminy Christmas!"

THAT'S what Tommy said when he arrived downstairs Christmas morning and saw the new "Baby"—the BRUNSWICK "BABY GRAND."

¶ You see, father, mother, and the bunch had decided to pool the money they usually spent on individual Christmas presents and buy the BRUNSWICK "BABY GRAND"—the deluxe pocket billiard-table made by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender people, the greatest billiard-table makers in the world.

¶ For they figured it out that the "BABY" would not only mean a merry Christmas for the whole family, but many happy days afterwards. And they were right.

¶ The BRUNSWICK "BABY GRAND" has brought happiness into thousands of American Homes. It has kept the boys at home—playing the game with dad, mother and sisters. It has dispelled the grouch and the gloom and kiboshed the frown and worry.

¶ The BRUNSWICK "BABY GRAND" surprises, delights, satisfies. It is magnificently made, splendidly appointed—a beautiful and beneficent means of home recreation.

¶ Be a sensible Santa Claus. Get a "BABY GRAND." Cash or easy payments. *Use the coupon.*

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
Dept. 27-B, 623-633 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me the free color-illustrated book, *"Billiards—The Home Magnet."*

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... *State* .....

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THE thought of the love of God can not be grasped in the slightest degree, even as a working hypothesis, by a man who does not know human love

—*Elbert Hubbard*



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OVE is All! I say to you that man hath not imagination enough to exaggerate the importance of love

—*Elbert Hubbard*



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P189.3

THE FRA

For Philistines and Roycrofters



January 1916

Michael Monahan
Robert J. Burdette
Ebenezer Elliott
Henry Chappell

An Elbert Hubbard
Little Journey

ELBERT HUBBARD
Publisher - East Aurora N.Y.

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Harvard College Library
Sept. 27, 1917
Gift of
Willis A. Boughton



WE know that Work is a blessing, that Winter is as necessary as Summer, that night is as useful as day, that death is a manifestation of life, and just as good. We believe in the Now and Here. We believe in You, and we believe in a Power that is in ourselves that makes for Righteousness.

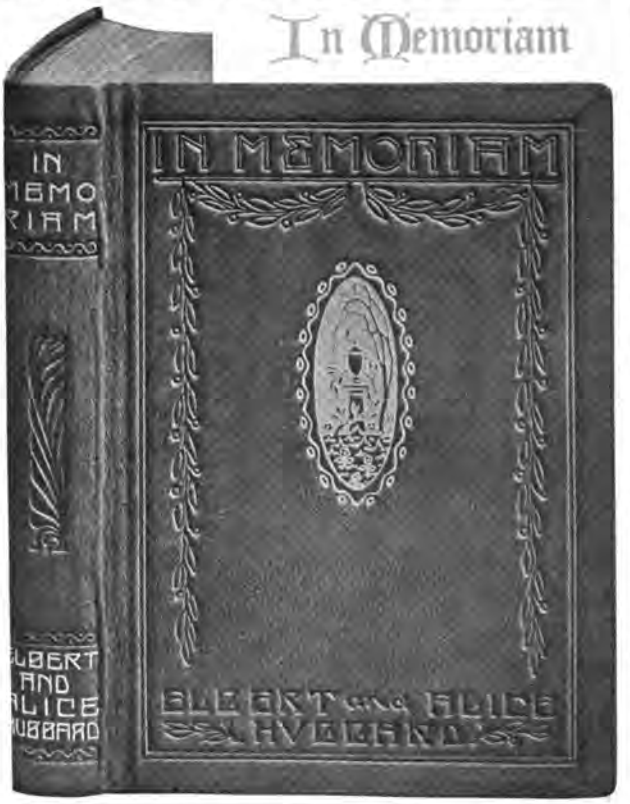
—*Elbert Hubbard*

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Wilton Lackaye
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In Memoriam we do not plan to reprint!—The Edition *IS* a limited edition and before long we shall have to write you "too late!" We particularly desire that each and every one of Elbert Hubbard's friends secure a copy—so we urge you, Order NOW! Elbert and Alice Hubbard belonged to the tribe of Ben Adhem—they loved their fellows. And **In Memoriam** is full of quaint and curious experiences, little intimacies and interesting confidences of men and women with whom they had clasped hands and exchanged greetings, or influenced with the magic of the written word.

In Memoriam is a book of 360 pages, beautifully printed in two colors on fine paper, illustrated with ten photographs in half-tone, and bound in sage-green, semi-flexible, antique sheepskin.

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It is given FREE as a PREMIUM to NEW *FRA* SUBSCRIBERS or to OLD *FRA* SUBSCRIBERS *renewing* or *extending* their subscription. Or, you may have the book sent to yourself and *THE FRA* sent to a friend for a year. Send TWO DOLLARS *at once* as a subscription to *THE FRA* for a year if you wish to own this wonderful and unique world tribute to the memory and lives of Elbert and Alice Hubbard. This edition is limited.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

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All Roycrofters in Chicago

ARE INVITED TO VISIT "THE ROYCROFT SHOP" AT MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY'S GREAT STORE

A Complete Department in itself is the Marshall Field & Company's Roycroft Shop—and there you will find the Handmade Copper and Candy, Leather and Books, Baskets and what not, that have brought fame to the Roycroft Craftsmen

THERE you will find on display a carefully selected assortment of flower-vases, bowls, desk-sets, sconces, trays, smoking-sets, etc., all hammered and worked by hand from copper sheets at the Roycroft.
Also, artistically designed pieces of Modeled Leather — hand-bags, bill-folds, card-cases, manicure-sets, photo-cases, kodak-albums, table-mats, pillows, etc.

Marshall Field & Company's "Roycroft Shop"

should be visited by all interested in the work of The Roycrofters. Further, such a visit will suggest to you many beautiful things which will make unique Christmas Presents, and surely there are one or two Presents which you have not yet bought.

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THE FRA

How Foods Affect Your Health and Efficiency

Noted Scientist Shows How Certain Combinations of Good Foods Are Responsible for over 90% of All Sickness While Other Combinations Produce Sparkling Health, Greatly Increased Efficiency and Surprisingly Long Life. 23,000 Cases Recorded.

Twenty years ago Eugene Christian was at death's door. For years he had suffered the agonies of acute stomach and intestinal trouble. His doctors—among them the most noted specialists in this country—gave him up to die. He was educated for a doctor, but got no relief from his brother physicians, so as a last resort he commenced to study the food question, especially its relation to the human system, and as a result of what he learned he succeeded in *literally eating his way back to perfect health* without drugs or medicines of any kind—and in a remarkably short space of time.

Today Eugene Christian is a man of 55 years young. He has more pep, more ginger, vitality, and physical endurance than most youngsters in their 'teens. He literally radiates energy and power.



EUGENE CHRISTIAN

The Discovery of a Great Truth

So remarkable was his discovery that Christian knew he had discovered a great truth which, fully developed, would result in a new science—**the science of Correct Eating.**

From that day to this he has devoted his life to corrective and curative feedings, and the results of his efforts have bordered on the miraculous.

Without **special** foods, drugs or medicines of any kind, he has successfully treated over 23,000 people for almost every kind of non-organic ailment known, and he has brought a new kind of health and vitality—a new type of personal efficiency, and a greater capacity for pleasure and increased longevity to thousands—many of whom came to him as a last resort.

Wrong Eating Causes 90% of Disease

After his twenty years of study and practice, Eugene Christian has come to the definite conclusion that the reason most people are below par physically and mentally most of the time—the reason that business men break down at middle age, and the reason that the average life of man is only 39 years, is simply because we don't know how to properly select and combine our foods.

Very often good foods, when eaten in combination with other foods, create a chemical action in the digestive tract and are converted into dangerous toxic poisons, which, according to Eugene Christian, are responsible for over 90 per cent. of all sickness. In other words, good foods wrongly combined will cause acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation and numerous sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

The evils of toxic-poisoning have been brought out by Professor Metchnikoff in his treatise on the "Prolongation of Life" and by many other modern scientists. But most efforts in the past have been designed solely to remove the effect, wholly disregarding the cause, by cleansing out the system and removing the poisons *after* they had formed.

A Method of Removing the Cause

Christian, however, has gone a step further. He has discovered a scientific method of both preventing and removing the cause of toxic poisoning instead of waiting until the poisons accumulate. He has proved that just as some combinations of ordinary food produce slow consuming poisons that wreck the system, other combinations of food taken in the right proportions become the greatest tonics for health, efficiency and long life ever discovered. And a wonderful feature of his method is that results come practically with the very first meal.

Your Food Is Your Fuel

Food is the fuel of the human system. And just as certain fuels will produce definite results when consumed in a furnace, so will certain foods produce the desired results when put into the human furnace. Yet not one person in a thousand has any knowledge of food as fuel. Some of the combinations we eat every day are as inefficient and dangerous as soggy wood, wet leaves, mud, sawdust and a little coal would be for a furnace. No wonder man is only 50 per cent efficient—no wonder the average life is only 39 years—no wonder diseases of the human liver and kidneys have increased 103 per cent. within the past 50 years.

What People Say

"I am feeling fine again, thanks to you and your course of lessons on Scientific Eating. There ought to be 100,000 men practicing Scientific Eating in America."F. A. Fuby, Niagara Falls, So. Ontario, Canada.

"I am delighted beyond expression with the lessons. They have proved invaluable to me and have revolutionized both my diet and my health."—Olive M. Sees, 725 East Tipton St., Huntington, Ind.

"Your work on Scientific Eating is invaluable. It is with much pleasure that I recommend your course to prospective students everywhere."—Chas. A. Ittel, 1218 Tremont Ave., No. Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Your course in Scientific Eating is wonderful because it has simplified both the chemistry of the body and the chemistry of the food and teaches one how to unite these two branches of science so as to make our food prevent and cure disease."—Eugene A. Ayres, Harrington Park, N. J.

"I think the Almighty sends men on the earth at different periods with independent and fearless minds to rectify the wrongs that have been taught, and reveal the truth in all its simplicity."—Edward Brook, 10 No. 10th W. Sts., Salt Lake City, Utah.

"I have read of you for years, and I have recently looked over some of your work. You are doing much for humanity. I congratulate you on your latest contribution to the health and happiness of man."—Dr. V. M. George, 2395 N. High St., Columbus, Ohio.

Little Lessons in Correct Eating

(24 Pocket-Size Booklets in Leatherette Case)

By EUGENE CHRISTIAN

Send No Money—Only $3 if You Keep Them

Christian's 24-Lesson Course in Scientific Eating is written expressly for the layman. There is an almost entire absence of technical terms, and every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding. Reasons are given for every recommendation, and every statement is based not upon theory, but upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice.

But the course does n't merely tell you why you should practice Scientific Eating and what the results will be, it also gives actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness for all ages from infancy to old age and covering all occupations, climates and seasons.

Each and every one of these menus has been employed for its purpose of increasing efficiency and restoring health not merely once but many times—with almost invar able success before finding a place in the Course, so that every vestige of experiment has been removed.

No Special Food Required

In no case are patented or proprietary foods prescribed. You can get all of the foods out of your garden, at your local stores or in any restaurant. It is not necessary to upset your table to follow Christian's suggestions—neither is it necessary to eat things you don't enjoy or to which you are not accustomed. You will marvel at the simplicity of the methods as much as you will at the results which come after the very first meal. The lessons are indexed and you can turn to any subject and apply the suggestions the day you get the course. Each lesson is in a separate bound booklet which you can slip in your pocket, and the 24 booklets come in an attractive leatherette container for your library or for permanent preservation.

Well or Sick, Young or Old

Every thinking man or woman—young or old—well or sick—should know the science of correct eating. The saying that most people dig their graves with their teeth is as true as Gospel. Yet Christian shows in his 24 lessons how easy and simple it is to eat your way back to perfect health and up to a new type of physical and mental power. Most people who are healthy today are so **not because** but in **spite** of the way they eat, and even the strongest of us must some day pay the penalty for the abuse we inflict unconsciously on our digestive organs, simply because we don't know how to select and combine our foods. It is the almost invariable experience with those who follow the simple suggestions and menus contained in Christian's Course that they enjoy a new type of health.

Health and Success

The relationship of health to material success is so close that the result of Christian's teaching is a form of personal efficiency which puts his pupils head and shoulders above their less fortunate brothers. Everyone knows that the best ideas, plans and methods are worked out when you are brim full of vitality—when you feel full of "ginger." The better you feel—the better work you can do. The Christian Course has almost times without number been the means of bringing great material prosperity to its students by endowing them with health so perfect that work seems like play.

Send No Money

The price of the Christian Course of twenty-four lessons — containing rules, methods and actual menus which are literally priceless—is only $3.00. We will gladly send you the course without deposit for five days' free inspection. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be mailed you at once all charges prepaid. Then if you decide to keep the course, you can send the money. If not, you can mail the books back to us; no obligation will have been incurred. If the more than 300 pages contained in Christian's Course yield but one single suggestion that will bring you greater health, you will get many times the cost of the Course back in personal benefit—yet hundreds write us that they find vital help on every page. Tear out and mail the coupon or write a letter now, before you forget as this announcement may not appear here again.



24 Pocket-Size Booklets Leatherette Container

Mail this coupon or write a letter

Send me the "Christian Course in Scientific Eating." I will either remail it within five days or send you $3.00.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, INC.

171 Hunter Avenue **Maywood, New Jersey**

Mail to Corrective Eating Society, Inc., 171 Hunter Avenue, Maywood, N. J.

Partial Contents

Three great laws that govern life.

What food is and its true purpose.

Digestion, assimilation and metabolism.

Chemistry of the body and the chemistry of food.

How wrong eating causes disease.

How foods establish health by removing causes of disease.

How to select, combine, and proportion your food, according to age, sample menus.

Obesity, cause and cure, sample menus.

The business man—right and wrong ways of living, sample menus.

Superacidity, fermentation, gastric catarrh and intestinal gas and auto-intoxication. Causes, sample menus.

What to eat and omit for all stomach and intestinal disorders.

Intestinal congestion (constipation), cause and cure, sample menus for the four seasons of the year.

Nervousness—cause and cure, sample menus.

Curative menus; for each season of year for manual laborer and sedentary worker.

Diagnosis simplified and made practical.

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ROYCROFTERS IN ST. LOUIS, ATTENTION!

THE Stix, Baer & Fuller Company (the "Grand Leader" Store of St. Louis) have made arrangements with The Roycrofters to display and sell Roycroft Goods in that city. They have been given the Exclusive Roycroft Agency.

¶ For Unusual Gifts, Artistic Gifts — Gifts to be appreciated, Lasting Gifts, visit Stix, Baer & Fuller Company's "Roycroft Shop" in St. Louis.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

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So Tired—

¶ The weariness that begs you to go to sleep right where you are—and that wakes you wide, wide awake as soon as the lights are out. Yet you owe yourself to society—and you must keep your freshness and vivacity. Be careful what you take to "keep going"—you need a tonic—a harmless one—

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic



¶ Take it with each meal—you'll find it wholesomely invigorating—strengthening—nourishing. A wine glassful before retiring will act as a nerve rest—turn social "fag" into pleasurable sleepiness.

¶ Recommended for all who are overworked by society or bread-winning.



All Druggists—Most Grocers

¶ Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product, not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14½ per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

Interesting Booklet on Request

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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Come—Hang Up Your Stocking With Us!!

TO all those who have no Kiddies of their own, or no particular place to go Christmas-Day, we give the invitation to come along to East Aurora and spend the Eve and the Day or week with The Roycrofters; to share our tree and be one with us. Never mind your name or fame. Whoever you are, there is a place here for you. You will be welcome ❧ Come help us celebrate the feast of Old Saint Nick, who, we are told by the Savants, is the "patron saint of travelers, sailors and pawnbrokers." Glory be to him! ❧ ❧



The Roycroft Inn

East Aurora · = = = New York

THE man scrambles out of bed, leaps into his clothes, flops down at the breakfast-table, gulps thrice, races down the street, swings on to a car, elbows into the elevator, flings open the office-door—and sits down and reads the morning paper for an hour ❧ Morning after morning does he until his friends lament over a premature grave. He has rushed through a long life into a long eternity. He has n't stopped to masticate life. ¶ There is lots of nourishment in life, if eaten properly. Stevenson, who had solved the *x* and *y* of the equation we call life, put it in words that shout: "Some people swallow the universe like a pill."

We gobble through life, these days. Life is really a very pleasant feast, with the music of the sphere as an orchestra, but we gulp it down as if it were a dairy lunch on the nearest corner. ¶ Many times have we been told that life is what we make it ❧ And many make it a pill! "Keeping up with business" is laudable; but we shouldn't have to put one hand on the hearse to keep up with the procession. We are merely tearing off the leaves of life without looking to see how far the calendar is numbered. ¶ Hurry is a brother to Worry, and we all know what Worry killed. And its victim had nine lives! Beware of the Hurry and Worry Brothers ❧ Many people can "see" a World's Fair in a day ❧ Others stay all Summer and leave regretting that they can't make another tour. They have been masticating.

European waiters firmly believe that stomach trouble is as catching in the States as the measles ❧ The second day that a London

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waiter serves an American he greets him with, "And how is your stomach today, sir?"

You can rush and hurry all you want to, but you can't get away from a mistreated stomach. It will follow you up day and night with an accusing finger.

Dispatch in business is all well and good. But we become so contaminated with it that it affects us at the family hearth, or at the seashore. Business should be left behind locked doors. Life outside the door marked "Private" should be digested ☙ The will-o'-the-wisp just ahead is alluring; but if we bolt our life for it, we find by that stern old schoolma'am, Experience, that it gets farther and farther ahead, until at last we stumble into the final bog.

Let us be Epicureans at life's table—but let us fletcherize.—*Homer Croy.*

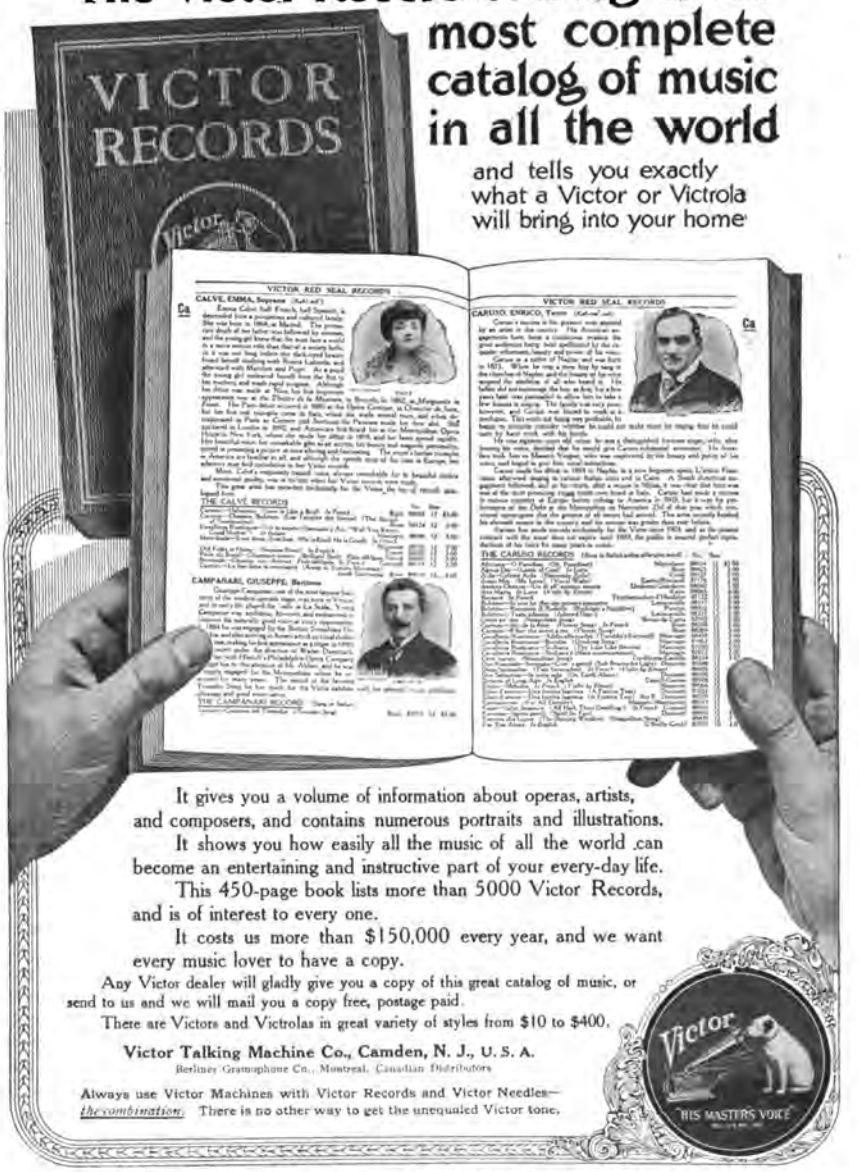
❧

I DOUBT whether anything in the world can beautify a soul more spontaneously, more naturally, than the knowledge that somewhere in its neighborhood there exists a pure and noble being whom it can unreservedly love. When the soul has veritably drawn near to such a being, beauty is no longer a lovely, lifeless thing, that one exhibits to the stranger, for it suddenly takes unto itself an imperious existence, and its activity becomes so natural as to be henceforth irresistible. Wherefore, you will do well to think it over, for none are alone, and those who are good must watch.

—*Maeterlinck.*

❧

The art of winning in business lies in working hard, and not taking the game too seriously.



New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

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EDMOND R. MORAS, M. D.

Autology

The new scientific word "AUTOLOGY," coined by Mrs. Moras and myself, has now been accepted by The New Universities Dictionary as a standard word of the English language.

Doctor Moras has written a Commonsense Book on *Autology*, and by so doing has placed the Standard of the Creed of Health further to the front than any other man who has lived for a thousand years.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

I have read your *Autology* with care. It has been of unusual interest throughout, and from beginning to end makes a splendid environment for producing active thought.—*Luther Burbank.*

I say this is a book. There are men and men; but there is much difference. When it comes to measuring men by an ideal standard there are but a few; the same is true of books. *Autology*, by E. R. Moras, M. D., **is a book.**—*Dr. J. H. Tilden, Editor of "The Philosophy of Health," Denver, Colo.*

Autology saved my life. Three of the best physicians here told me I would be compelled to have an operation for **Appendicitis.** Nevertheless I have had no pain or indications of it since following *Autology* **eight years ago.** It has been nothing less than a "Godsend" to me.—*Mrs.C.K.G.* (Name on request.)

I am getting better of the **hardening of the arteries**; all dizziness and heart thumping have disappeared.—*E. C. C.* (Name on request.)

We consider *Autology* one of the most wonderful books ever written.—*"Physical Culture" Magazine.*

Well or Sick, You Need "Autology"

AUTOLOGY is no theory, no fad, no creed. It is the Science of Livingness. It deals with the *practical business* of your *body and brain* as you have learned to deal with the practical business of your home affairs, plants and flowers, your land and grain, your dollars and cents.



With AUTOLOGY there need be no such thing as pain and sickness in your life. AUTOLOGY means truly "A Happy New-Year—and many of them!"—the supreme happiness of health. AUTOLOGY means bodily and mental freedom. Do you realize what that means? Do you want it? Then write for

"GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY"

which will give you the priceless information. It is FREE—ABSOLUTELY FREE!

No matter what ails you it will pay you to investigate. ¶ EVERY SUBJECT is treated not only in a unique way, in plain, every-day language, as interesting as any novel, but is as vital to your well-living as breathing and eating.

EVERY CHAPTER is a gem and contains a wealth of information whose *health and brain value* can not be reckoned in dollars and cents.

AND REMEMBER—IT 'S FREE! SEND FOR "GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY" TODAY!

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519 SHERIDAN ROAD HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS

Harvard University Medical School, '88; College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago) '89; Formerly House Physician and Surgeon in Cook County Hospital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics, College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago).

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Anticipating Telephone Needs

When a new subscriber is handed his telephone, there is given over to his use a share in the pole lines, underground conduits and cables, switchboards, exchange buildings, and in every other part of the complex mechanism of the telephone plant.

It is obvious that this equipment could not be installed for each new connection. It would mean constantly rebuilding the plant, with enormous expense and delay. Therefore, practically everything but the telephone instrument must be in place at the time service is demanded.

Consider what this involves. The telephone company must forecast the needs of the public. It must calculate increases in population in city and country. It must figure the growth of business districts. It must estimate the number of possible telephone users and their approximate location everywhere.

The plant must be so designed that it may be added to in order to meet the estimated requirements of five, ten and even twenty years. And these additions must be ready in advance of the demand for them—as far in advance as it is economical to make them.

Thus, by constantly planning for the future and making expenditures for far-ahead requirements when they can be most advantageously made, the Bell System conserves the economic interest of the whole country while furnishing a telephone service which in its perfection is the model for all the world.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

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For Roycroft Goods in Brooklyn

Messrs. Abraham & Straus have set aside a special department in their Store for the exhibition and sale of Roycroft Goods.

THE ROYCROFT SHOP AT ABRAHAM & STRAUS

displays a select assortment of Roycroft Craftsmanship — articles in hand-hammered copper — vases, bowls, serving-trays, smoking-sets, sconces, desk-sets, etc. Also, exquisitely-modeled leather shopping-bags, bill-folds, mats, card-cases, manicure-cases, etc. Also, Roycroft Books in Medium-Priced and Fine Bindings.

How swiftly the last few weeks have sped away and you have not had time to complete your Gift List! The "Roycroft Shop" of Abraham & Straus may solve that problem for you.

Make a call — TODAY.

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Gifts in Imperishable Copper



C-703 — DESK-SET — Complete, $18.00

Prices of Single Pieces

C-703 R	Desk-Pad, 16 x 20 inches	$7.50
C-703 S	Ink-Pot	3.50
C-703 T	Stationery-Holder	3.50
C-703 U	Pen-Tray	2.00
C-703 W	Paper-Knife	1.50



DESK OR BOUDOIR CLOCK

PRICE, $6.00

Height, 4¾ inches



C-504

PERPETUAL CALENDAR

PRICE, $1.00

Height, 3½ inches



C-405

CANDLEHOLDER

PRICE, $2.00

Diameter, 4½ inches



C-301 — BOOK-ENDS

PRICE, the pair, $2.50

Height, 5 inches



C-305 — BOOK-ENDS

PRICE, the pair, $4.00

Height, 5¾ inches

Modeled in Poppy Design





C-1101 — JEWEL-CASKET

PRICE, $35.00 Size, 10 x 6 x 5 inches high

With two removable trays and compartment beneath.

Lined with brown ooze-calf.

SEND FOR FREE ROYCROFT CATALOG OF GIFTS!

The Roycrofters East Aurora New York

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Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway Station — Orchard Park, N. Y.

HOW TO HOLD A CUSTOMER

TWENTY-FIVE **THOUSAND** visitors, say, come to the Roycroft each year, a large percentage over the Pennsylvania Railroad. The Roycrofters have attracted many Buffalo businessmen to live in East Aurora; four hundred commuters go in and out of the city each day over the Pennsylvania Railroad. The volume of The Roycrofters' mail has secured for East Aurora a "First-Class" Postoffice; we are told it is the only one in the United States in a Village of this size. All United States mail from East Aurora is carried by the Pennsylvania Railroad. ¶ The Roycrofters receive about 60 carloads of coal, 55 carloads of paper, 10 carloads of lumber a year, besides large quantities of other materials — all over the Pennsylvania Railroad. The Roycrofters' outgoing shipments total about 25 carloads of freight and 15 carloads of express a year, besides a carload of Mail every week! ¶ We offer this, in all modesty, to prove that The Roycrofters are GOOD CUSTOMERS of the Pennsylvania Railroad. ¶ East Aurora is a village of 4,000 people; covers a square mile; incorporated; principal streets brick-paved, others macadamized; has a sewerage system costing $125,000; one of the best water systems in the State; electric lights; natural gas, and just a few days ago we voted to build a new Public School to cost $125,000. A golf-club has been organized, with capital of $25,000. The links will be ready to play on next Summer — and the Pennsylvania Railroad Station that "receives" the wayfarer is a less desirable structure than the Roycroft Pig-Pen. ¶ Above and below are given pictures of the Pennsylvania Station at East Aurora and the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway Station at Orchard Park (population, 1,000), a village seven miles away. Is the request we make out of reason; is there anything the Pennsylvania Officials can learn in PROGRESS from the B. R. & P. Ry. Officials? ¶ We submit it to the American public and the Pennsylvania Officials whether or not East Aurora should have a new Railroad-Station — when it is taken into consideration that the present incubus is an eye-shock and an abomination — and as old as Methuselah's uncle



Pennsylvania Railroad Station — East Aurora, N. Y.

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REDDY RINGLETS

A Christmas Story

By ELBERT HUBBARD

¶ Her name was Reddy Ringlets and her father's name was Daddy. "Daddy who?" ¶ "Just Daddy," and she looked up in big surprise. ¶They found her in Golden Gate Park after the Big Fire, cold and hungry, half-dressed and half-shod, hugging an old wax doll with a broken nose. ¶ She was looking for her "Daddy" and her "Precious."
In the confusion and dread tumult following the Great Earthquake and Fire, whole families were separated and dismembered, literally strewn to the winds. Some were destined never again to see those dear, familiar faces called father, mother, sister, brother. Reddy Ringlets was one of these. ¶ That is the basis of Elbert Hubbard's "Christmas Carol"—*Reddy Ringlets*, or the

TALE OF THE EMPTY STOCKING

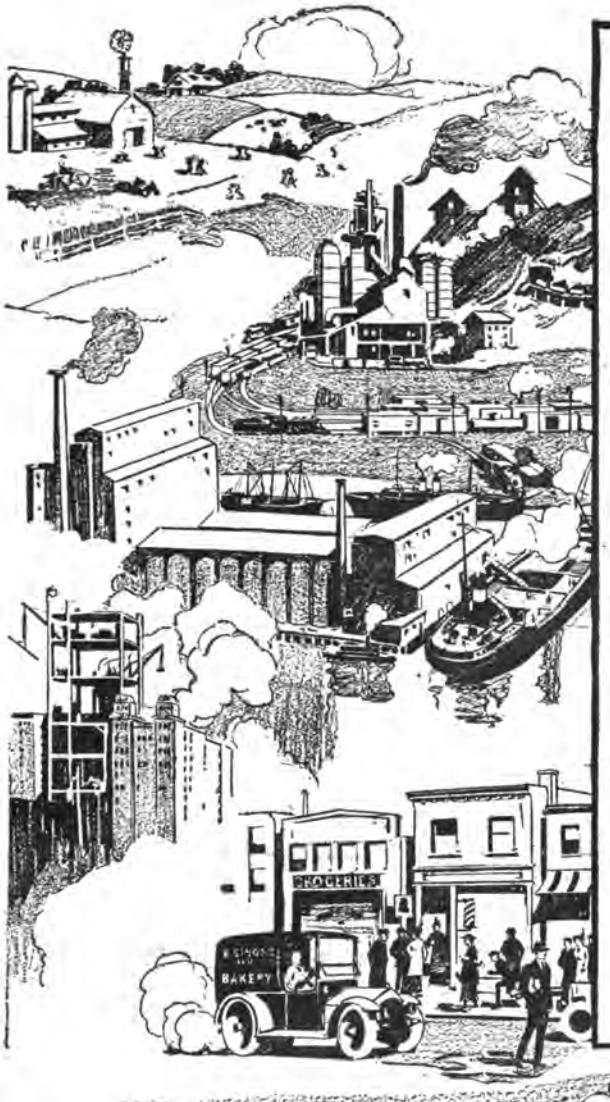
It is a dainty little volume, size 6½ inches x 4½ inches, printed on that Prince of Papers, Japan Vellum, and bound in Ooze-Leather. The inside covers are lined with moire-silk. Title stamped in gold.
You wish to give some one an appropriate reminder of this Joyous Yuletide? *Reddy Ringlets* is that very thing. It is not only a work of material worth, a thing of beauty—paper, printing, binding—but it breathes the very Soul and Spirit of Christmas, strong, pulsating, pathetic—the innocent trust of an abandoned child in her Santa Claus that is almost cruelly shattered.

Reddy Ringlets, Price, $1.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

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Business is booming!



Dayton, Ohio.

Merchants everywhere tell our 800 salesmen that business is booming.

Farmers have had two record crops, at big prices, with big demand at home and abroad.

Stocks of manufactured material are short, and labor is in great demand.

Exports largely exceed imports.

Factories are busy, many working overtime.

More freight cars are needed, and steamers are taxed to capacity.

People are living better, and spending their money more freely.

This country has the best money in the world, and more of it than ever before.

Such a combination of favorable circumstances never has occurred before, and probably will never occur again.

Billions of dollars are passing over the merchants' counters.

The people who spend this money want the best service.

They demand it in all kinds of stores, from the smallest to the largest.

They get it in stores which use our up-to-date Cash Registers, which quicken service, stop mistakes, satisfy customers, and increase profits.

Over a million merchants have proved our Cash Registers to be a business necessity.

[*Signed*]

John H. Patterson



Write for booklet to
The National Cash Register Company,
Dayton, Ohio.

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What We Will Print For You!



Correct Calling-Cards and businesslike Business-Cards

Business Stationery that will not shriek or bite the hand of him who reads

Appropriate Little Booklets; you furnish Text or we 'll furnish Text, and No Extra Charge

Private Compositions in Broadside Form—Poetry especially—when you want a limited number of copies *made right*

Greetings, Proclamations, Resolutions—Printed on Fine Vellum or Handmade Paper in one or more colors—type or hand-lettered

Personal Embossed Monogram Stationery

Catalogs—that will not compete with the Mad Job-Printer's Dream of Luxury

Envelope-Fillers—especially some of Elbert Hubbard's Mottoes—with your advertisement on them

Private Books or Very Limited Editions, printed and put together by Masters of the Craft

Circulars, Posters, Illustrated Inserts of all kinds, Price-Lists—anything!

No matter how Large the Order you send us—or how Small the Order—it will receive scrupulous attention—it will be printed by men who know their business; it will be delivered ON TIME.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

The Prices we shall ask will be *no more than you generally pay* for haphazard work



Will you send us an Order for What You Need this Month?

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LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF CHARLES LOUNSBURY

Here is a copy of the will of an insane lawyer—at least folks said he was insane, but perhaps he was n't—I really don't know.

I CHARLES LOUNSBURY, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order as justly as may be to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men. That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderate and of no account, I make no disposal of in my will.

My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath: ITEM: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly and generously, as the needs of their children may require.

ITEM: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children, the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the milky way to wonder at, but subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

ITEM: I devise to boys jointly all the useful fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snowclad hills where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim Winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods and their appurtenances, the squirrels and the birds, the echoes and the strange noises, and all distant things which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any encumbrance or care.

ITEM: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need; as the stars of the sky; the red roses by the wall; the bloom of the hawthorn; the sweet strains of music, and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

ITEM: To young men jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous and inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and the undaunted confidence in their own strength, though they are rude; I give them the power of making lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses, to sing with lusty voices.

ITEM: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live over the old days again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

ITEM: To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

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THE FRA

DEVOTED·TO·BUSINESS·AND
THE·BUSINESS·OF·LIVING

FELIX SHAY
EDITOR
JOHN T. HOYLE
MANAGING
EDITOR



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ELBERT HUBBARD · PUBLISHER

Vol. XVI JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN No. 4

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The Sterner Side of Elbert Hubbard

Bert Hubbard



GENEROUS, forgiving, kindly in his every-day life, there were times when a very stern side of his nature would show itself ❧ ❧

To know him as thousands did—by a hand-shake, a smile and a look of approval from his big eyes, a bit of pleasantry or a cheery letter—meant simply to see the one side. This side is what made for him a world of personal friends, who took his passing as an individual loss.

But allowing that his smile and words spread more cheer in the world than most men have equaled, it must be admitted that there was the other in his make-up ❧ I don't mean an unjust nature—but the stern, fighting quality. Any man who could think as he did and write such pointed, fearless attacks on shams, humbugs, hypocrisy, and all things wrong as he saw them, surely had some kick and punch in his make-up.

IN my childhood, I at once had a most profound love for him together with a sort of fear that made me respect his word or wish without back talk.

He always thought clearly and made his decisions quickly ❧ Very seldom was there a change of verdict. And I knew it. To argue the case was usually disastrous. It was yes or no! ❧ ❧

But as I look back over the years, there are only a very few instances of his showing extreme severity that I can remember. Perhaps it is because I was such a good boy.

TWICE only did he resort to extremes with me. Once it was calmly done, without anger, but entirely for my own good—as I was told. My dear Mother had been annoyed for some time by my going away to play without her permission ❧ ❧

I think I was about ten years old. It was after

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supper, and I had gone out to take a ride on my three-wheeled "bike." I was barefooted and wore knee-pants. When I came home I heard Father whistle from out in the chicken-yard. Looking over there, I beheld him standing beside a peach-tree trimming up a nice sprout about four feet long. Have you ever noticed how nice and straight peach-tree sprouts grow? I never did before that, but I always have since. Gee, how I wished I had put on my shoes and stockings! That little switch did n't do a thing but put rings on my legs, and they would n't come off in a hurry either

ANOTHER time (also barefooted) I was treated to a genuine trimming with a horsewhip. My offense was not in proportion to the beating, but Dad was mad. His day at the soap-factory had been a bad one, and he was much off-key when he came home. Just because I had blown the insides out of eight fancy duck-eggs and half a setting of high-priced bantam-eggs, to add the shells to my birds'-egg collection, never seemed sufficient excuse for what I got. But that anger stored up at the factory had to get out in some way or other

Like all boys I had thought I would some day run away from home. Here was my excuse! But then I thought of what I would do at night Mother would n't be there. I was wavering. Mother took my part. Besides in two days Dad brought me out a regular two-wheeled bicycle. And thus was a crisis averted. I might possibly be an admiral in the navy now—who knows?

THOSE are the only times he ever whipped me, although I have had all that was coming to me in other sorts of punishment. He was a severe taskmaster and at times very unreasonable. Often, though, like most men, he gave the fellow who did n't deserve it, the other fellow's call. I wonder if I got mine because I was easiest to get at! Men scold their wives and children more than any one else, and Elbert Hubbard was first and last a very human sort of man.

He was a successful businessman and the big bunch of people on his payroll sometimes had to be shaken up by their heels. Sometimes it would be a deliberate plan of action, and other times a result of some particular disturbing element that would start him on a tour of the whole shops. The word would fly ahead: "John's on the warpath—look out!" So when he reached the Bindery the paper would be picked up off the floor, unnecessary lights turned off, and every binder bent over his bench.

If the Printshop happened to be first on the visiting-list, there were usually a couple of fire-pails needed filling, dirt on the stairs, a press left with ink on the rollers when not in use, and perhaps a bunch of boys chewing the rag and fine-cut over in a corner. Each of these little things got corrected at once—excuses did n't go. Once, when I was feeding press, I talked back when being called down. Next day, Father took me off the press and sent me to the garden to pull weeds for just one week. I could come back at the end of that time if I was sure I could do as I was told!

ELBERT HUBBARD was withal a man very easy to approach. You always had a chance to state your case if you attempted it when conditions were right. He would always listen to you—give you an hour if necessary. But you never could convince him if your basis was wrong. He was quick to see weakness because of his own strength. On account of his generous nature and the ease with which people could get at him, he was many times taken advantage of, stung, held up and trimmed. But let him realize he was being imposed on or his pocket touched, and you never saw a prettier fight. Once the scrap was on, he would go the limit. Lawsuits were only determined by the court of last resort.

Beat him to it though, and you found a game loser. He would come across quick, square up, smile and forget it. He never whined, beefed or crawled I never knew him to apologize but once, just to prove the exception. Sometimes an apology would have been quite in order. Instead he would bestow some kindness on the sufferer next day. He lived his motto, "Explanations do not explain." But the severe side of his nature was about one to ten of the other. It was necessary, though, to the make-up of such a man as he was.

I have had to search my memory very thoroughly for enough matter to cover this particular characteristic in Elbert Hubbard. For constantly in my mind flashes the generous, kindly and forgiving nature that made him a boy with his boys.

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"I speak Truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and I dare a little more as I grow older."

FELICITATIONS

Felix Shay

Preparedness For Us



OU remember how the doughty Robley D. Evans sailed the battleship *Oregon* around the Horn when Cerveras' Mosquito Fleet was on the fly. The *Oregon* was the then pride of the Navy; "Fighting Bob," the hero of the hour. How formidable was that floating fortress—its embattled turrets—its lean, hungry guns. How complete the Protection it gave us! How grateful were we! Yet within five years of Ninety-eight, the *Oregon* was obsolete, discarded, a sorrowful hulk, paint-peeled, and deserted of its spick-and-span bluejackets, anchored to an out-of-the-way wharf in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, scheduled for the scrap-heap.

Five years! Why, almost before a Battleship is sent down the ways into the water, a new invention has made it impotent. Five years, indeed! What fears, what follies in Preparedness can be crowded into that short time! ❧ No matter! Cut down the schoolteacher's wage, let the ramshackle school-buildings stand, tax the farmer, conscript the manufacturer, pack the youth off to a Soldiers' Drill-Ground, destroy the Ideals of peace and plenty! Lock up Democracy, give us a Military Caste and Class! Let us prepare for War!

OH, we know the politicians have the word Preparedness on their tongue, under their tongue, around their tongue. It rolls well! It tastes well! Therefore, let us be gorged with it! No matter that we recall that the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* in Sixty-two made all the then existing Battleships seem playthings, a pity to destroy. No matter that we realize all the Death Implements manufactured in this frenzy of the Jingo must be replaced long ere the wished-for war will come! What is experience? No matter that the Mechanical Inventions of this World War have demonstrated man's inability to cope with them except with impossible slaughter. Sound the drum, blow the bugle! Make way for the Recruiting Sergeant! No matter that Submarines *are* effective, and that within five years Battleships that float on water will be as so much junk—an inviting target for the Invisible!—we must have at least ten new "Dreadnaughts" this year! ❧ No matter that within five years Air-Ships may be able to dump down on a sleeping city Asphyxiating-Bombs that will kill all within a radius of ten miles. We must enlarge West Point and build a North Wing on Annapolis. ¶ No matter that Sand Forts hastily thrown together in Russia have withstood best the bombardment of the German siege-guns. Let us erect Skyscraper Forts in the Bad Lands and arrange for a few more useless Navy-Yards ❧ No matter that the dead on the European battlefields number millions, while the Lines but sway a mile or two in the death-struggle—let *us* prepare for some of this rare outdoor sport for Americans.

No matter that the six richest countries of Europe are almost bankrupt, that their young men have gone away, never to return, that the homes are desolate, that the burden of useless taxation will grind out their souls—let us believe when this massacre is over that some Stalwart Nation (though all will be on crutches!) will not want to rest and recoup, but will want to conquer us.

No matter that War recognizes no National Law, no International Law, no Law of Humanity, no matter that it has *gone beyond control of man except to stop it*—let us prepare for more. Before God, and the blind and mutilated soldiers, let us prepare for more! ❧

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DOES not Preparedness insure War? Does not the soldier dislike to see his sword grow rusty in its scabbard? Will not this Preparedness mania invite War ultimately? That's all right! We gotta Prepare for Protection! ❧ Protection? Was not the most perfectly protected nation in Europe the first over the line when the opportunity challenged? Did they wait to be attacked? No! The habit of the nation had been developed to expect War some day, and any day would do. Specters threatened them—and Protection then was spelled C-o-n-q-u-e-s-t!

Will the Germany that was prepared be as rich or as happy, in Nineteen Hundred Twenty, win or lose, as would have been a *defenseless* Germany with a manufacturer or farmer for President and "the army" at work in the fields or shops? Will the people of the Prepared Germany, in Nineteen Hundred Twenty, have more or less Liberty? Or land?

Ah, my friend, Armament, Preparedness, does not stop War, and Military Caste and a Military Serfdom do not prevent Embroilments—or insure Freedom. The sword is the symbol of death, both for Nations and for Men ❧

WHERE are the conquerors of Yesteryear! How fare they and the Governments they defended? Attila, Alaric, Tamerlane, Hannibal, Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon—all began their career with Preparedness as a Watchword, and Protection of the People as their principal excuse. But Preparedness means power, and Power means Power abused, and at the last what are People for but to applaud the Pageants of Conquerors, unless perhaps the People block the way—then the Conquerors will strike them down and the Pageant will roll over them. They die. But they are not alone in Death. The Conquerors die, too. Saddest of all, the Countries that Prepared against Invasion, that called their young men from productive work to put on brass buttons, to live a swashbuckler's life—these Countries die likewise. When the time comes, all the Invader need do is push over the rotten Battlements and take what the Gods give him.

AMERICA does not want one more soldier, one more gun, one more fort. We want less! We want none at all! The existing soldiers should be put to work building roads. The existing guns should be presented to the Railroads to be melted down for rails; the Coast Forts should be made into Export Trade-Stations; the Interior Forts should be equipped to serve as Livestock Improvement Centers; the Navy-Yards and Battleships and Cruisers and all should be converted and go to establish an American Merchant Marine. West Point and Annapolis should turn out teachers for scientific and agricultural schools. Then when the Germans come to take us, and come they will, we will welcome them and distribute their legions all over the United States. But mind you, when they come, they will come in the steerage of the Nord-Deutscher Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Line, and bring their wives and little ones with them. They will come, not to engage a Military Nation, but to get away from one. They will come, not to find a burden of oppressive taxation, but to leave such behind them. They will come, not to conquer our Forts but our Chicken-Farms. They will come, not to die here, but to live here. They will come for "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness," and none of these are possible when men's minds are bent on destruction!

Booker T.

DOCTOR WASHINGTON did not accomplish all there was to accomplish. The work to be done for colored people in America is in the mere preliminary stages of its development. The ultimate is a long way removed ❧ Other inspired teachers will find expression for their best. There is much to do, much to do! But the boy born in slavery, who built up the Tuskegee Institute, and through tribulations gained the respect and support of all America, rendered the Colored Race a service beyond the grasp of those now alive.

Certain colored people say he compromised, he failed in the essentials—and in all good feeling we reply: "What they think of his work matters not at all; what the Whites, who are the powerful majority, think of it matters tremendously. From the faith established in Doctor Washington, his character and his methods, will come benefits to the colored race undreamed of by his critics."

He taught colored people ambition, and the dignity of service, and this alone kindly commends him to Posterity. He made us appreciate the colored man and woman as an Asset,

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and America is very fond of its Assets ❧ His work will be developed along many lines. There will be specialists. There will be improvements, or should be. But every effort made must pay homage to the masterful force called Booker T. Washington, who made the Emancipation Proclamation a practical doctrine; a hard worker, an able scholar, an unusual financier, a gentleman—and a worthy Roycrofter. Rest his soul in peace!

Freethinkers

EVERY man and woman has an unrestricted right to his or her Religious Beliefs. So long as they do not oppress or annoy or get the idea that they have a one-party line to Heaven, they are welcome to think their thoughts and live their lives.

To be free from mental shackles, to see the strong in all Faiths and the fundamental weakness in all Faiths, is, of course, the desired condition. To live one world at a time, and not require a panacea of reward and punishment, marks the poised mind. To face the dark at the end, unafraid, distinguishes the higher intelligence.

To accept Fairy-Tales as Divine Truths, and Myths and Folklore as Inspired Doctrine, to call for the Moon and pray to the Stars, but indicates the Youth of the race.

Even so, with people who are constituted to believe, we have no quarrel.

THE criticism is drawn when some smart-aleck, would-be Iconoclast discards an old Orthodox Faith and blatantly describes himself as a Freethinker, and after ninety days of impossible, profitless freedom wanders back, like the Southern slaves in Sixty-five, to the same kind of plantation—but in another State. ¶ Wanders back, not to the Faith he deserted, but to one of the pseudo-mental, pseudo-advanced, pseudo-intelligent, almost radical Isms that believe and advocate something quite different! Like angels are men and not women; or Christ was a Turk and not a Jew; or there is no Trinity; or tweedledum is mightier than tweedledee, and more subtle; or Heaven is a Progressive-Euchre Party; or the Bible is a lie, but somebody must have created the World; or hold the thought; or pimples do not prosper on the mind; or Pilate never asked, "What is Truth?"—Fiddlesticks!

THOSE who can not stand without a crutch, who must believe some dogma, go to some church, mumble some Confiteor, pray to something, sing for something, obey some Ten Commandments, who require some sort of bellwether, had better go back to their ancient priests and creeds, their ancient gods and ancient devils, and not pain the Thinkers with what they call "Free" Thought.

Until you can read the Philosophy of Plato and Epictetus, and Ingersoll, and Christ, and Mohammed, and Buddha and Confucius, and find some good in each; until you can listen to the message of every man and take what belongs to you and discard the truck and truckle; until you can scorn the decisions of the unjust majority; until you can develop your own thoughts valiantly, though your conclusions be unhappy conclusions; until you can say courageously, "I do not know," and cheerfully accept all that statement means, then please do not forsake the time-tried Religions; please do not encourage the cheap and trivial imitations that bespew the times with sophistries! Please do not patronize the fakers who have not the learning nor the dignity nor the high purpose of the old priests. Please do not style yourself a Freethinker, when you are neither Free nor can Think ❧ If you must be Orthodox, in Heaven's name do not fool yourself—go in for the real thing! ¶ There are only two roads: the straight and narrow Orthodox path, and the Broad, Free Highway. You must choose between—and not essay to ride your Hobby on the Sidewalk!

Don Quixote Ford

THEY call him Don Quixote. The cartoonists and the penny-a-line Humorists find him a profitable subject for their art. He goes to fight Windmills. He will defy the War-Lords and "get the Boys out of the trenches by Christmas!"—How 's he going to do it?—What 's his plan?—He seems just plain Daffy to me!—I bet he 's after Advertising! It looks to me like a Joy-Ride!

The street-corner lawyers decided that it was a "Fool Stunt" before the Peace Ship sailed. When you read this, the War will be over or not, as the case may be. The boys will be in or out of the Trenches, and Henry Ford's Personally Conducted Tour may be called either a success or a failure. *We* are inclined

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to believe that the War will go on to a bitter finish, and that the Peace Propagandists will fail to influence any of the Belligerents!

NEVERTHELESS, Henry Ford is a serious, thoughtful, unselfish, useful citizen with Imagination and Ideals. He believes that his large fortune gives him the opportunity to render the World a needed service. Whether he is personally popular or personally unpopular, whether he is laughed at or approved, makes no difference to Ford.

When all is said, he has earned for himself a niche in a Hall of Fame, reserved for a Special Class of Immortals, to wit—American Millionaires with a Vision!

Out of turmoil and strife, out of lockouts and strikes, out of misunderstandings and threats, out of starvation and organized murder, ambitiously, hopefully, America may claim that now and then she produces a millionaire who knows when he has enough money; who is willing to share his pile with his helpers, or to spend it for the common good.

Straus in New York with his Free Milk for Babies, Carnegie with his Free Libraries for all—both these early ideas were the Ideals of Americans who had accumulated money in quantities; who, by the way, had learned and recognized the needs of men, and who, when the time came, turned to, to help.

THE American Millionaire is growing a better set of brains. He begins to realize that to leave a vast fortune may bless no one and may damn many. He begins to understand that the man at the work-bench is his brother, that the sick infant on the tenement fire-escape is his special charge, that the ambitious boy or girl grasping for education is his child. With them he shares the common fate. He takes unto himself new responsibilities; a feeling of compassion possesses his heart! The Provincial gives place to the Cosmopolitan—the narrow-minded Ignoramus becomes the Philosopher! He *thinks!*

All men are good men; and let sympathy and understanding of their tragic selfishness but grow in the minds of the Rich Americans, let them observe such " dreams " as Henry Ford is unafraid to parade in full view, and Ancient Greece may yet bow to America.

Vocational Schools the American Millionaire will build first, and Free Colleges; where *How to Earn a Living* will be taught as well as Languages and Mathematics! They will create ideal Cottage Towns near Cities, where Gardens and Kiddies may grow; where the rents are moderate! Cripples will be given self-respecting employment—called in off the Street! Mothers and the Aged will be pensioned. All Workmen will be granted a share in the profits—not all the profits, but an inspiring share! Clubs will be built for laboring men, clean, well kept and free—everywhere! Hotels will be organized in cities for Working Girls, that will offer room and board below possible competition. Boys who transgress will be studied and educated and helped—instead of jailed. And every town and city will have an Institute to educate the Foreigner who needs it; to assist him on, and up. Mothers with babes, illegitimate babes especially, will be made much of, given Home surroundings, and always the Country in the Summer. Tuberculosis and other deadly diseases will be fought intelligently, and without charge! And—but, oh! I leave it to him, the American of the future, who will take money from the people that at fifty he may have the pleasure of passing it back to them as he dreams it; to bless them and their children's children forever.

Paternalism, did I hear you say! Pauperism! Never fear—the people can not be killed with kindness, bodily or spiritually! We do not recall that the experiment has ever before been made! So here 's to you, Henry Ford, whether your Mission succeeds or fails! You have spent one hundred thousand dollars " foolishly," to work out an Ideal Whether you 're a Wise Man or an Idjit, you 're a go-ahead American Millionaire, and you 've aspired to do something more than " Make Money."

Bakshish

TO put temptation in a man's way is to contribute fifty per cent to the crime. To place a man of known weakness at a Buyer's or Purchasing Agent's desk is to become either his confederate or his Personal Devil. Weak men must be protected.

Unfortunately, Graft for the Buyer still has much to do with the sale of Goods. The slick salesman with the inferior article has no scruples when the Buyer is approachable—when the Buyer *is* approachable, the salesman has a sixth sense to discover it! This sort

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of Buyer smugly decides that the boss does n't know—that he can " beat the game."

It is only a step between *receiving* a cigar and *expecting* a cigar; but another step to expect *more* than a cigar. Not all men are crooks when they first cross over the line! There are so many plausible ways to excuse the trespass. The Buyer's Personal finances are strained! He gambled, perhaps! The salesman is his good friend! Yes! At the last it 's a personal matter, and the firm is not concerned!

The System in every business-house should be so strict, and the inspection of all purchases so rigid, that only the clever and experienced crook can " get by "—and the crook but for a short time!

Emphatically, all presents of all kinds should be strictly tabu, for presents are paid for time and time again. A present to a Buyer, however disguised, is a bribe, and a firm that sells a worthy article never need Bribe a Buyer ❧

I ONCE knew a buyer who progressed so far in the game of graft that he positively would never purchase of any firm that did not come across. That man should have been reported higher up. Instead, his home was furnished to a considerable extent with presents. There were numerous pieces of silverware, cut glass, a two-hundred-dollar rug, a " special " clock which one firm had made for him after his own specifications. Then, at Holiday-Time there were generous shipments of wine, champagne, candies, a silk dress and gloves and other wonderful things for the " Missus."

Always, when the salesmen came to town this Buyer was invited out to an expensive wine-dinner, and the theater. Many of these dinners were participated in by the buyer's wife, and sometimes there was too much wine. These " Gifts " were actually paid for by this buyer's firm, because such things are not legitimate selling expense, and the cost can only be returned through higher prices for goods or inferior qualities.

Men who will allow themselves to be bribed as this man was, should be carefully put in positions where they can not be reached ❧

I entirely appreciate that every firm must trust some one, and that is right and proper! But I also know that a half-dozen simple impersonal Rules for Buyers *enforced,* would base that trust on rock and not on sand!

Back From South Seas

THE Reverend Golightly Morrill is pastor and preacher, profundus, of the People's Church of Minneapolis. Like Jean Paul Marat he styles himself the People's Friend. The way he reaches People is to go to them. He preaches a religion of character and self-respect, music and books, fine pictures, and healthful outdoor exercise, and travel to rehabilitate the mind.

He believes that you should save your body, consecrate your actions, and your soul will not fail to take care of itself.

They never go to sleep in the pews when Golightly Morrill talks. He is no blue-veined, high-browed retailer of other men's ideas. His Bible is Life as he has found it from Siam to Sweden. He knows, for he has " been there." When he feels that his think-tank is low, he dismisses his congregation, shuts up his Church, and goes off to the end of the Earth to soak in some more Life. So you never find his reservoirs empty. When he returns to his Pulpit he has something to say, and he says it straight from his heart, straight from his experiences—which is somewhat different from Delivering a Sermon.

TODAY, the World Traveler, just returned, sends me a book, ***South Sea Silhouettes,*** which treats of life in the large below the Equator. The healthy man does not live who will fail to open it to read. Because—sh-sh!—the front cover is a cut-out and peeping through the aperture is a winsome maiden of Tahiti, clad in two yards of Sears-Roebuck muslin and a string of beads. Inside you find the swellest lot of Hula-Hula Models that ever put Lucille, Hortense or Marie to shame ❧

Of course they all " point a moral and adorn a tale." But such outlines! The wonder to me is Golightly ever came back.

That Golightly is bald, and wears an Umbrella rain or shine, and is himself a perfect 48 reversed, may perhaps explain it. Even so, he is not unappreciative, however academic. In the midst of the Christmas Rush, I find myself reading page after page: Hawaii, Fiji, Tonga, New Zealand, Australia, Tasmania, Samoa; Cannibals, Lepers, Beach-Combers, Island Queens, Dancing Girls, Headsmen—all. Golightly took his time and clum on and off

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islands to wander 'round, and carried his camera with him. His Book reads like the letters your traveled friends should send you —but forget. Everywhere he went he mixed in. I think my count shows that he made seventy-eight speeches, just to rest. Whether his audiences understood him or not, he fails to state. But I know that did not bother Golightly.

¶ He danced native dances, he drank native drinks, he rubbed noses, called " Aloha," and he met a black girl three times at midnight on a dark island road. Three times! Though the girl never moved from the spot at all, and he came back to us unscathed, God Bless Him! Too, he attended prizefights, the races, called on Governors-General, participated in a wedding, and visited Stevenson's Tomb and Samoa Home. All of which he describes with faithful detail, and lets " style " develop as it may ❧

Before I recommend that you read this individualistic book (*South Sea Silhouettes*—M. A. Donohue Company, Chicago, Ill.), the record of Golightly's meanderings to the South Sea Islands and the " Under the Earth" Countries, I want to warn you that Golightly is the only man in America who disputes with Chauncey Depew and Byron King the heavy-weight championship for the telling of old jokes, especially puns. Each episode is decorated with several. Now then, I recommend it —for an " Armchair Voyage " any evening this Winter—and so will you.

The Old Docs

THE Practise of Medicine is surely an impressive absurdity. The Old Doc never makes a mistake, and when he does his Union keeps the sad news from the surviving relatives. "Ahem, you sent for me just in time."

When the Old Doc happens to have a bit of commonsense and a courageous dislike for quackery, pills and potions, he calls in Nature, and the consultation ofttimes effects a cure. Even then, the Practise of Medicine gets credit for developing another successful Healer.

When the Old Doc is the brainless average, who know just what to do (Page 96—*Materia Medica*), then it 's a toss-up whether the patient's Strong Constitution, aided and abetted by Time, can withstand the dope.

Should the sick one live, the Old Doc plumes himself, " A tough case! Yes, sir! " Should the sick one die, the mourners mention with baited breath the fight the Old Doc made. " Sat up all Saturday night with him."

No other existing Profession survives with a poorer record. Only the introspective egotism of those members of the Human Family, who ever and anon are willing to pay to be fussed over, prevents the World from tossing the Old Doc out the backdoor and down the steps! ❧

What can the Old Doc cure? Come now! What can he *positively cure?*

What Old Doc will stand in his place and honestly state, with no ifs or ands or buts, " I can cure ten per cent of these diseases: Tuberculosis, Cancer, Tumor, Paresis, Paralysis, Locomotor-Ataxia, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Gout, Pleurisy, Syphilis, Bright's Disease, Leprosy, Diabetes, Insanity, Spinal Meningitis, Hay-Fever, Epilepsy, Leaking Heart, Hardening of the Arteries, Addison's Disease, Sleeping Sickness, Tetanus, Dropsy " ?

After Centuries of effort and almost perfect organization for the dissemination of knowledge, the Old Doc's record for cures falls below the record of Saint Anne de Beaupre's rib, New Thought, Spiritualism, the Laying on of Hands, Suggestotherapy, the Application of Cobwebs, and Bruce Calvert's Barefooted Promenade Through the dewy Grass.

The Old Doc can Cure anything if you give him plenty of time, and the thing happens to cure itself.—Is n't that right, Bruce?

Asbestos Reneges

ASBESTOS is an only son: dam—Garnett, Elbert Hubbard's beautiful saddle-mare; sire—The Miter-Bearer, a descendant of Kings. From every angle of ancestry, Asbestos should make a great saddle-horse.

He was pointed for this vocation, coddled, groomed, trained, photographed.

A stalwart, rangy beast he is, of fine formation; strong in bone, with wide, intelligent eyes, a forest of mane, and a bush of tail that spreads to the earth. In every line an aristocrat!

In horses as in men, appearances and pedigree ofttimes lie. Strange traits crop out in the individual and assert their rights; a temperament twenty generations removed turns up to govern and surprise! Asbestos is *not* a saddle-horse; at least, he declines the honor.

¶ Years ago a young remittance man of fine family honored us with his presence. Because he looked the part he was given a " gentle-

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man's job " in the Advertising Department. There he could n't stand the pace, and presently we furnished him " light clerical work " to do. He found the hours too trying, and now and then he would remain in bed in the morning. So he was transferred to the Inn and set a-sorting spuds; which he proceeded to do languidly, contentedly, in Piccadilly apparel ❧ One evening Elbert Hubbard received an important telegram and hastily penciled an answer. In front of the fireplace stretched the Young Remittance Man.

" Here, Frederick," invited the Fra, " hustle this wire to the office—have them rush it."

¶ The spud-sorter yawned and stretched. " Ah, Mr. Hubbard, you know," he explained, " I pay board here, you know."

" Frederick," said the provoked Pastor of the Flock, " you are fired. But before you go, I will have Bertie roll you in the cow-yard." ❧ Asbestos is now five years old.

Nick, the prize jockey of this establishment, who modestly states that he can ride anything from Balaam's Ass to a shooting star, rode Asbestos twice last week. The first time, the descendant of thoroughbreds sat down with Nick on the front steps of the Methodist Church Parsonage, and refused to budge. Night before last, he casually unloaded Nick into a trough of soft cement.

Not that Asbestos is tricky, or has a mean temper—not at all! The rush, clatter and gallop, with a man astride, nettles him and causes him resentment. Much to the annoyance of Garnett, he simply refuses to uphold the honor of a " gentleman's saddler." He yearns for the quiet, eventless life.

In harness, Asbestos is the gentlest of gentle creatures. He pulls the Roycroft milk-wagon with dignity and eclat. Unfortunately, the milk-wagon requires but an ordinary horse, and Asbestos' breeding should make him worth a thousand dollars. But what would you? —that 's the job he wants.

Unless some horse-trainer with an eye for structural excellence, and endless patience, offers us five hundred dollars for Asbestos, or unless Charley Miller, the Baggageman of Buffalo, wants a strong, sturdy animal for a Truck, and offers us three hundred dollars, Asbestos will probably be granted his heart's desire—the privilege to deliver Milk.

Moral: There is many a Truck-Horse born into a Thoroughbred Family.

Hair and Piety

THE Gentlemen in the bald-headed row, and Lady Godiva to the contrary, notwithstanding, Hair and Piety, proved by the rule of Prominent Examples, are the direct antithesis of each other. The more hair, the less a man conforms; the less hair, the more he shrouds himself with the Beatitudes.

¶ Permit us to pause here to state that male man is the sole subject of this observation—*but* that " beauty draws Us with a single hair," only when Beauty has a million such, or more in reserve; that De Maupassant, the sensuous, who took a coil of red hair to bed, knew the substance of immorality.

Sanctity, asceticism and short hair are inseparable. Curls adorn Poets, Barbarians, Dreamers and Freemen. The Pagan is the affinity of the Hirsute; the Monk, the apostle of the Baldpate ❧ From the unrestrained savages of ancient times, to the rebellious Theory-Mongers of today, hair in abundance suggested the World and the Devil; the want of it, the cloister and expiation of the flesh.

THE Egyptians spent all of their Saturday Half-Holidays braiding and plaiting and oiling their hair, and we have it as a matter of authentic history, the Egyptians were the most immoral people that ever graced the Earth. Was it not the Egyptian Queen Cleopatra who tangled two Roman Emperors in her tresses?

¶ The Greeks wore corkscrew curls and did Praxiteles (whose Masterpiece in the Vatican —the Aphrodite of Cnidus—perforce wears a tin petticoat), but misplace a single ringlet on a statue, he had the entire Fruit-Stand Trust down upon his head. Who ever queried the word of the departed Comstock that Greek statues were immodest?

True 't is, that Alexander, the Macedonian, compelled his men of battle to cut their hair, but that was expediency and not sanctity. He desired to deprive the enemy of a Mrs. Hogan clutch. This was no mean theory of Warfare, for lo! the heathen Chinee with his inviting cue never has been able to wield his two-handled sword effectively when his enemy had a Matt McGrath hold on his tensile braid.

The Romans who lived in times between two theologies, the Pagan and the Christian, paid respect to both with hair upon their heads,

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and shaven chins; like William Jennings Bryan, they straddled the issue. But the evidence of impiety and impropriety was boldly placed, "for many a Roman Nose appeared upon a Pictish child."

The Vikings of Narroway, brave and bold, who braided their sun-kissed locks, sailed the nameless seas, shouted down the storm, discovered Rhode Island—and found it not worth while—would you call them Pious? Ahoy! Would you believe them restrained as to appetites?

WHEN William, the Norman, crossed the Channel with a close-cropped and shaven Army, Harold's spies reported to the English that an Army of Priests had come to save them. The English at that time, as now, having no sense of humor, fled. Before they could be reassembled, the Conquest had been recorded in a special issue of the London *Times*.

Many a shorn and sinless bishop and bishop's son in the picnicking party was caused pain and mortification by the frowsy ringlets of the Saxons. One Divine, it is told, would cut a lock from the head of each captured Native and cast it in his face and give him a guinea-hen lecture, and consign him to Limbo!

The English having thick hide, as well as thick hair, stolidly shed the abuse and refused to be barbered. Here you observe the first fruitful example of English stubbornness, for they won their way.

A short time passed, and the Normans decided that the Buffalo Bill Effect was a he-buck-man style to be cultivated. Henry Beauclerc, one of the invaders and a gentleman of style and fire, who went well with the ladies, decided to take 'vantage of the other dandies of the Norman Court. He passed into retirement for several months to reappear one fine Spring morning, his hair all marcelled waves and tied with Blue-Ribbon Bows. In spite of the adjurations of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the threat that he would outlaw the lot, the Norman Court fell for the frizzes and adopted them

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, of France, that sprightly old monarch, no doubt owes much of his reputation for subtle and pleasant wickedness to the fact that he grew more hair than any man can decently and morally explain away. His courtiers found it necessary to introduce the periwig, now worn so effectively by judges—God knows why!—to keep speed with their beloved King. Antedating Louis the Fourteenth, Henry the Fourth "grew his beard in radiating form like a fan," and applied the curling-iron to it and pompadoured his hair. Over in England Charles the First not only curled his hair—he perfumed it with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Violet.

When they called to Walter Raleigh the minute before he was beheaded to alter his position on the block, he answered, "What matter how the head lies so the Heart be right!" Walter had his flowing locks properly adjusted, and he refused to muss them to appease any tradition. Gentle Reader, we ask you, was it not Walter Raleigh who introduced the cigarette habit into Leicester Square?

GRUDGINGLY, we yield the point that in the past century several Orders of Priests have decided to grow whiskers, but that, we feel sure, has been but a ruse and trick to confound us. Such braw whiskers are surely the badge of virility, of masculinity, of—er—er—perpetuity—and strange and deceptive on the chin of a celibated person. Whiskers Orthodox? Preposterous!

All of which is set down simply, not to bring conviction, but rather to prepare a philosophy for the writer whose hair now wanes thin on top! Like all men who grow old and lose their hair and their capacity for sin, the rude, the crude, the seductive, and the sublime distract us—and Piety entices.

LAST Summer, a gawsy young Roycrofter knocked sedulously on the door of the Famous Man's room at the Inn. The Famous Man had been napping and suddenly awaked to call feebly, "Who is it?"

"Alcibiades!" bellowed the Youth.

"Ah, Alcibiades, my boy," came the sweet and gentle answer, "I can't let you in, you know—I am not dressed."

The buster was nonplussed, and a sense of the unknown came creeping in upon him. "'Not dressed'—what the Umteeum does that mean between gentlemen?"

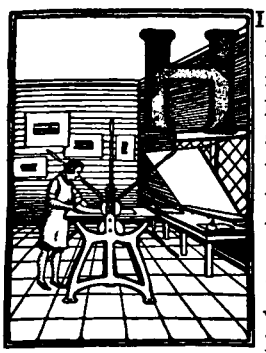
Later he was apprised that his knuckle-pounding for entrance was indelicate; the Famous Man was without his tuppee.

Now Alcibiades and the Bunch are curious to know just how would the Devil catalog a gentleman wearing a tuppee.

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Ireland

Michael Monahan



HIS earliest lessons in English and rebellion, my good old father learned at the hedge school ❧ He lived through the horrors of the Great Famine, when the London *Times* rejoiced that "the Irish were going with a vengeance!" ❧ He typified that astonishing tenacity of patriotism, that stubborn refusal to accept the verdict of ages of subjugation, which makes the Irishman so dear in the sight of Heaven, and so impossible to the English! His life had but one dream—to see Ireland restored to her ancient freedom. He kept himself poor by contributing to every harebrained scheme of agitation and insurrection. His scanty purse was always open to such, and you never could dissuade him by hinting a doubt of the integrity of the revolutionists. It was against England—that was enough for him!

Under these favoring circumstances, I was a ripe Fenian at nine and a confirmed dynamiter at fifteen. Our house was filled with the literature of treason. I knew Emmet's speech by heart at a very early age, and my young brain was charged with the details of many an abortive "rising." I could declaim the speeches of that Murat of oratory—Meagher of the Sword. I adored all the "force" men and hated the peaceful agitators, the moral suasionists—indeed it is only of late years that I have been able to do justice to O'Connell. My chosen heroes were Mitchel, Davis, Meagher, Luby, Kickham, Smith, O'Brien, and—why should I not say it?—O'Donovan Rossa. Alas! where shall we now seek the like of those fiery and devoted spirits?

> There was something so warm and sublime in the core
> Of an Irishman's heart, that I envied thy dead.

How I loved Byron for these lines, and indeed have never ceased to love him! And how I wept over the fatalism of our race that turned the brilliant vision of New Ireland into the grim reality of Botany Bay! I saw—I heard Mitchel in the dock, undaunted by the sentence of transportation, while he asked if, like the Roman who gave his hand to the fire, he might promise that others would follow his example: whereupon his fellow rebels, fearless of the might of England, reached out their hands to him from the galleries, crying, "Promise for me, Mitchel!—Promise for me!" I followed the later Fenians into penal exile or banishment, and I was considerably older before I realized the predestined folly and hopelessness of Irish attempts at revolution. Also, to be entirely candid, I dreamed boy-like of one day doing something for the cause that should merit the personal recognition of the Head Center himself. My ideas were somewhat vague as to what I might do, but I did n't feel the least bit particular—anything in the blowing-up line would have suited me perfectly.

Personally, my father was a kind-hearted, peaceable man who would not have known how to harm a child, but I believe there never was a day until he came to his resting grave, that he did not pray for the downfall of England. When I think of the master-passion which so fully possessed this gentle, loving, harmless man, with his brooding Irish melancholy, I fancy I know as well as another what it costs to give up an inherited prejudice ❧

THE internal trouble of being an Irishman is great enough, may I not say, without complicating it with other matters. To the true Celt is given in its fulness what Renan has so aptly named the vision of the invisible world. "You must not laugh at us Celts," said this great kinsman of ours; "we shall never build a Parthenon, for we have not the marble. But ours is the lore of Macbeth's witches. We bury our hands deep in the entrails of a man, and withdraw them full of the secrets of infinity!" ❧ ❧

We say the eternal Celt as we say the eternal Jew, thus importing a spiritual kinship between these two types of race who are always losing the battles of the present in order to win the victories of the future.

O that cup of spirit too craftily qualified, that mystical vapor of the brain, to which the Celt owes his strangely mingled joy and sorrow—his temporary defeats and his eternal triumphs!

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This it is which has conferred upon the race a unique spiritual distinction. And yet I sometimes envy the Englishman that solid bone in his head which permits him to sleep the night through without dreams, and to forget in the morning that he was soundly "licked" the day before!

When I was younger it used to bother me very much that the good Lord should have sent the Englishman after the Irishman to act as his keeper and guardian. And I felt like the brave O'Neill, who said of a Norman settled in the country since Strongbow, "I hate the churl as if he came but yesterday!"

But we are fallen on better days, and the obligation to forget—to forget—can not be denied. The renunciation of hatred, of the spirit of revenge—what can be worthier of a people than this?

Let not the Irish people make a fetish of race: there is plenty of English blood in Ireland—the blood of those who have been approved more Irish than the Irish themselves: Emmet, Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward and others who were faithful unto death in darker days. And let them not seek to eternize their historical grievance: there can be no future for those who live but in the past. Finally, let them make the best of the gift of freedom now offered, and press on! No people have less reason than they to trifle with their destiny ❧

I have lost nothing by failing to observe my father's injunction, too much conceived as it was in spirit of the past. I have myself proved the fidelity of the Englishman's friendship, and maybe I might go so far as to confess with Bernard Shaw that he is rather easier to live with than the Irishman! Passingly I may point out that the English have borne from this wild man of Dublin what the Irish would not have tolerated a moment, and it is very doubtful if his career would have been possible outside of England. The English have made rich and famous a man—an Irishman—with a quite unparalleled power of provocation—who has belittled their national poet Shakespeare, ridiculed their religion, criticized their government and never ceased to attack their social system ❧ ❧

Compare this with the treatment of John Synge in Ireland—a man it may be of rarer and more precious genius—and with the intolerance of a too deeply concentrated national legend which it has been our sorrow to witness.

I REPEAT, let the Irish people cast aside their prejudices.

As a humble worker in letters, I can not blind myself to that liberal appreciation of the things of the mind, that hospitality toward thought, that love of intellectual freedom, and that disposition to shield and foster the light of the individual genius and conscience, which is, I think, the peculiar glory of the English character. To this trait—which I grant you may co-exist with others less worthy—the English people owe their unrivaled literature and their potent impress upon modern civilization ❧

Do I speak too warmly? Have you noticed what English critics, and the select English public, have done in the way of signalizing the merit of certain Irish poets? Take Mangan, for example, a poet who hated England with a sort of consecrated fury—the Tyrtaeus of the Forty-eighth Period. Well, this man wrote a poem, ***Dark Roseleen,*** which is the most perfect expression of the invincible spirit of Irish patriotism known to me, and at the same time a complete epitome of Irish disloyalty and rebellion, from the English point of view. It is in fact the ***Marseillaise*** of Irish poetic literature, the swan-song of that ancient Eire for which Saxon and Celt have contended through so many ages. The fame of this poet of rebellion, now very great, is largely due to the warm appreciation of English critics of authority ❧ ❧

Again, the Celtic Renaissance of our day, that rebirth of genius and spirituality which seems like a new descent of Fiery Tongues, has nowhere been acclaimed with a warmer welcome than in England. In truth, the ideal Ireland, the Ireland of spiritual legend, of mystical charm, of eternal innocence, has never lacked friends and lovers among the kindly English. And it is this Ireland which now wins toward a final union of the races.

I AM sure that if the Gentle People—by which I would say the Irish fairies—could venture to cross salt water, they would pay a courtesy visit to their good English friends. Who could fail to love that land of sinless enchantment which the fairies hold in their peculiar care?

Your mother Erin is always young,
Dew ever shining and twilight gray,
Though hope fall from you and love decay,
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

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Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill,
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
And river and stream work out their will.

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight;
And love is less kind than the gray twilight,
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

I hope you believe in the fairies, kind reader—I mean if you are so unfortunate as to have been born outside of Ireland. Faith, you had better, too, for the people who believe in them are very much more charming and interesting than those who do not!

I put this question lately to our gifted friend, Seumas MacManus, who is a great authority on the Gentle People, and who has pleased all the world with his delightful tales of Tir Nan Og or the Irish fairyland.

"Seumas," said I, in a moment that seemed to inspire confidence, "do you really believe in the fairies?" ¶ "Well, sir," replied Seumas, "to give you a fair answer, I don't *disbelieve* in them." And again Ireland was saved!

Then you remember the poet Yeats' story of a time when he was questing for folklore in a primitive part of the Island.

"Did you ever hear of a banshee in these parts?" he queried of a silent old man who was rowing him over a lonesome sheet of water. "Banshees!" broke out the old man irritably, "amn't I bothered with them?" So ought to be any reader of mine who refuses to put his faith in the fairies!

Those Gentle People who symbolize the eternal childhood of the Celtic race, and that vision of the invisible world which is their birthright, have gained hearts for them in many a stranger land, and I do believe are at this moment working for the great reconciliation which will open to the "ever-faithful Isle" a kinder destiny. Now when the fairies have set their minds on a thing it is well known that they can not be crossed—as that little Orange fire-eater, Sir Edward Carson, will learn in good time!

A LAST word. We of this generation of Irish birth and blood will have a right to call ourselves blessed if we are indeed witnessing the end of the duel between Saxon and Celt in Ireland ❧ Thrice blessed shall we be if we refuse not to help further and complete this consummation so devoutly to be wished! ❧ Centuries ago in Florence, the people, moved by the stern eloquence of Savonarola, would bring their costly trinkets and gewgaws to the market-place and there give them to the flame in a great expiatory bonfire of the vanities ❧ I pray you, do not think the analogy far-fetched. The Irish people are now required to a searching of hearts and a casting away of vanities—that is, of old prejudices and bitter memories which blind them to the benign future at hand. I repeat, let them fling their grudges upon the fire. Doubt not that it will be a grand and holy and acceptable sacrifice for Ireland! ¶ I said a little while ago that the Irish should beware of making a fetish of race. The point is one that need not be argued in view of what is now happening in Europe, East and West. We must not push a virtue unto a vice. We dare not forget that above race is humanity! ¶ This indeed marks a great achievement of the human spirit in our time—the willingness to sacrifice or subordinate the claims of race to the good of mankind.

We are moving on from the English race, the Irish race, the German race, the Russian and French and all other races, and we are advancing slowly but surely to the Human Race! This is the ideal to which the friends of humanity, and foremost among them the generous hearts of Ireland, should now consecrate themselves.

So I make bold to say, in conclusion, that Irishmen should now prepare to forget Elizabeth and Cromwell, Limerick, the Boyne, Ninety-eight and the Penal Laws. There are better and kinder things to remember even from that scarred and mournful past. Let them abandon their legacy of hate and turn with uncankered hearts to the brighter era that now at last seems surely to await the long afflicted Island.

Do good to somebody every day—but do not do somebody good.

"I KNOW I am right until the newspapers begin to defend me," says Emerson ❧ No explanation ever explains the necessity of an explanation. And no one so far has tried to explain the necessity of an explanation as to why German troops were in neutral Belgium, using it for a doormat. Here is a chance for past masters in sophistry to give us a taste of their quality.—*Bernard Shaw.*

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The Story of a Life

Robert J. Burdette



IGHT. Silence ❧ A struggle for the light. ¶ And he did not know what light was. An effort to cry. And he did not know that he had a voice.

He opened his eyes "and there was light." ¶ He had never used his eyes before, but he could see with them. ¶ He parted his lips and hailed this world with a cry for help. A tiny craft in sight of new shores, he wanted his latitude and longitude. He could not tell from what port he had cleared; he did not know where he was. He had no reckoning, no chart, no pilot ❧ He did not know the language of the planet upon which Providence had cast him. So he saluted them in the one universal speech of God's creatures—a cry. Everybody, every one of God's children, understands that.

Nobody knew whence he came. Some one said, " He came from Heaven." They did not even know the name of the little life that came throbbing out of the darkness into the light. They had only said, " If it should be a girl." ¶ And the baby himself knew as little about it as did the learned people gathered to welcome him. He heard them speak. He had never used his ears until now, but he could hear them. " A good cry," some one said. He did not understand, but he kept on crying.

Possibly he had never entertained any conception of the world into whose citizenship he was now received, but evidently he did not like it. The noises of it were harsh to his sensitive nerves. There was a man's voice—the doctor's, strong and reassuring. And one was a mother's voice. There was none other like it. It was the first music he had heard in this world. And the sweetest.

By and by somebody laughed softly and said, in coaxing tones, " There—there—there—give him his dinner."

His face was laid close against the fount of life, warm and white and tender. Nobody told him what to do. Nobody taught him. He knew. Placed suddenly on the guest list of this changing old caravansary, he knew his way at once to two places—his bedroom and the dining-room.

He looked young, but made himself at home with the easy assurance of an old traveler. Knew the best room in the house, demanded it, and got it. Nestled into his mother's arms as though he had been measured for them ❧ Found that " gracious hollow that God made " in his mother's shoulder that fit his head as pillows of down never could. Cried when they took him away from it when he was a tiny baby—" with no language but a cry."

Cried once again, twenty-five or thirty years afterward, when God took it away from him. All the languages he had learned, and all the elegant phrasing the colleges had taught him, could not then voice the sorrow of his heart so well as the tears he tried to check.

Poor little baby! Had to go to school the first day he got here. He had to begin his lessons at once. God praised when he learned them. God punished when he missed them.

Bit his own toes and cried when he learned there was pain in this world. Studied the subject forty years before he learned how many more ways suffering can be self-inflicted ❧ Reached for the moon and cried because he could n't get it. Reached for the candle and cried because he could. First lessons in mensuration. Took him fifty or sixty years of hard reading to learn why God put so many beautiful things out of our longing reach.

By and by he learned to laugh. That came later than some of the other things—much later than crying. It is a higher accomplishment. It is much harder to learn and much harder to do. He never cried unless he wished and felt just like it. But he learned to laugh many, many times when he wanted to cry ❧ Grew so he could laugh with a heart so full of tears they glistened in his eyes. Then people praised his laughter the most—" it was in his very eyes," they said.

Laughed, one baby day, to see the motes dance in the sunshine. Laughed at them once again, though not quite so cheerily, many years later, when he discovered they were only motes ❧ ❧

Cried, one baby day, when he was tired of play and wanted to be lifted in the mother arms and sung to sleep. Cried again one day when

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his hair was white because he was tired of work and wanted to be lifted in the arms of God and hushed to rest.

Wished half his life that he was a man. Then he turned around and wished all the rest of it that he was a boy.

Seeing, hearing, playing, working, resting, believing, suffering and loving, all his life long he kept on learning the same things he began to study when he was a baby.

Until at last, when he had learned all his lessons and school was out, somebody lifted him, just as they had done at first. Darkened was the room and quiet now, as it had been then. Other people stood about him, very like the people who stood there at that other time ❧ There was a doctor now, as then; only this doctor wore a grave look and carried a book in his hand. There was a man's voice—the doctor's—strong and reassuring. There was a woman's voice, low and comforting.

The mother's voice had passed into silence. But that was the one he could most distinctly hear. The others he heard, as he heard voices like them years ago. He could not then understand what they said; he did not understand them now.

He parted his lips again, but all his school-acquired wealth of many-syllabled eloquence, all his clear, lucid phrasing, had gone back to the old inarticulate cry.

Somebody at his bedside wept. Tears now, as then. But now they were not from his eyes. Then some one bending over him, said, " He came from Heaven." Now some one, stooping above him, said, " He has gone to Heaven." This blessed, unfaltering faith that welcomed him now bade him godspeed, just as loving and trusting as ever, one unchanging thing in this world of change.

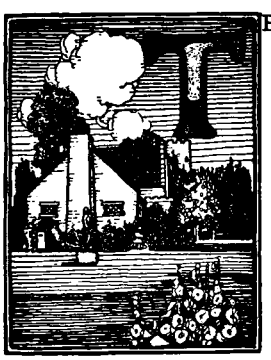
So the baby had walked in a little circle after all, as all men, lost in a great wilderness, are said always to do.

As it was written thousands of years ago: " The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him in the ark." ❧ He felt weary now, as he was tired then. By and by, having then for the first time opened his eyes, now for the last time he closed them. And so, as one who in the gathering darkness retraces his steps by a half-remembered path, much in the same way as he had come unto this world he went out of it.

Silence. Light.

A Suggestion to Mr. Daniels

Malachi Bond



TEN o'clock in the morning of last Christmas-Day, on board one of the Dreadnoughts of the Atlantic Fleet, the ship's Chaplain preached a sermon quite befitting the occasion. Ten o'clock on the night of the same day the Chaplain was beautifully soused! Of course, when a ship is lying in port . . . It was n't the first time the Chaplain was drunk. It was n't the first Chaplain.

A Chaplain is a military clergyman. His duties are evident. He works one hour a week. He also wanders the decks, with a beatific smirk.

¶ " You should n't gamble, boys," the Chaplain advises a couple of rookies who are sitting on ditty-boxes on the gun-deck playing a game of seven-up for matches.

The next day they happen to be cleaning the passageway outside the First Luff's stateroom. The paymaster and three other officers stroll through the passageway and enter the room. A minute later the Chaplain finds his way in.

¶ Loud talk; hearty laughter; the rattle of poker-chips and the shuffle of cards. Somebody tells a "funny" story. The Chaplain appears to be enjoying himself as much as the rest ❧ Chaplains are not in the Navy to save souls, and the men know it. Patriotism does not bring them here. Clergymen, these days, are no longer martyrs to religion.

Clergymen become naval chaplains because they are better businessmen than expounders of the Scriptures. The average pay of a clergyman in the United States is six hundred dollars a year and invitations to dinners. The pay of a Chaplain in the Navy is two thousand four hundred twenty dollars a year.

Even so, I should like to know why taxpayers must pay the salaries of these besotted Hell-Raisers. I thought the Church and the State were separated in this country.

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WHEN WILT THOU SAVE THE PEOPLE?

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

WHEN wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
Their heritage a sunless day.
God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime forever?
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies,
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs.
God save the people!

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children as Thine angels fair;
From vice, oppression and despair,
God save the people!

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THE WINTER CROP AT EAST AURORA

















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"WHERE CHILDREN ARE—
THERE IS
THE GOLDEN AGE"

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THE DAY

HENRY CHAPPELL

YOU boasted the Day, you toasted the Day,
And now the Day has come,
Blasphemer, braggart and coward, all,
Little you reck of the numbing ball,
The blasting shell, or the " white arm's fall,"
As they speed poor human home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day,
And woke the Day's red spleen,
Monster, who asked God's aid Divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine,
Not all the waters of all the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day,
Watch how the Day will go,
Slayer of age and youth and prime
(Defenseless slain for never a crime),
Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day,
Yours is the harvest red.
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries,
Can you see the heaps of the slain that lies,
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies,
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have longed for the Day, you have wronged for the Day,
That lit the awful flame;
'T is nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse thy name.

But after the Day there 's a price to pay,
For the sleeper under the sod;
And He you have mocked for many a day,
Listen and hear what He has to say,
" Vengeance is mine, I will repay."
What can you say to God?

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Everybody's Business

Charles L. MacGregor



AN important department of the institution of life-insurance is the literal fulfilling of the promise implied in its very name, actually insuring the *lives* of those whom it touches.

Human existence is prolonged. Disease is prevented and eradicated. Illness is rendered improbable through improved sanitary and health conditions by means of definite education in details of proper living.

It is estimated that the span of life may, by applying rational and scientific methods, be lengthened fifteen years; that reasonably pure milk, pure air and pure water—these three alone—will produce at least eight years of added life. Insurance companies favor conservation of life and health because of the direct benefit and profit.

After studying accumulated medical and social data, facts as to ancestry, life, habits, health and death, of at least fifteen million individuals whom their experts have had under close personal observation and analysis, these mighty organizations properly classify this information. Viewed in the illumination of their combined experience, companies give out these findings to policyholders and to tireless field men to use toward an increase in human betterment beyond our power to compute ❧ Never have the American people, individually and collectively, been so much in favor of being well. It has become fashionable to enjoy good health. Men and women wish to live long and die late. In this, life-insurance companies encourage them. To this, where necessary, they incite. From the home offices to all policyholders, both for themselves and for members of their families, companies now gladly give medical advice, both general and specific. Physical re-examinations and health reports are made free.

It pays to prevent illness and delay death. The Honorable Robert Lynn Cox, manager of the Association of Life-Insurance Presidents, says: "Conservation of material resources is of great importance, but the conservation of human life is of greater importance ❧ It will save as many dollars, and by saving also sorrow and suffering, will contribute more to the happiness and contentment of the American people than water-power and coal-fields. To conserve the health of America is to conserve its greatest and most important natural resource."

This movement to improve health and prolong life as a business proposition on the part of life-insurance companies has found instant, widespread response.

In their efforts to secure and make public vital statistics, the companies are working hand in hand with the Government.

People gladly see opportunity for a firmer hold on living. The press, always alive to the people's interests, has willingly called particular attention to the valuable work of Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, who declared: "Tuberculosis is seventy-five per cent preventable, pneumonia forty-five per cent, typhoid-fever eighty-five per cent, diphtheria seventy per cent; on the basis of these ratios, showing the postponability of death, it can readily be seen how life can be lengthened ❧ With preventable deaths every year in the United States having an economic value of about one billion dollars, and with an economic waste, from preventable illness, of five hundred million dollars every year, we have a total annual economic loss of one and one-half billion dollars, or more than enough to pay the entire expense of the Federal Government."

PROFESSOR FISHER says, "Actuaries' tables show that a reduction of one-third in mortality (the estimated fifteen years increase in human life) would enable premiums to be reduced by over fifteen per cent; and if only a third of this possible reduction were obtained, or five per cent, the insured in the United States would be saved many millions annually."

It is the wish and purpose of the managers of the life-insurance companies to reduce the cost of life-insurance and save their policyholders much money.

These human managers of a business characterized by Henry Ward Beecher as "as safe

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as anything earthly can be," mindful of the sacredness of their trusteeship, are faithful in not reducing premiums before such reduction is absolutely safe, made possible by the saving in mortality on which it depends.

The people themselves must accomplish this by following directions for improving health and extending life. Fortunately, self-interest is the one thing that animates man. Managers of life-insurance companies understand this.

SELF-INTEREST became aroused when the Income Tax was proposed in a form which would have added two or three distinct taxes to life-insurance and required policyholders to pay taxes several times on the same money.

This was something new, and it was possible to enlist policyholders to prevent a menace which was generally agreed and denounced by the press as pretty small business for the Government in times of peace, when no exigency confronted it—a fine on thrift and saving. Senators and Representatives, besieged by mail, wire, word of mouth, gave ear to the storm of protest from all parts of the country. Provisions of the bill were amended and the law's injustice somewhat diminished.

¶ Even at its worst, the proposed law recognized the right of mutuality in insurance to freedom from taxation, by specifically exempting from tax mutual savings-banks, fraternal and beneficiary societies, orders or associations operating under the lodge system, mutual fire-insurance companies, and building and loan associations for mutual benefit.

Lawmakers know the lodge spirit, and realize that to attempt to tax or burden such societies is to strike at organizations whose members will unitedly oppose whatever and whomever so injures, and not re-elect persons responsible for such injury. If it is right to exempt these organizations, old-line life-insurance companies—at least those conducted on the mutual plan—should also be exempted.

BESIDES real-estate holdings, the only properly taxable element in life-insurance is the stock owned by the stockholders of stock companies.

As long ago as the Civil War, Senator Charles Sumner held that Congress should refuse to tax life-insurance policyholders, and said: "This is contrary to all sound policy. Here you are, proposing to tax those who have taxed themselves that the nation might not have to support them. You are pulling down the pillars of the temple. You are undermining the structure."

LIFE-INSURANCE is excessively taxed by the States. Policyholders pay this tax, even if indirectly. Your self-interest should make you compel your legislators to limit such tax to a reasonable charge for proper supervision. No other business enjoys such careful regulation

Says the president of one of our best companies, "Nothing comes so near the standing of Government bonds as the obligations of a life-insurance company admitted to several of the more important States, and subject, respecting all its transactions, to an annual review by each, compared with which a bank examination is a tender mercy."

Life-insurance companies appreciate and prize this incomparable safeguard afforded by State insurance departments and commissioners, and are perfectly willing to pay the entire necessary cost. But policyholders pay in taxes more than six times the expense of State supervision. Considerably more than half of over $15,000,000, now paid in State taxes, is unnecessary. State taxes equal an average of two per cent of the gross amounts which policyholders willingly tax themselves to protect their families. Managers of companies contend that this tax should be reduced to one per cent, which would yield more than enough to pay for supervision and would save policyholders one dollar on every hundred dollars of premiums. Legal-reserve companies' premiums for 1913 were $708,841,188. Even a one-per-cent tax would have amounted to $7,088,412.

¶ If policyholders in old-line companies united to fight for their rights, as do the ten million holders of fraternal certificates, whose premium payments are not taxed at all, the legal-reserve policyholders, members of American companies, might save this year over $7,000,000 after paying every just charge for needed supervision. The reason why policyholders in legal-reserve companies have not rebelled against the tax on gross premiums in each State is simply their failure to realize that such tax is levied. Policyholders do not know that, instead of recognizing life-insurance as a dignified, interstate economic and commercial neces-

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sity, States *do* make it the subject of such unreasonable tax under the police power!

The late Senator Dryden, in 1908, said, "If the German Empire, with its vast burden of military, colonial and other expenditures, far in excess of ours, refrains from taxing its life-insurance policyholders more than a quarter of one per cent of the premium income, there can be no economical or political justification for imposing a tax of two per cent (eight times as much) upon the premium income of American companies."

The president of another great company contends: "Sound public policy demands that the law and the government should give all consistent encouragement to enterprises that promote human welfare and perform a valuable and conspicuous service to the people as a whole, to the State. For this reason exemption of taxes by the State and Nation is allowed mutual saving-banks, mutual fire-insurance companies, building and loan associations, fraternal insurance orders, etc. For this reason the National Congress refused to tax mutual life-insurance funds in the Democratic Income Tax of 1894, and during the Spanish War. For the same reason foreign governments exempt these funds. Life-insurance is thus recognized as an effective aid to government, decreasing pauperism, public expenses, and promoting thrift and stable economic conditions. In short, it encourages and strengthens individual responsibility and wholesome citizenship."

From a Massachusetts insurance report: "Life-insurance deserves the fostering care of wise and liberal legislation. It should be freed from all unnecessary burdens. Government should as soon tax its asylums and hospitals as to seek a gain or revenue from deposits which foresight and affection have set apart for the protection of thousands among the most helpless of its own citizens. A tax upon life-insurance is nothing more than a tax upon widows and orphans."

Young E. Allison, Editor *Insurance Field,* says: "You must admit that it is a merciless toll on the energies of the most thrifty and industrious, well calculated to take the heart out of those willing to labor and save. No other legitimate business is called upon to pay such a proportion of tax, and if it were levied on the ordinary businesses of life, it would wake up a revolution that would sweep any form of government out of existence forever."

IN addition to the requirements of the insurance departments of the various States, which are by no means uniform, there were in 1912 over four thousand five hundred legal enactments regulating the life-insurance business

In 1911, one thousand six hundred fifty bills affecting life-insurance were introduced in the legislatures of forty-three States. Had they all become laws, it is said that nearly $1,000,000 would have been imposed on the already too heavily taxed policyholders.

Such evident enthusiasm of legislators for multiplication of laws should be made to aid policyholders whose obedient servants (always during campaigns anyway) those very industrious legislators are. Legislators, generally anxious to do their duty in serving constituents, should be advised of the constituents' needs and acquainted with their wishes. Legislators are not quite as uninformed as average policyholders, who are, more is the pity, often affably witty in their boastful ignorance. Your lawmakers are sincerely anxious to accumulate data, but legislators and constituents are both ill-informed and misinformed. Self-interest and plain duty are here identical.

¶ As William J. Graham, in his *Romance of Life-Insurance,* pertinently suggests, "To advance the cause of life-insurance, which is at heart the cause of fellow man and sister woman, legislators of the different States must rise above State lines and view the legislation which they would enact and repeal as a national problem of corporations doing interstate business."

Life-insurance companies need to influence and guide legislation. State insurance commissioners are now endeavoring to effect uniform laws. A campaign of education is on, in which every policyholder, each dependent, should be actively interested. Your legislators really desire to serve you—probably wish to represent you See that they do so intelligently

The president of our largest life-insurance company says: "Unfortunately, the ignorant legislator is still in evidence in attacks upon the business—the man who means well, but does n't know any better—who is ready to ask, as one is reputed to have asked when the relentless operation of the Law of Mortality was cited, 'Why not repeal the law of mortality and enact a better one?'"

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The Non-Conformist

"Uncle Jerry"

With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. If you would be a man, speak what you think today, in words as hard as cannon-balls; and tomorrow, speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict all you said today.—*Emerson.*



CONFORMITY and Consistency are two things that Society demands of us, and punishes us for refusing the one, or failing in the other—until we have proved ourselves, and forced Society to condone our rebellion, and include our ideas among the things to which it demands conformity.

To conform is to follow—to be the disciple of another, or another's creed; to see with another's eyes, and think with another's brain; to suffer our God-given faculties to atrophy, and to become a mental automaton. This is the easy way. This is floating with the stream, and going whithersoever the current carries us.

To live the thought that is mine—to believe, and act the belief that what seems to me to be true and right is true and right, for me—to stand on my own feet, and live my own life, and obey the inward voice that should direct all my acts, and that only, is to be a *Man:* to live the life I was created to live; to do the thing God intended me to do. Else, whence the impulse? Shall we admit a dual Creator, and a dual creation—a partnership of God and the Devil—and accept the suggestion that the impulse is prompted by evil? No, that is contrary to reason, and supposes an absurdity. But, if it were true, and I am so unfortunate as to be "prone to sin, as the sparks fly upward," still must I do the thing my nature directs, for "no law can be sacred to me but the law of my nature."

It was their refusal to conform, their obedience to the inward voice, their scorn of traditions and precedents and recognized rules, that made Moses, and Plato, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Columbus, and Luther, and all the host of the great leaders of men, immortal, and that shall forever distinguish all the great leaders and reformers of the race that the future may bring forth. And if the race is to continue to evolve and improve and progress, it will not be by conforming to, and confining itself within, the outgrown limits of the rules and creeds of the past, or by accepting as final the dictums of the dominant minds of today. There have been great men, past and present, but they have not worn out greatness. They have discovered and taught great truths, but they have not exhausted the fountain of truth. No man or body of men ever was or will be wise enough to formulate a creed that is immutable; and the older the creed the less claim it can have upon our respect and observance.

A creed implies stagnation. All formal creeds are a disease of the intellect; the antidote for which is contempt for, and repudiation of, all creeds that have outlived the time for which they were written. The final word in progress has not yet been spoken, and will not be till the end of time. To accept as final any creed or "ism" is to close and lock the door of the mind, because all creeds refuse the right of way to progress.

IS this too stiff a dose for those who preach and teach—or practise—conformity? Does it offend because too radical? Remember, there is no good thing we enjoy today, that was not once a radical proposition, and that when the radicals are all dead progress will cease. Though you be radical, inconsistent, a non-conformist, be yourself.

When we refuse to conform, we disturb the repose of Society, and at once become conspicuous as an offender against the code. And, as we rebelled in the first instance, because we saw a better way, so, tomorrow, we shall see a better way still; and true to our principles, we shall take another step forward, and discard the thing we did today. Thus, to the crime of non-conformity, we add the sin of inconsistency; for which Society, seeking a flaw in our armor, jeers at and condemns us. Shall I persist in a given course when I have found a better, merely because of the apparent incon-

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sistency of a change? If it was a virtue to refuse to conform to the opinions of others, when mine were better, is it not yet a virtue to discard my own, when I have found, through experience and an increase of knowledge, others that are better still? Should I not give the lie to my own sincerity, and be inconsistent indeed, if I did otherwise? And why should we be forever looking backward? The past is dead. The future only, is alive with possibilities. The problems of the past are solved. It is the riddle of the future that we must read, and solve aright ❧ There is no place in the world for the man who lives only in the past. All honors await the man who shall point the way to the future.

The Mann White-Slave Act

Harry Weinberger of the New York Bar



I DO not hold a brief for vice or licentiousness ❧ ❧

Modesty today does not include ignorance as one of its integral parts ❧ ❧

Impressive regulation of prostitution in the past thirteen centuries has been futile. The history of the past shows that prostitution can not be ended by law or physical force. Prostitution has been punished by stoning to death under the old Jewish law: torture, flogging, wracking, branding and burning by the English Puritans ❧ Greece and Rome failed to solve the problem.

Regulation and non-regulation, suppression and non-suppression, all have failed, and as Brand Whitlock in talking of the subject said, " We can't do something for them (prostitutes) —when are we going to leave them alone? " The " outward decency " order of Gaynor is as near as we can get on the subject.

We have passed through a hysteria on the subject of white slavery; but no longer do newspapers howl, ministers preach, doctors lecture, " best sellers " write, learned scientists deride, politicians scream, and the films show white slaves. The fight on commercialized vice, however, keeps up, and it is just and proper that all men who live off the earnings of prostitution or who force girls into the life should be punished. But the distinction is slowly seeping into the mind of the public that there is a distinction between commercialized vice and sexual irregularity. But no politician and no legislator has dared stand up and be counted for the distinction. Are we all afraid? ❧ ❧

THE history of the so-called white-slave agitation shows that it started in England about Eighteen Hundred Seventy-eight, against the transportation of girls from one country to another for immoral purposes by force, threats, etc., as a commercial proposition, and never was intended to be an interference between individuals, male and female, of mature age, who had relations of their own free will.

" Transportation of persons as well as of property is ' commerce,' Congress may regulate their interstate transportation, and the Mann White-Slave Act is not a violation of the police power of the individual States," said the United States Supreme Court—and upon this some judges have built a trap ❧ In the cases of Diggs versus the United States, and Caminetti versus the United States, Diggs, as the Court said, transported Marsha Warington from Sacramento, California, to Reno, Nevada, for the purpose of debauchery and for an immoral purpose, to wit: that the aforesaid Marsha Warington should be and become his concubine and mistress ❧ Lola Norris was transported for Caminetti. Both Diggs and Caminetti were convicted as white-slavers ❧ ❧

If the interpretation of the law by the Federal Court in the Caminetti case is correct, there is no more distinction to be made between the welcome male roommate and escort of a traveling demi-monde and an exploiter of women for commercial purposes. By means of crossing an imaginary line called a State's boundary, going perhaps a few yards only, the traveling companion of a lady of easy virtue is transformed from a philander to a white-slaver, with a sure prospect of a temporary address at the penitentiary. This law is not a relic of medieval barbarism, or the days of the patriarchal blue laws when it was a

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crime for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, but it passed both Houses of Congress in the year Nineteen Hundred Ten, and was duly signed by the then President of the United States, and is being enforced now in the year Nineteen Hundred Fifteen. Under this Act, our ideal will some day be a dictagraph, attached to some police-station, in every bedroom and closet in America. The remarkable sweeping Mann Anti White-Slave Law tends more to prosecute the indiscreet philander than the miserable white-slaver, who figures so prominently in the naming of the Act, and opens the door to unlimited blackmail by adventuresses.

LEGISLATION at variance with the sentiment of the community can have no more than small chance of enforcement. There are thousands of cases of divorce granted in New York State for adultery, with the names and addresses of the paramour and the delinquent given; and with the law on the books making adultery a crime, there still have practically been no prosecutions. If public opinion does not demand prosecution of adultery, which invades the rights of a third party and breaks up families, where is the demand for prosecution of fornication?

The social evil has existed from the time of the patriarchs and the prophets—which is not an argument that we should not attempt to reach a higher state. The government should use every power of suppression against real white-slavery, and the making of profits by men from the bodies of women, and also work to better economic conditions (which partially is responsible for prostitution), and meanwhile help all it can the individual prostitute.

The two great conflicting theories of life in this Twentieth Century are democracy and absolutism: democracy, with its theory of governing least; and absolutism, with its theory of governing each and every action of every individual composing the State with its wonderful word "verboten."

In theory at least, absolutism seems the best; but there is something in the wind-swept ideas of democracy which makes the individual greater, finer, more powerful when he acts as he pleases, and is punished by his sins, not for them, as long as he does not infringe the rights of his neighbors or offend public decency.

IF there had been a Mann Act back in the years, Lord Nelson would have been sent to jail for his escapades with Lady Hamilton; Julius Caesar and Anthony would have both gone to the block for their little peccadillos with sister Cleopatra; Alexander Hamilton would have graced a striped suit; and old Benjamin Franklin would have done the lock-step; Helen of Troy's lover would have been doing a jig in a limited space somewhere in Sparta; and Rousseau, Alexandre Dumas and Sterne, for their sentimental philanderings, would have written most of their good stuff in jail; Boswell and Robbie Burns would have kept each other company in jail; while William Godwin, for his love of Mary Wollstonecraft, and Charles Parnell, for his love of Kitty O'Shea, would have been marked as felons.

That Parnell loved Kitty O'Shea and Godwin loved Mary Wollstonecraft, and each woman reciprocated, and the couples were faithful to each other, would have been beside the question. A skylark by a college boy with some demi-rep or woman-of-the-town would indelibly brand him a felon, and steel and mortar and brick would keep him from his fellowmen, and all his mail would be forwarded to a penitentiary.

Despite decisions of any courts, let us prudes, philistines and puritans laugh the next case out of court by giving the district attorney, the judge and the jury the grand ha! ha! and explode the smuggosity of officialism and hypocrisy ❧ ❧

EDITOR'S NOTE.—THE FRA believes that the Mann White-Slave Act became a law to catch criminals, and not to "make a trap for fools." The present-day interpretation of this law permits the lady to complain of the adventurous gentleman, and he gets ten years and a new striped suit, and the lady gets a vaudeville engagement—and another gentleman.

¶ The Female White-Slavers and Blackmailers now do a thriving business inducing Wise Young Idiots and Idiotic Old Sports to pay their car-fare into the next State; then a threat or two and an artistically described picture called "Jail," "Ruin," "Disgrace," and the easy mark superannuates Elviria and she lives happily ever afterward.

What Legislator will be man enough to speak against this misused law?

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Reincarnation

William W. Weitling



THE belief in an existence after this life is strong in most men, but science has practically made it impossible for the rational thinker to believe in an everlasting future spiritual existence, and has caused many men to turn to the idea of a reincarnated existence on earth as a future life.

The idea of reincarnation has met with little favor among the devout, for the reason mainly that it seems to impose no demand for good conduct upon man; for if the spirit, or what the Theosophists call the *ego,* is to be incarnated over and over again, all incentive to good seems to be removed, and, no matter what a man may be, no punishment awaits him in the hereafter

NOTHING, however, is further from the truth. Punishment is not left out of reincarnated existences, neither is reward; and the incentive to be good, far from being removed, is much more imperative than in that form of belief which supplies a heavenly dwelling-place for departed spirits and a divine judgment, because to get reward in the next incarnation, one has to be really good in this, and develop one's mind and character. Repentance at the eleventh hour will not necessarily develop a man, and without development no reward may be expected.

The believer in reincarnation who has made a proper study of all phases of his belief knows that, in order to have a proper equipment for gaining a station of importance and a carefree life in his next incarnation, he will have to prepare himself in this incarnation by developing character and acquiring knowledge that will be necessary to enable him to assume such station, even if, in the present incarnation, Fate has denied him the opportunity of assuming the position which this knowledge might entitle him to hold.

He will know that, no matter in what lines his sphere of activity is cast, and even if in the present incarnation he can never hope to assume the place in the world that he might crave, he must never relax in his effort to prepare himself to assume it when in the course of ages the opportunity shall come his way

He will know that only by being fit to assume power will he be able to take advantage of the opportunity to seize it, and the only way to become fit is to enlighten himself by the acquisition of true knowledge and then bide his time; and he will also know that he can afford to wait into the next incarnation and beyond

He will know that while most men are studying to make themselves fit for positions in this life, there are but few indeed who think of acquiring fitness for the lives to come; and when the former die, the egos they release will depart without having absorbed the thought that knowledge gained in one incarnation can be carried over potentially into the next, while the egos of the latter, carrying that thought over, will have considerable advantage over the others in the next incarnation

When men who have acquired much true knowledge, and have thereby gained an advantageous position over their fellowmen, will realize that all this knowledge will remain potentially in the ego released at their death, to be awakened to action when, in their next incarnation, they have arrived at the age of reason, they will carry over the realization of this fact also, and thus, in the course of many such reincarnations, made in the full realization that knowledge acquired remains potentially in the ego, they will in time also be able to carry over the knowledge of who and what they were in a previous incarnation, which knowledge is now denied to man, except possibly to a very few highly evolved egos

IT is self-evident to the rational believer in reincarnation that, come what may, his life is everlasting, and that, because he has thoroughly absorbed this thought, and is making himself fit, he is in line for high worldly positions throughout the ages, to which those who are held in mental slavery by false teachers can never aspire until they break away from their bondage.

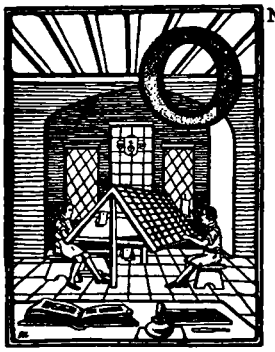
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A Little Journey to the Home of Josiah and Sarah Wedgwood

Elbert Hubbard

Admitting my inexperience, I must say that I think that the instinct for beauty and all the desire to produce beautiful things, which you and Goethe refer to as the "Art Impulse," is a kind of sex quality, not unlike the song of birds or their beautiful plumage.—Josiah Wedgwood to Doctor Erasmus Darwin.



ONCE upon a day a financial panic was on in Boston. Real estate was rapidly changing hands, the owners making desperate efforts to realize. Banks thought to be solvent and solid went soaring skyward, and occasionally collapsed with a loud, ominous R. G. Dun report. And so it happened that about this time Henry Thoreau strolled out of his cabin and looking up at the placid moon, murmured, "Moonshine, after all, is the only really permanent thing we possess."

This is a love-story—or "tale of moonshine," to use the phrase of Thomas Carlyle. In passing, let us note the fact that the doughty Thomas was not a lover, and he more than once growled out his gratitude in that he had never lost either his head or his heart, for men congratulate themselves on everything they have, even their limitations. Thomas Carlyle was not a lover.

A great passion is a trinitarian affair. And I sometimes have thought it a matter of regret, as well as of wonder, that a strong man did not appear on the scene and fall in love with the winsome Jeannie Welsh. Conditions were ripe there for a great drama. I know it would have blown the roof off that little house in Cheyne Row, but it might have crushed the heart of Thomas Carlyle and made him a lover, indeed. After death had claimed Jeannie as a bride, the fastnesses of the old Sartor Resartus soul were broken up, and Carlyle paced the darkness, crying aloud, "Oh, why was I cruel to her?" He manifested a tenderness toward the memory of the woman dead which the woman alive had never been able to bring forth ❧ ❧

Love demands opposition and obstacle.

It is the intermittent or obstructed current that gives power ❧ ❧

The finest flowers are those transplanted; for transplanting means difficulty, a readjusting to new conditions, and through the effort put forth to find adjustment does the plant progress.

Transplanted men are the ones who do things worth while, and transplanted girls are the ones who inspire a mighty passion. Audrey transplanted might have evolved into a Nell Gwynn or a Lady Hamilton ❧

In such immortal love-stories as Romeo and Juliet, Tristram and Isolde, and Paola and Francesca, a love so mad in its wild impetus is pictured that it dashes itself against danger; and death for the lovers, we feel from the beginning, is the sure climax when the curtain shall fall on the fifth act.

The sustained popular interest in these tragedies proves that the entranced auditors have dabbled in the eddies, so they feel a fervent interest in those hopelessly caught in the current, and from the snug safety of the parquette live vicariously their lives and the loves that might have been.

But let us begin with a life-story, where love resolved its "moonshine" into life, and justified itself even to stopping the mouths of self-appointed censors, who caviled much and quibbled overtime. Here is a love so great and vital that in its beneficent results we are all yet partakers.

ENGLAND got her civilization from the Dutch; her barbarisms are all her own.

It was the Dutch who taught the English how to paint pictures, and how to print and bind books. ¶ It was the Dutch who taught the English how to use the potter's wheel and glaze and burn earthenware. Until less than two hundred years ago, the best pottery in use in England came from Holland. ¶ It was mostly made at Delft, and they called it Delftware ❧ ❧

Finally they got to making Delftware in Staffordshire. This was about the middle of the Eighteenth Century. And it seems that, a little before this time, John Wesley, a traveling preacher, came up this way on horseback, carrying tracts in his saddlebags, and much love in his heart. He believed that we should use our religion in our life—seven days in a week, and not save it up for Sunday. In ridicule, some one had called him a "Methodist," and the name stuck. ¶ John Wesley was a few hundred years in advance of his time. He is the man who said, "Slavery is the sum of all villainies." John Wesley had a brother named Charles, who wrote hymns, but John did things. He had definite ideas about the rights of women and children, also on temperance, education, taxation and exercise, and whether his followers have ever caught up with him, much less gone ahead of him, is not for me, a modest farmer, to say.

In the published *Journal of John Wesley,* is this: "March 8, 1760. Preached at Burslem, a town made up of potters. The people are poor, ignorant and often brutal, but in due time the heart must be moved toward God, and He will enlighten the understanding." ❧ ❧

And again: "Several in the congregation talked out loud and laughed continuously. And then one threw at me a lump of potter's clay that struck me in the face, but it did not disturb my discourse."

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This whole section was just emerging out of the Stone Age, and the people were mostly making stoneware. They worked about four days in a week. The skilful men made a shilling a day—the women one shilling a week. And all the money they got above a meager living went for folly. Bear-baiting, bull-fighting and drunkenness were the rule. There were breweries in Staffordshire before there were potteries, but now the potters made jugs and pots for the brewers.

These potters lived in hovels, and, what is worse, were quite content with their lot. In the potteries women often worked mixing the mud, and while at the work they wore the garb of men.

Wesley referred to this fact of the men and women dressing alike, and relates that once a dozen women wearing men's clothes, well plastered with mud, entered the chapel where he was preaching, and were urged on by the men to affront him and break up the meeting.

Then comes this interesting item: "I met a young man by the name of J. Wedgwood, who had planted a flower-garden adjacent to his pottery. He had his men wash their hands and faces and change their clothes after working in the clay. He is small and lame, but his soul is near to God."

I think that John Wesley was a very great man. I also think he was great enough to know that only a man who is in love plants a flower-garden.

Yes, such was the case—Josiah Wedgwood was in love, madly, insanely, tragically in love! And he was liberating that love in his work. Hence, among other forms that his "insanity" took, he planted a flower-garden ❧ ❧

And of course, the flower-garden was for the lady he loved. Love must do something—it is a form of vital energy—and the best things it does, it does for the beloved ❧ ❧

Flowers are love's own properties. And so flowers, natural or artificial, are a secondary sex manifestation ❧ ❧

I said Josiah Wedgwood was tragically in love—the word was used advisedly. One can play comedy; two are required for melodrama; but a tragedy demands three ❧ ❧

A tragedy means opposition, obstacle, objection. Josiah Wedgwood was putting forth a flower-garden, not knowing why, possibly, but as a form of attraction. And John Wesley riding by, reined in, stopped and after talking with the owner of the flower-garden wrote, "He is small and lame, but his soul is near to God." ❧ ❧

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, like Richard Arkwright, his great contemporary, was the thirteenth child of his parents. Let family folk fear no more about thirteen being an unlucky number.

The common law of England, which usually has some good reason based on commonsense for its existence, makes the eldest son the heir: this on the assumption that the firstborn inherits brain and brawn plus. If the firstborn happened to be a girl, it did n't count ❧ The rest of the family grade down until we get "the last run of shad." But Nature is continually doing things, just as if to smash our theories. The Arkwrights and the Wedgwoods are immortal through Omega and not Alpha.

Thomas Wedgwood, the father of Josiah, was a potter who made butter-pots and owned a little pottery that stood in the yard behind the house. He owned it, save for a mortgage, and when he died, he left the mortgage and the property to his eldest son, Thomas, to look after.

Josiah was then nine years old, but already he was throwing clay on the potter's wheel. It would not do to say that he was clay in the hand of the potter, for while the boys of his age were frolicking through the streets of the little village of Burslem, where he lived, he was learning the three R's at his mother's knee ❧ ❧

I hardly suppose we can speak of a woman who was the mother of thirteen children before she was forty, and took care of them all without a servant, as highly cultivated. Several of Josiah's brothers and sisters never learned to read and write, for like Judith Shakespeare, the daughter of William, they made their mark—which shows us that there are several ways of turning that pretty trick. Children born of the same parents are not necessarily related to one another, nor to their parents.

Mary Wedgwood, Josiah's mother, wrote for him his name in clay, and some years after he related how he copied it a hundred times every day for a week, writing with a stick in the mud.

Lame children or weakly ones seem to get their quota of love all right, so let us not feel sorry for them—everything is equalized.

When Josiah was fourteen he could write better than either his mother or his brother Thomas; for we have the signatures of all three appended to an indenture of apprenticeship, wherein Josiah was bound to his brother Thomas for five years.

The youngster was to be taught the "mystery, trade, occupation and secrets of throwing and handling clay, and also burning it." But the fact was that as he was born in the pottery and had lived and worked in it, and was a most alert and impressionable child, he knew quite as much about the work as his brother Thomas, who was twenty years older. Years are no proof of ability.

At nineteen, Josiah's apprenticeship to his brother expired. "I have my trade, a lame leg and the marks of smallpox—and I never was good-looking, anyway," he wrote in his commonplace-book.

The terrific attack of smallpox that he had undergone had not only branded his face, but had left an inflammation in his right knee that made walking most difficult. This difficulty was no doubt aggravated by his hard work turning the potter's wheel with one foot. The brother had paid him no wages during the apprenticeship, simply "booarde, meate, drink and cloatheing." Now he was sick, lame and penniless. His mother had died the year before. He was living with his brothers and sisters, who were poor, and he felt that he was more or less of a burden to them and to the world—the tide was at ebb.

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And about this time it was that Richard Wedgwood, Esquire, from Cheshire, came over to Burslem on horseback. Richard has been mentioned as a brother of Thomas, the father of Josiah, but the fact seems to be that they were cousins.

Richard was a gentleman in truth, if not in title. He had made a fortune as a cheesemonger and retired. He went to London once a year, and had been to Paris. He was decently fat, was senior warden of his village church, and people who knew their business addressed him as Squire. The whole village of Burslem boasted only one horse and a mule, but Squire Wedgwood of Cheshire owned three horses, all his own. He rode only one horse though, when he came to Burslem, and behind him, seated on a pillion, was his only and motherless daughter Sarah, aged fourteen, going on fifteen, with dresses to her shoe-tops.

He brought her because she teased to come, and in truth he loved the girl very much and was extremely proud of her, even if he did reprove her more than was meet. But she usually got even by doing as she pleased

Now they were on their way to Liverpool and just came around this way a-cousining. And among others on whom they called were the Wedgwood potters. In the kitchen, propped up on a bench, with his lame leg stretched out before him, sat Josiah, worn, yellow and wan, all pitted with purple smallpox-marks

The girl looked at the young man and asked him how he got hurt—she was only a child. Then she asked him if he could read. And she was awful glad he could, because to be sick and not to be able to read was awful!

Her father had a copy of Thomson's *Seasons* in his saddlebags. She went and got the book and gave it to Josiah, and told her father about it afterward. And when the father and the daughter went away, the girl stroked the sick boy's head, and said she hoped he would get well soon. She would not have stroked the head of one of those big burly potters; but this potter was different—he was wofully disfigured, and he was sick and lame. Woman's tenderness goes out to homely and unfortunate men—read your Victor Hugo!

And Josiah—he was speechless, dumb—his tongue paralyzed!

The room swam and then teetered up and down, and everything seemed touched with a strange, wondrous light. And in both hands Josiah Wedgwood tenderly held the copy of Thomson's *Seasons*.

IN Eighteen Hundred Sixty, just a hundred years after John Wesley visited Burslem, Gladstone came here and gave an address on the founding of the Wedgwood Memorial Institute. Among other things said in the course of his speech was this:

"Then comes the well-known smallpox, the settling of the dregs of the disease in the lower part of the leg, and the eventual amputation of the limb, rendering him lame for life, It is not often that we have such palpable occasion to record our obligations to calamity. But in the wonderful ways of Providence, that disease which came to him as a twofold scourge was probably the occasion of his subsequent excellence. It prevented him from growing up to be the active, vigorous workman, possessed of all his limbs, and knowing right well the use of them; but it put him upon considering whether, as he could not be that, he might not be something else, and something greater. It sent his mind inward; it drove him to meditate upon the laws and secrets of his art. The result was that he arrived at a perception and grasp of them which might, perhaps, have been envied, certainly have been owned, by an Athenian potter. Relentless criticism has long since torn to pieces the old legend of King Numa receiving in a cavern, from the nymph Egeria, the laws which were to govern Rome. But no criticism can shake the record of that illness and that mutilation of the boy Josiah Wedgwood, which made a cavern of his bedroom, and an oracle of his own inquiring, searching, meditative, fruitful mind."

¶ You remember how that great and good Richard Maurice Bucke once said, "After I had lost my feet in the Rocky Mountain avalanche, I lay for six weeks in a cabin, and having plenty of time to think it over, I concluded that, now my feet were gone, I surely could no longer depend upon them, so I must use my head." And he did.

The loss of an arm in a sawmill was the pivotal point that gave us one of the best and strongest lawyers in Western New York. And heaven knows we need good lawyers—the other kind are so plentiful!

Gladstone thought it was smallpox that drove Josiah Wedgwood to books and art. But other men have had smallpox—bless me!—and they never acquired much else

Josiah kept Thomson's *Seasons* three months, and then returned it to Sarah Wedgwood, with a letter addressing her as "Dear Cousin." You will find it set down in most of the encyclopedias that she was his cousin, but this is because writers of encyclopedias are literalists, and lovers are poets.

Josiah said he returned the book for two reasons: first, inasmuch as he had committed it to memory, he no longer needed it; second, if he sent it back, possibly another book might be sent him instead

Squire Wedgwood answered this letter himself, and sent two books, with a good, long letter of advice about improving one's time, and "not wasting life in gambling and strong drink, as most potters do."

Six months had passed since the Squire and his daughter had been to Burslem. Josiah was much better. He was again at work in the pottery. And now, instead of making brown butter-crocks and stone jugs all of the time, he was experimenting in glazes. In fact, he had made a little wooden workbox and covered it over with tiny pieces of ornamental "porcelain" in a semi-transparent green color, that he had made himself. And this pretty box he sent to Sarah. Unfortunately, the package was carried on horseback in a bag by the mail-carrier, and on the way the horse lay down, or fell down, and rolled on the mail-bag, reducing the pretty present to fragments. When the wreck was delivered to Sarah,

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she consulted with her father about what should be done. We ask advice, not because we want it, but because we wish to be backed up in the thing we desire to do.

Sarah wrote to Josiah, acknowledging receipt of the box, praising its beauty in lavish terms, but not a word about the condition in which it arrived. A few weeks afterward the Squire wrote on his own account and sent ten shillings for two more boxes—"just like the first, only different."

Ten shillings was about what Josiah was getting for a month's work.

Josiah was now spending all of his spare time and money in experimenting with new clays and colors, and so the ten shillings came in very handy.

He had made ladles, then spoons, and knife-blades to take the place of horn, and samples of all his best things he sent on to his "Uncle Richard."

His brother Thomas was very much put out over this trifling. He knew no way to succeed, save to stick to the same old ways and processes that had always been employed. Josiah chafed under the sharp chidings of his brother, and must have written something about it to Sarah, for the Squire sent some of the small wares made by Josiah over to Sheffield to one of the big cutlers, and the cutler wrote back saying he would like to engage the services of so talented a person as the young man who could make a snuffbox with beautiful leaves modeled on it ❧ Thomas Wedgwood, however, refused to allow his brother to leave, claiming the legal guardianship over him until he was twenty-one. From this we assume that Josiah's services were valuable.

Josiah had safely turned his twenty-first year before he decided to go down to Cheshire and see his Uncle Richard. He had anticipated the visit for weeks, but now as he was on the verge of starting he was ready to back out. A formal letter of excuse and apology was written, but never dispatched. On the appointed day, Josiah was duly let down from the postman's cart at the gate of Squire Wedgwood, Spen Green, Cheshire.

The young woman who came down the steps to meet him at the gate might indeed be Sarah Wedgwood, but she was n't the same little girl who had ridden over to Burslem on a pillion behind her father! She was tall, slender, and light of step. She was a dream of grace and beauty, and her presence seemed to fill the landscape. Over Josiah's being ran a bitter regret that he had come at all. He looked about for a good place to hide, then he tried to say something about "how glad I am to be here," but there was a bur on his tongue and so he stammered, "The roads are very muddy."

In his pocket he had the letter of regret, and he came near handing it to her and climbing into the postman's cart that still stood there.

He started to go through the gate, and the postman coughed, and asked him for his fare.

When the fare was paid, Josiah felt sure that Sarah thought he had tried to cheat the poor postman. He protested to her that he had n't, in a strange falsetto voice that was not his own.

As they walked up toward the house Josiah was conscious he was limping, and as he passed his hand over his forehead he felt the pockmarks stand out like moles ❧ ❧

And she was so gracious and sprightly and so beautiful! He knew she was beautiful, although he really had not looked at her; but he realized the faint perfume of her presence, and he knew her dress was a light blue—the color of his favorite glaze.

He decided he would ask her for a sample of the cloth, that he might make a plate just like it.

When they were seated on the veranda, over which were climbing-roses, the young lady addressed him as "Mr. Wedgwood," whereas in her letters she had always called him "Dear Cousin" or "Josiah." ❧ It was now Sarah's turn to be uncomfortable, and this was a great relief to him. He felt he must put her at her ease, so he said, "These roses would look well on a platter—I will model one for you when I go home." ❧ ❧

This helped things a little, and the girl offered to show him the garden. ¶ There were no flowers in Burslem. People had no time to take care of them. And just then the Squire appeared, bluff, bold and hearty, and soon everything was all right.

That evening the young lady played for them on the harpsichord; the father told stories and laughed heartily at them because nobody else did; and Josiah seated in a dim corner recited pages from Thomson's *Seasons,* and the next day was frightened to think of his temerity.

WHEN Josiah returned to Burslem, it was with the firm determination that he must get away from his brother and branch out for himself. That he loved Sarah or had any idea of wedding her, he was not conscious. Yet her life to him was a great living presence, and all of his plans for the future were made with her in mind. Brown butter-crocks were absolutely out of the question! It was blue plates, covered with vines and roses, or nothing; and he even had visions of a tea-set covered with Cupids and flying angels.

In a few weeks we find Josiah over near Sheffield making knife-handles for a Mr. Harrison, an ambitious cutler. Harrison lacked the art spirit and was found too mercenary for our young man, who soon after formed a partnership with one Whieldon, "to make tortoise-shell and ivory from ground flint and other stones by processes secret to said Wedgwood." ¶ Whieldon furnished the money, and Wedgwood the skill. Up to this time the pottery business in England had consisted in using the local clays. Wedgwood invented a mill for grinding stone, and experimented with every kind of rock he could lay his hands on.

He also became a skilled modeler, and his success at ornamenting the utensils and pretty things they made caused the business to prosper.

In a year he had saved up a hundred pounds of his own. This certainly was quite a fortune, and Sarah had written him, "I am so proud of your success—we all predict for you a great future."

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Such assurance had a sort of undue weight with Josiah, for we find him not long after making bold to call on Squire Wedgwood on "a matter of most important business."

The inspired reader need not be told what that business was. Just let it go that the Squire told Josiah he was a fool to expect that the only daughter of Richard Wedgwood, Esquire, retired monger of Cheshire cheese, should think of contracting marriage with a lame potter from Burslem. Gadzooks! The girl would some day be heiress to ten thousand pounds or so, and the man she would marry must match her dowry, guinea for guinea. And another thing, a nephew of Lord Bedford, a rising young barrister of London, had already asked for her hand ❧ ❧

To be a friend to a likely potter was n't the same as asking him into the family!

Josiah's total sum of assurance had been exhausted when he blurted out his proposal to the proud father; there was now nothing he could do but grow first red and then white. He was suppressed, undone, and he could not think of a thing to say, or an argument to put forth. The air seemed stifling. He stumbled down the steps and started down the road as abruptly as he had appeared.

What he would do and where he would go were very hazy propositions in his mind. He limped along and had gone perhaps a mile. Things were getting clearer in his mind. His first decision as sanity returned was that he would ask the first passer-by which way it was to the river.

Now he was getting mad. "A Burslem potter!" that is what the Squire called him, and a lame one at that! It was a taunt, an epithet, an insult! To call a person a Burslem potter was to accuse him of being almost everything that was bad.

The stage did not go until the next day—Josiah had slackened his pace and was looking about for an inn. He would get supper first, anyway, and then the river—it would only be one Burslem potter less ❧

And just then there was a faint cry of "Oh, Josiah!" and a vision of blue. Sarah was right there behind him, all out of breath from running across the meadows. "Oh, Josiah—I—I just wanted to say that I hate that barrister! And then you heard papa say that you must match my dowry, guinea for guinea —I am sorry it is so much, but you can do it, Josiah, you can do it!"

She held out her hand and Josiah clutched and twisted it, and then smacked at it, but smacked into space ❧ ❧

And the girl was gone! She was running away from him. He could not hope to catch her—he was lame, and she was as agile as a fawn. She stepped upon a stile that led over through the meadow, and as she stood there she waved her hand, and Josiah afterward thought she said, "Match my dowry, guinea for guinea, Josiah—you can do it, you can do it." Just an instant she stood there, and then she ran across the meadow and disappeared amid the oaks.

¶ An old woman came by and saw him staring at the trees, but he did not ask her the way to the river ❧

FROM a shy youth, Josiah Wedgwood had evolved into a man of affairs, and was surely doing a man's work.

He had spent five years making curious earthenware ornaments for the Sheffield cutlers; and then with full one thousand pounds he had come back to Burslem and started business on his own account. He had read and studied and worked, and he had evolved. He was an educated man; that is to say, he was a competent and useful man. He determined to free Burslem from the taint that had fallen upon it. "Burslem?" he once wrote to Sarah, "Burslem? The name shall yet be a symbol of all that is beautiful, honest and true—we shall see! I am a potter—yes, but I 'll be the best one that England has ever seen." ❧ ❧

And the flower-garden was one of the moves in the direction of evolution.

Occasionally, Josiah made visits to Cheshire, riding forty miles on horseback, for he now had horses of his own. The roads in Spring and Winter were desperately bad, but Josiah by persistent agitation had gotten Parliament to widen and repair, at the expense of several hundred pounds, the road between Lawton in Cheshire and Cliffe Bank in Staffordshire.

¶ This was the road that led from where Wedgwood lived to where lived his ladylove. Josiah and Sarah had many a smile over the fact that Cupid had taken a hand in road-building. Evidently Dan Cupid is a very busy and versatile individual.

Sarah was her father's housekeeper. She had one brother, a young man of meager qualities. These two were joint heirs to their father's estate of something over twenty thousand pounds. Josiah and Sarah thought what a terrible blow it would be if this brother should die and Sarah thus have her dowry doubled! ❧ ❧

The Squire depended upon Sarah in many ways. She wrote his letters and kept his accounts; and his fear for her future was founded on a selfish wish not to lose her society and services, quite as much as a solicitude for her happiness.

For a year after Josiah had exploded his bombshell by asking Squire Richard for his daughter's hand, the lover was forbidden the house.

Then the Squire relaxed so far that he allowed Josiah and Sarah to meet in his presence.

And finally there was a frank three-cornered understanding. And that was that, when Josiah could show that he had ten thousand pounds in his own name, the marriage would take place. This propensity on the part of parents to live their children's lives is very common. Few be the parents and very great are they who can give liberty and realize that their children are only loaned to them. I fear we parents are prone to be perverse and selfish.

Josiah and Sarah reviewed their status from all sides. They could have thrown the old gentleman overboard entirely and cut for Gretna Green, but that would have cost them an even ten thousand pounds. It would also have secured the Squire's enmity, and might have caused him a fit of apoplexy. And surely, as it was, the lovers were not lost to each

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other. To wed is often fatal to romance; but it is expecting too much to suppose that lovers will reason that too much propinquity is often worse than obstacle. The road between them was a good one —the letter-carrier made three trips a week, and an irascible parent could not stop dreams, nor veto telepathy, even if he did pass a law that one short visit a month was the limit.

Lovers not only laugh at locksmiths, but at most everything else. Josiah and Sarah kept the line warm with a stream of books, papers, manuscripts and letters. By meeting the mail-carrier a mile out of the village, the vigilant Squire's censorship was curtailed by Sarah to reasonable proportions.

And so the worthy Richard had added the joys of smuggling to the natural sweets of a grand passion. In thus giving zest to the chase, no thanks, however, should be sent his way. Even stout and stubborn old gentlemen with side-whiskers have their uses.

And it was about this time that John Wesley came to Burslem and was surprised to find a flower-garden in a community of potters. He looked at the flowers, had a casual interview with the owner, and wrote, "His soul is near to God."

WEDGWOOD knew every part of his business. He modeled, made designs, mixed clay, built kilns, and at times sat up all night and fed fuel into a refractory furnace. Nothing was quite good enough—it must be better. And to make better pottery, he said, we must produce better people. He even came very close to plagiarizing Walt Whitman by saying, "Produce great people—the rest follows!"

Wedgwood instituted a class in designing and brought a young man from London to teach his people the rudiments of art.

Orders were coming in from nobility for dinner-sets, and the English middle class, instead of dipping into one big pot set in the center of the table, were adopting individual plates.

Knives and forks came into use in England about the time of Good Queen Bess, who was only fairly good. Sir Walter Raleigh, who never posted signs reading, "No Smoking," records, "Tiny forks are being used to spear things at table, instead of the thumb-and-finger method sanctified by long use." But until the time of Wedgwood a plate and cup for each person at the table was a privilege only of the nobility, and napkins and finger-bowls were on the distant horizon ❧ ❧

Wedgwood had not only to educate his workmen, but he had to educate the public. But he made head. He had gotten a good road to Cheshire, and an equally good one to Liverpool, and was shipping crockery in large quantities to America.

Occasionally, Wedgwood taught the designing classes himself. As a writer he had developed a good deal of facility, for three love-letters a week for five years will educate any man. To know the right woman is a liberal education. Wedgwood also had given local addresses on the necessity of good roads, and the influence of a tidy back-yard on character.

He was a little past thirty years of age, sole owner of a prosperous business, and was worth pretty near the magic sum of ten thousand pounds.

Squire Wedgwood had been formally notified to come over to Burslem and take an inventory. He came, coughed and said that pottery was only a foolish fashion, and people would soon get enough of it ❧ ❧

Richard felt sure that common folks would never have much use for dishes.

On being brought back to concrete reasons, he declared that his daughter's dowry had increased, very much increased, through wise investments of his own. The girl had a good home—better than she would have at Burslem. The man who married her must better her condition, etc., etc.

It seems that Josiah and Sarah had a little of the good Semitic instinct in their make-up. The old gentleman must be managed; the dowry was too valuable to let slip. They needed the money in their business, and had even planned just what they would do with it. They were going to found a sort of Art Colony, where all would work for the love of it, and where would take place a revival of the work of the Etruscans. As classic literature had been duplicated, and the learning of the past had come down to us in books, so would they duplicate in miniature the statues, vases, bronzes and other marvelous beauty of antiquity.

And the name of the new center of art was chosen—it should be "Etruria."

It was a great dream; but then lovers are given to dreams—in fact, they have almost a monopoly on the habit—my, my, my!

GREAT people have great friends. Wedgwood had a friend in Liverpool named Bentley. Bentley was a big man—a gracious, generous, kindly, receptive, broad and sympathetic man. Your friend is the lengthened shadow of yourself. Bentley was both an artist and a businessman. Bentley had no quibble or quarrel with himself, and therefore was at peace with the world; he had eliminated all grouch from his cosmos. Bentley began as Wedgwood's agent, and finally became his partner, and had a deal to do with the evolution of Etruria.

When Bentley opened a showroom in London and showed the exquisite, classic creations of Flaxman and the other Wedgwood artists, carriages blocked the streets, and cards of admission had to be issued to keep back the crowds. Bentley dispatched a messenger to Wedgwood with the order, "Turn every available man on vases—London is vase mad!" ❧

A vase, by the way, is a piece of pottery that sells for from one to ten shillings; if it sells for more than ten shillings, you should pronounce it *vawse*.

On January Ninth, Seventeen Hundred Sixty-four, Wedgwood wrote Bentley this letter:

"If you know my temper and sentiments on these affairs, you will be sensible how I am mortified when I tell you I have gone through a long series of bargain-making, of settlements, reversions, provisions, and so on. 'Gone through it,' did I say? Would to Hymen that I had! No! I am still in the attorney's hands,

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from which I hope it is no harm to pray, 'Good Lord, deliver me!' Sarah and I are perfectly agreed, and would settle the whole affair in three minutes; but our dear papa, over-careful of his daughter's interest, would by some demands which I can not comply with go near to separate us if we were not better determined. On Friday next, Squire Wedgwood and I are to meet in great form, with each of us our attorney, which I hope will prove conclusive. You shall then hear further from

Your obliged and very affectionate friend,
JOSIAH WEDGWOOD."

On January Twenty-ninth, Sarah and Josiah walked over to the little village of Astbury, Cheshire, and were quietly married, the witnesses being the rector's own family, and the mail-carrier. Just why the latter individual was called in to sign the register has never been explained, but I imagine most lovers can. He surely had been *particeps criminis* to the event.

And so they were married, and lived happily ever afterward ❧ ❧

Josiah was thirty-four, and Sarah twenty-nine when they were married. The ten years of Laban service was not without its compensation. The lovers had lived in an ideal world long enough to crystallize their dreams.

In just a year after the marriage a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood, and they called her name Susannah.

And Susannah grew up and became the mother of Charles Darwin, the greatest scientist the world has ever produced.

Writers of romances have a way of leaving their lovers at the church-door, a cautious and wise expedient, since too often love is one thing and life another ❧ ❧

But here we find a case where love was worked into life. From the date of his marriage Wedgwood's business moved forward with never a reverse nor a single setback.

When Wedgwood and Bentley were designated "Potters to the Queen," and began making "queensware," coining the word, they laid the sure foundation for one of the greatest business fortunes ever accumulated in England.

Two miles from Burslem, they built the village of Etruria—a palpable infringement on the East Aurora caveat. And so the dream all came true, and in fact was a hundred times beyond what the lovers had ever imagined. Sarah's brother accommodatingly died a few years after her marriage, and so she became sole heiress to a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, and this went to the building up of Etruria.

¶ Wedgwood, toward the close of his life, was regarded as the richest man in England who had made his own fortune. And better still, he was rich in intellect and all those finer faculties that go into the making of a great and generous man.

Twenty-two years after his marriage, Wedgwood wrote to his friend Lord Gower: "I never had a great plan that I did not submit to my wife. She knew all the details of the business, and it was her love for the beautiful that first prompted and inspired me to take up Grecian and Roman Art, and in degree, reproduce the classic for the world. I worked for her approval, and without her high faith in me I realize that my physical misfortunes would have overcome my will, and failure would have been written large where now England has carved the word SUCCESS."

Ye Byrd and Ye Bard

Homer Hyde

Ye vulgar habyt of hyding under ye nom de plume is almost extinct.

YE bashful Ostrich doth hys follie brand
By planting hys soft noddle in ye sand.
Meantime ye Owl, the wyser Byrd 't is said,
Hoots at ye Boob for burying hys head
And swooping down upon ye symple chap
Plucketh some plumes to decorate hys cap.
Goode Friend:
Mayhap thou'st sensed my implycation
And like ye Owlet grasped ye sytuation:
Both Byrd and Bard *may* hyde a caput fat
Who hustles to ye sandbank for hys hat.

Pessimistic Pop-Ups

Bert Moses

SUCCESS and Fame do not come in cans. ¶ You can not raise standards by raising hell. ¶ Fame is never found at the end of a beaten path. ¶ The only way to arrive is to start and keep going on. ¶ Nothing is free—not even salvation or trading-stamps. ¶ More wisdom can be extracted from a bump than from a book. ¶ To yell "Honesty!" is not so impressive as to practise Honesty. ¶ It is sad but true that bad things are more "catching" than good. ¶ What this country needs is birth-control of bed-bugs and "bull-con." ¶ What you hand the other fellow will in turn be handed to you, it being merely a question of time.

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THE SONG OF THE CITY

CHESTER WOOD

The Northern Buddhist—and all Chinamen, in fact—find in the deep roar of some of the great and sacred rivers the keynote of Nature. It is a well-known fact in Physical Science as well as in Occultism that the aggregate sound of Nature, such as is heard in the roar of great rivers, and the noise produced by the waving of tops of trees in large forests, or that of a city heard at a distance, is a definite single tone of quite an appreciable pitch. Thus Professor Rice (*Chinese Music*) shows that the Chinese recognized the fact thousands of years ago by saying that " the waters of the Hoang-ho rushing by intoned the " kung," called " the great tone " in Chinese music; and he shows this tone corresponding with the *F*, considered by modern physicists to be the actual tonic of Nature. Professor B. Silliman mentions it, too, in his *Principles of Physics*, saying that " this tone is held to be middle *F* of the piano, which may, therefore, be considered the keynote of Nature."

ALOFT, alone in my far, high room,
I hear the breathing, beating boom,
The endless Song of the City!
The Gods are at work at their mighty loom,
The Gods of Humanity's weal and doom,
Of Life and Death and Hate and Pity.

And like the roar
Of a tempest o'er
The tops of the forest crashing;
Like the surf-beat shore
Where evermore
The Ocean waves are dashing.

Now the mystic ear
Of spirit can hear
One tone supreme all dominating;
Over this busy, beehive hum,
Out of the city's sounding drum,
I feel this one, great note vibrating,
" God 's in His world, and good shall come
Out of this toiling and hating."

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Become Wonderful in Health—Wonderful in Vitality, and Wonderful in Efficiency for Your Own Advantage Through Conscious Evolution.



Cells are wonderful beings. They are the creators of the plants, the trees, the fruit, the vegetables. They create the corn, the wheat, the apples. They are the creators of the rose, the lily, the violet and other flowers—they are the creators of everything living in the sea—they are the constructors of whales, sharks, porpoises and all fish. Through the activity of cells, the coral beds of the ocean are made. They are the creators of all animal life—they are the creators of you. They create your organs and the foundation of your mind.

Billions of cells are within your body working for you. They are remaking your heart, your lungs, your nerves, your digestive system, your muscles, your brain—in fact, they are busy constantly reconstructing your entire body. You will be a better human machine, possess a better body and mind if you cultivate these cells—if, in other words, you give your cells greater energy and a greater opportunity as well as a better and more persistent reason for improving every tissue, every organ, and every part of your body.

Is not corn better when cultivated? Does not the farmer improve his wheat through cultivation? Is not fruit improved through culture? Are not flowers made more beautiful through conscious effort? Do we not have better horses and even better pigs through cultivation?

Since all of these things are true, it is also true and much more important that you can easily make yourself better through improving the individual units or cells of the body.

The Swoboda System, through applying the principle of Evolution to the cells of the body, produces new human beings, new and better hearts, new and better lungs, new and better organs, new and better nerves, new and better brains, and, therefore, keener and more efficient mind.

My new copyrighted book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution and the human body, as it has never been explained before. It also explains my new and unique theory of the body and mind. It will startle, educate and enlighten you.

My book tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you, as an intelligent human being, have, no doubt, always wanted to know about your body and your mind.

What Others Have to Say:

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; today I am a youth at forty-one."

"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest, I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."

"Just think of it, five weeks ago I was ashamed of my physique; today I am almost proud of it. I am delighted with Conscious Evolution."

"*Fourteen years ago at the age of 68 I was an old man; today at the age of 82 I am the marvel of my friends; I am younger than most men at 40. Your system gave me a new lease on life.*"

"*Last week I had a reading of my blood pressure, and was gratified to learn that it was ten points below the previous reading. This was a surprise to me as well as to my physician, who did not believe that my blood pressure could be reduced because of my advanced age.*"

"*Doctors told me I had hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. They advised me against exercise. Conscious Evolution reduced my blood pressure and made a new man out of me.*"

"The beauty of your whole advertisement is that every word of it is the truth. Your system is the most wonderful in the world; it gave me new energy, strength and life; in other words, it made a new man of me. I have been an advocate of your system since the first day I used it; I have withstood a mental strain during the past year which would have broken my health if it had not been for your system."

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds.

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."

"Your diagnosis and explanation of my brain trouble was a revelation to me. I have had the best physicians of my State, but your grasp of the human body exceeds anything I have ever heard or known. I have read your letters to many people, also to my physicians, who marvel at them."



You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows you how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws for your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through Conscious Evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It tells what Conscious Evolution means and what it may do for you. It also explains the DANGERS and AFTER EFFECTS OF EXERCISE and EXCESSIVE DEEP BREATHING.

My book explains the cause of HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE and HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES, as well as OLD AGE conditions, and how to overcome them.

I offer my system on a basis which makes it impossible for anyone to lose a single penny. My guarantee is startling, specific, positive, fraud-proof, and just as any honest person would naturally desire it to be.

Write for my FREE BOOK and full particulars today before it slips your mind. Make up your mind to at least learn the facts concerning the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION for men and women.

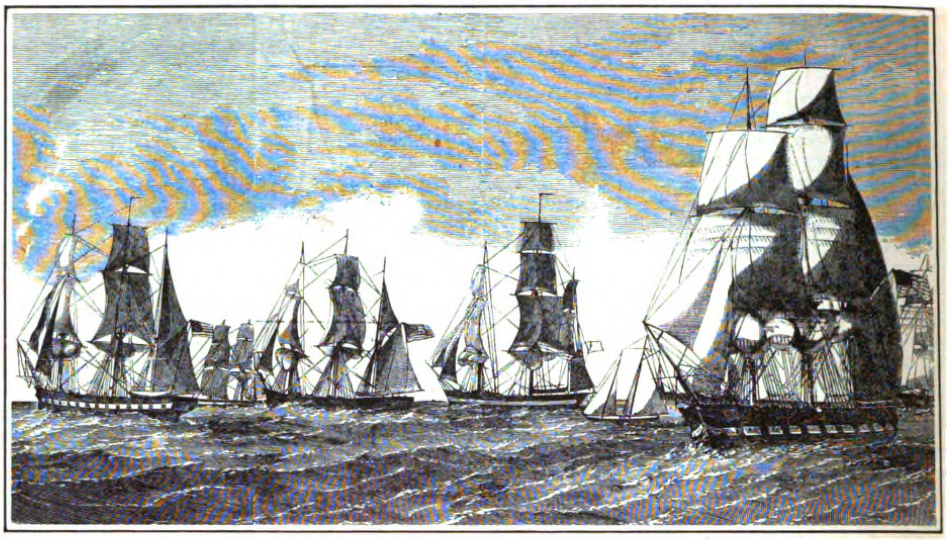
If you have reached your present state of evolution without conscious effort, consider what your possibilities are through an intelligent and conscious use of the principles of evolution. My booklet will set you thinking.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1365 Aeolian Bldg., New York City

What is said of the Swoboda System, no doubt, sounds too good to be true. Swoboda, however has a proposition of which you should know and which will, no doubt, prove to you that nothing said about Conscious and Creative Evolution in THE FRA is too good to be true

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A BLOCKADING FLEET OF FIFTY-FOUR YEARS AGO *in Leslie's, Dec. 14, 1861*

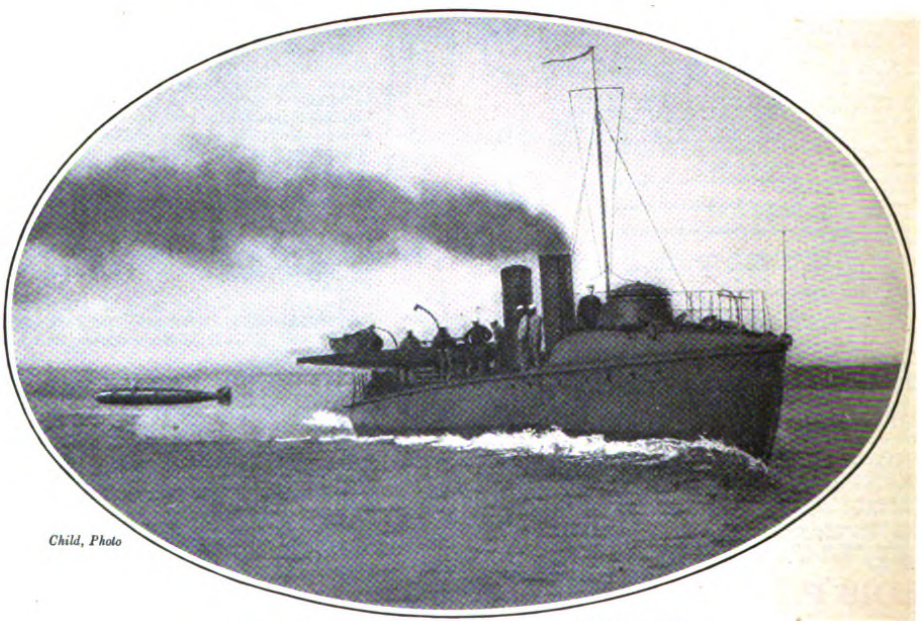
SIXTY years ago Frank Leslie gave the American people an illustrated weekly newspaper. It was a pioneer attempt to ***show*** his readers the news that was appearing in the columns of the dailies.

¶ The attempt was successful. Each year that passed brought improvements in the science of picture-taking and picture-making. Each year saw the illustrated weekly newspaper growing more efficient in ***showing*** the news.

¶ For sixty years ***Leslie's*** served its public without interruption. Now, beginning its seventh decade with a staff of picture-reporters in every part of the world and a staff of experts in charge of its departments at home, America's ***first,*** is America's ***greatest*** illustrated weekly newspaper.

¶ Leslie's today is ***showing*** the news to the people in more than 410,000 good homes every week. This following—the largest circulation of any ten-cent weekly—is the aristocracy of illustrated weekly newspaper readers.

Leslie's, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City



Child, Photo

THE MODERN TERROR—A TORPEDO IN FLIGHT—*in Leslie's, 1915*

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ROYCROFT HANDMADE GOODS IN INDIANAPOLIS

In the last RUSH Days of Gift-Buying do not forget that there is one place in Indianapolis where you will find things of an exceptional and distinctive kind. It is "The Roycroft Shop" of

L. S. AYRES & COMPANY

To assist puzzled and undecided Shoppers, L. S. Ayres & Co. have arranged a beautifully suggestive display of Roycroft Handmade Copper and Leather Goods.

We urge you to pay the "Roycroft Shop" of L. S. Ayres & Co. a visit—today, if possible. It may solve the problem of one or two Gifts you have not yet bought.

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R. Morris Williams,
206 Main Street,
Evansville, Ind.

My Dear "Dad":

The package of pictures has come to hand in good order. I have passed them around among the Roycrofters and everybody is positive that these are the finest photographs I have ever had taken.

You certainly are the daddy of all photograph artists.

So here is a handgrasp, and I am ever,

Your sincere,

Elbert Hubbard

For Lovers and Admirers of Elbert Hubbard

A Wonderful Portrait of Elbert Hubbard

Made but a short time before his tragic death. A most artistic and characteristic likeness by a photographer of international repute. It is copyrighted and was awarded high honor at an international exhibit.

Attached is a letter showing what Mr. Hubbard thought of this picture.

The photographs are made in two sizes for framing. One is taken from an 11 x 14 inch negative on 14 x 17 inch buff paper, plate-sunk, closely resembling an old English etching. Postpaid, $10.00.

The other is an 11 x 14 inch print in Sepia. Postpaid, $5.00.

Send along your order, and if you do not think this is the finest photograph you have ever seen of Mr. Hubbard, you have the privilege of returning it and your money will be returned without cavil.

Studio of R. MORRIS WILLIAMS
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

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The belief that Olive Oil can be packed like peas, corn, tomatoes, etc., and kept indefinitely, is wholly erroneous

You will find that there is the same marked difference between fresh olive oil and olive oil packed months ago as there is between a newly laid egg and an egg months old.

Pompeian Olive Oil is sold to dealers only in such quantities as they can sell within the prescribed time limit in which olive oil remains in a perfect state of freshness.

FULL MEASURE TINS:
½ Pint, 25 cts.; Pint, 50 cts.; Quart, $1.00.

Write for our book of selected salad recipes mailed free to any address.

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GENOA, ITALY
BALTIMORE, U.S.A.



ALWAYS FRESH-PURE-SWEET

Catalog For All Gifts!

IN the rush of the last few weeks, there is perhaps some Gift that you have forgotten—some friend for whom you can not think what would be appropriate. What shall it be?

¶ Drop a postal for the new 1916 Catalog of Roycroft Handmade Goods. It is chock-full of Gift Suggestions. Maybe it contains just the thing you want to give, but which you would never have thought of but for the Roycroft Catalog.

The Roycrofters
East Aurora, New York

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It's on the National Menu—so it MUST BE FINE; and is also on the menu of the Roycroft Inn —where the "Elect" have put the kibosh on every other coffee that has been put up to the Bunch.



"NONE BETTER AT ANY PRICE"

If you'll only taste it once, you'll not wonder at its presence on the "National Menu"; nor fail to understand just why "Uncle Sam" underscores the name for special attention. Your grocer has it or can easily procure it for you.

DWINELL-WRIGHT CO.
PRINCIPAL COFFEE ROASTERS
BOSTON AND CHICAGO

Another Language Makes Another Man

This is the age of specialization — But the man who supplements his special training and education with a foreign language, doubles his commercial value and opens up new possibilities and new fields of opportunity.

¶ Let your spare moments give you a new language for business or social purposes.



FRENCH—GERMAN
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Is Easily and Quickly Mastered by the
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Highest award Panama Pacific Exposition

This is the natural way to learn a foreign language. The voice of a native professor pronounces each word and phrase, slowly or quickly, for minutes or for hours. It is a pleasant, fascinating study. All members of the family can use it.

Anyone can learn a foreign language who hears it spoken often enough; and by this method you can hear it as often as you like.

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Send For This Free Book

¶ Simply send us your name and address and we will mail you free "A Treatise on Language Study" and full particulars of trial offer.

We will also tell you how you can use your own talking machine (our records fit all) to acquire a foreign language.

Write us today.

10% to 33%
MID-WINTER REDUCTIONS

Albrecht Furs
1855

OUR Mid-Winter discounts afford an opportunity to buy your furs at prices never before offered for the quality, style and workmanship you get in Albrecht neckwear, garments and muffs.

¶ It will pay you to buy your Furs now, but you must act quickly. Our Mid-Winter Price-Reduction Offer expires Feb. 1st, 1916.

Your Choice of Latest Styles

¶ There is no better known, nor more reputable furrier than the House of Albrecht. For sixty years it has stood at the top. We have the pick of the best, finest pelts that come into the American market — and we offer you any of the furs, beautifully illustrated in our Big Fur Style Book, at good substantial reductions. On some certain lines we offer as much as a 33⅓ — and none less than 10% reduction. Tell us what your fur needs are, we surely can save you Money.

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E. Albrecht & Son
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"We Have One Among Us—"



DR. CHARLES F. CROUCH
PRESIDENT E. H. C., ATLANTA, GEORGIA

DOCTOR CROUCH is one of Atlanta's live wires. He is a loyal Roycrofter-at-large—"still at large" he says, with a twinkle in his eye—and a great admirer of Elbert Hubbard. He refuses to say that Elbert Hubbard is dead. Like the wounded French soldier who, when informed that Napoleon was dead, exclaimed, "He dead! Much you know about him!" so Doctor Crouch contends that Elbert Hubbard still lives—in the written word, and in the heart archives of those who knew him and were privileged to hear him speak.

Doctor Crouch conceived the idea of establishing an Elbert Hubbard Club in Atlanta, Georgia, to study systematically the philosophy contained in, and suggested by, his writings. And he has put it into execution. Around him are gathered more than one hundred enthusiastic Hubbard disciples. Periodical meetings are held for discussion, and lectures by prominent men; and in a score of ways—sensible, friendly and without mush or mash—they think, see, seek, study to realize the philosophy of which the keynote is FREEDOM, and for which Elbert Hubbard stood.

Doctor Crouch is to be congratulated on his enterprise and enthusiasm. We give him and the Elbert Hubbard Club of Atlanta, Georgia, heartiest greeting and bespeak for them the encouragement and good-will of all loyal Roycrofters.

More Power For Less Money
6 H. P. 98.75



The New Galloway Masterpiece "Bit" is the most down-to-the-minute engine that mechanical ingenuity can produce. It is perfectly adapted to furnish power to the shop, the mill, the contractor anywhere and where ready, steady, reliable, efficient and economical power is needed.

My New 1916 Proposition

is the greatest offer ever made by any manufacturer and is the first time in the history of engine building that an A 1 high-grade engine of this h. p. could be bought for so low a price. Write for particulars and price-reducing sliding scale schedule.



Wm. Galloway, Pres.
The Wm. Galloway Co.
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Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as

Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Roaring or Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums
"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears"—require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable to wear at all times.

Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and plenty of testimonials.

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For Discarded Jewelry
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For False Teeth

We buy your old diamonds, watches, gold, silver and platinum jewelry, false teeth, dental fillings, painter's gold leaf cotton or auto magneto points. Money sent on receipt of goods. You have privilege of returning money within 10 days. Goods then returned at our expense.

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At Home, Without Drugs, Regardless of Ailments

Working with Nature pays. She is a never failing guide in the cure of all diseases. She is ever ready to repair if you are willing to conform to her laws. To know and obey them will free Humanity from all disease. This knowledge is obtainable now. Two-cent stamp for information.

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The Gift Problem Solved!

that is, to a great extent. The new 1916 Roycroft Catalog will give you another outlook across the chaotic field of what to choose for Holiday Gifts. A postal will bring you a copy by return mail.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

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CHEW your thoughts well before swallowing them. Mental indigestion, with all its train of attendant troubles, is due to this one fact more than anything else ☙ Bolted thoughts cause more trouble than you have any conception of. Chew every thought at least thirty-two times, or until there is practically nothing left of it ☙ You will find by so doing that you can get along on fewer thoughts than you dreamed of. ¶ Have the thoughts that you have been trying to assimilate been lying heavy on your mind? That is because you have hurried them down ☙ Nothing is more painful than to have a lot of undigested thoughts lying on your mind. It leads in time to many organic troubles.

As for your daily diet, that depends largely on your heredity and temperament ☙ If you had the mind of a Harlem goat for example, you might feed on a Presidential message and get away with it. If you are broken down, however, by a long course of newspapers, your mind might revolt at the slightest attempt at sanity. ¶ Avoid too many liquid thoughts. Also those that are highly spiced ☙ In the morning take a few headlines, together with a half-page or so of some standard writer. Absorb slowly.

At noon avoid all stock reports. Read carefully the advertising section of some good magazine. It is very nourishing.

At night take a hearty meal of some fresh writer who is more or less seasonable.—*Life.*

☙

He who imparts cheerfulness is adding to the wealth of the world.

THE WELTMER INSTITUTE OF SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS



SANITARIUM

Established 1897

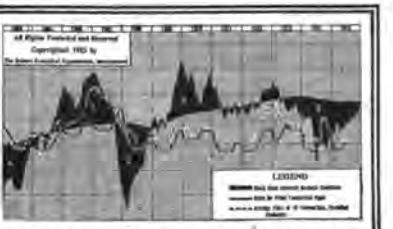
THE WELTMER INSTITUTE is the parent school of Psychological methods of healing—Weltmerism, Magnetic Healing, Laying on of Hands, Mental Science and the other drugless methods which may be included under the broad general head of Suggestive Therapeutics.

¶ The Sanitarium connected with the Weltmer School is equipped with every modern facility.

¶ Each patient's room has electric light, steam heat, hot and cold water—roomy clothes closet—good ventilation—and many have private bath.

¶ We have regular physicians constantly employed in the Sanitarium and School; however, nearly all cases are cured without the use of drugs or surgery. Patients attending our Sanitarium receive benefits of every safe, sane and effective method of cure, and for one fee, which is less than the charge made at most sanitariums for the one particular method which happens to be the fad of the physician in charge. ¶ 18th ANNUAL CATALOG Will Be Sent Postpaid—Gratis Upon Request.

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Babson's special bulletin dealing with mercantile conditions and carefully analyzing

"The Outlook for 1916"

will be off the press about January 1. It will impartially discuss conditions here and abroad.

This bulletin is of vital interest to manufacturers and merchants, to whom it will be sent free.

Write at once to insure getting a copy.
Address Dept. F-10 of the

Babson Statistical Organization
Advisory Block. Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in U. S.

A "Steel Trap" Memory



One that takes a tight grip on facts, figures, names, details of every kind and hangs onto them through life—that's the kind of memory you ought to have and the kind you can have if you will give me ten minutes of your spare time daily for a few weeks. I will make your mind an infallible classified index of the things it is to your advantage to remember—give you power to concentrate, overcome self-consciouness, enable you to think on your feet, and address an audience intelligently without hesitancy and without notes.

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GIVES the Eight Psychological Keys to all Business Success. Tells how to apply them. Govern your thinking and acting by the rules of Practical Psychology and you can control conditions to a far greater extent. Tells how to develop these essentials:

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L-50 — MODELED-LEATHER TABLE-MAT
Moth Design
Prices of Mats ranging in size from 12 inches to 22 inches in diameter, in various designs
12 inches $2.25 15 inches $3.50 18 inches $5.00
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L-45 — MANICURE-CASE
Modeled in Spanish cowhide, lined with ooze-morocco. Fitted with best imported instruments.
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L-52 — HAND-BAG
Modeled in Fuchsia Design
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Size, 8 x 10½ in. Price, $12.00
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L-37 — FOLDING PHOTO-CASE
Price, $4.50
Size, closed, 5½ x 8 inches
Two openings, oval or square, 3½ x 5½ inches



L-59 — HAND-BAG
Envelope bag, modeled in Lily Design
Has inside frame. Lined with ooze-leather
Size, 5 x 8¼ inches Price, $8.50



L-41 — KODAK-ALBUM
Price, $5.00 Size, 11¼ x 8¼ inches
Mounting-space, 8 x 10 inches 25 sheets
Modeled Cowhide

All these articles are modeled and worked by hand in a style and quality of workmanship not to be surpassed



L-48 — MODELED-LEATHER MAT AND BOOK-ENDS
Mat, 12 x 18 inches $5.00
Book-Ends, 5 inches high 6.00
Mat and Book-Ends are modeled in Conventional Grape Design

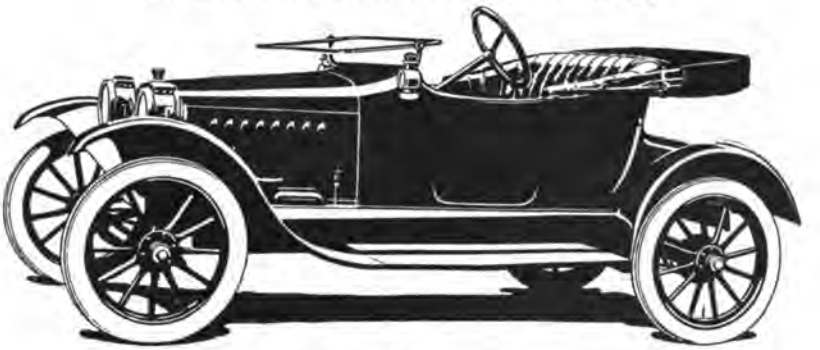
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Costs less to run than horse and buggy



Now This Car Rules the Roadster Field

This is the verdict of those who weigh motor car values with unprejudiced eye. In feature after feature it clearly outpoints all others in its price class. Every detail proves its quality.

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3-speed sliding gear transmission—used on all high-priced automobiles.

Modern high-speed motor—provides flexibility, quietness and power to go anywhere.

Honeycomb radiator—assures perfect cooling; finest type of radiator made.

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Dry plate clutch—$2,000 cars use the same type.

Vanadium steel cantilever springs—easiest riding type of spring suspension.

Saxon Roadster offers the relief you seek from operative over-tax. It costs less to run than any other.

At this season of the year we urge you to consider also the new Saxon Roadster with detachable coupe top—two automobiles for $455.

"Four" Roadster	**$395**
With detachable coupe top	**455**
Delivery Car	**395**

New Series Saxon "Six" $785

Here is a big, roomy "Six" of finished perfection. In every respect it will conform to your ideal of a quality car.

Lightness—gained through modern engineering and quality materials.

Power—continuous, silent, flexible—matchless acceleration, smoothness and coolness under all conditions.

Beauty—Yacht-line grace of resistless appeal.

Roominess—112 inches in wheelbase. Comfort a-plenty for all five passengers.

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Two-unit electric starting and lighting system; Timken axles and Timken bearings throughout the chassis; silent helical bevel gears; linoleum covered, aluminum bound, running boards and floor boards. And countless further attractions.

"Six" Touring Car	**$785**
With detachable limousine top	**935**
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Write for copy of "Saxon Days" with full information about the New Series Saxon Cars. Address Dept. 111.

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Complete line of New Series Saxon Cars at the New York National Automobile Show—Main Floor Grand Central Palace

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ELBERT HUBBARD

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MICHAEL MONAHAN

Editor *The Phoenix*, Author *Adventures in Life and Letters, Palms of Papyrus*, etc.

A candid but friendly estimate of the Genius, Personality and Achievement of the Man of East Aurora.

Together with some delightful Roycroft Memories.

Wm. Marion Reedy, editor of the St. Louis *Mirror*, writes:

"That is a very good Hubbard number of *The Phoenix*. It shows you in the perfect critical mood. I think you have done him justice, and done it kindly too. I trust that your essay will find its way into the hands of a vast number of Hubbard's followers. It has a double merit in that it will help rather than harm his memory, and it will introduce them to a writer with the savor of 'the true, the blushful Hippocrene!'"

"The Real Elbert Hubbard" is contained in a recent number of *The Phoenix*. Send Ten Cents, coin or stamps, or better still, enclose One Dollar for a year of

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Found
A Ring!

THE President of East Aurora reports that last Summer there was found in the village a valuable ring—worth about $500. ¶ Every means has since been used to discover the owner—with no result. ¶ It occurs to us that perhaps a visitor to the Roycroft may have lost this article, and if any reader of *The Fra* has had such a mishap befall him, may fortune favor him by directing his glance to this announcement. ¶ Please address the undersigned, giving full description and approximate date when loss was noticed.

ELBERT HUBBARD II
East Aurora - - - - New York

SURE! YOU BET!

THE Original Swede says: We get lost in the wilderness of our own foolishness and go through life in a circle, thinking others are to blame for our wanderings. When we are not only our worst enemy, but think we are wise in so being ❧ Which is true, when we develop mental muscles practicing false economy, a product of ignorance not yet understood. It 's the business of ignorance to make us fail, and what the Swede knows about this old and well established firm that makes it a business to rot our graymatter, is what we publish as philosophy ❧ You ought to read his article (THE HEADLESS MAN). To know ignorance is to know ourselves and it is surely wisdom that makes success assured. We get paid for what we know and we pay for what we do not. It is up to us to learn or burn, for instance; pay your way and you will find a way to pay ❧ Read our clue in the last and next issue.

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Its incomparable aroma, fragrance and flavor have made it the coffee deluxe—the prime favorite with discriminating people.

Prepared according to the famous formula of the perfect blend used by the "Cafe Bauer"—one of the best known, most frequented and most cosmopolitan spots in Europe.

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Order from your grocer. If he can not supply you, we will—promptly and cheerfully.

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BRIDES and WIVES

Grooms and Husbands

"The Science of a New Life"

By JOHN COWAN, M. D.

CONTAINS information that is worth hundreds of dollars to any married couple or those contemplating marriage. Endorsed and recommended by the leading medical and religious critics throughout the United States. Unfolds the secrets of a happy married life, which are in many cases learned too late. No other book like it to be had anywhere at the price. Note a few of the chapters.

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PART II.—The Conception of a New Life. The Physiology of Inter-Uterine Growth. Period of Gestative Influence. Pregnancy, Its Signs and Duration. Disorders of Pregnancy. Confinement. TWILIGHT SLEEP. Management of the Mother and Child After Delivery. Period of Nursing Influence. Diseases Peculiar to Women. Diseases Peculiar to Men. Sterility and Impotence. SUBJECTS ON WHICH MORE MIGHT BE SAID. A Happy Married Life: How Secured.

Special Offer: The regular price of "Science of a New Life" is $3.00. In order to introduce this work among the readers of this magazine we will, for a limited time, send one copy only to any address, postage prepaid, upon receipt of **$2.00.**

Furthermore, we will agree to refund your money if, within ten days of the receipt of the book, you find that it is not worth many times what you paid for it. Take advantage of this offer today, this minute, and you will never regret doing so.

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This month you will give a New-Year's Calendar as a token of remembrance to some of your friends—so what would be more appropriate than a "Peace Calendar"? ¶ Dr. John J. Mullowney has, after much labor and patience, compiled a unique, an extraordinary piece of work—a *"Peace Calendar and Diary for 1916."* It is a practical desk memoranda calendar of 744 pages, beautifully printed on fine-quality paper, size 3 x 3 5-8 inches, fitted to a specially finished "Gem" desk-standard. On each of 366 pages is a pungent thought on peace by some illustrious Man or Woman. On each facing page is the date and space for the day's memoranda. Price, postpaid, $1.00 net. ¶ Every Peace Calendar distributed will be a daily reminder of the crime and folly of war, and will help promote the cause of peace. Get a Calendar for yourself and for each of your friends.

Address JOHN J. MULLOWNEY Paxtang, Pennsylvania



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from Charles Frederick Higham

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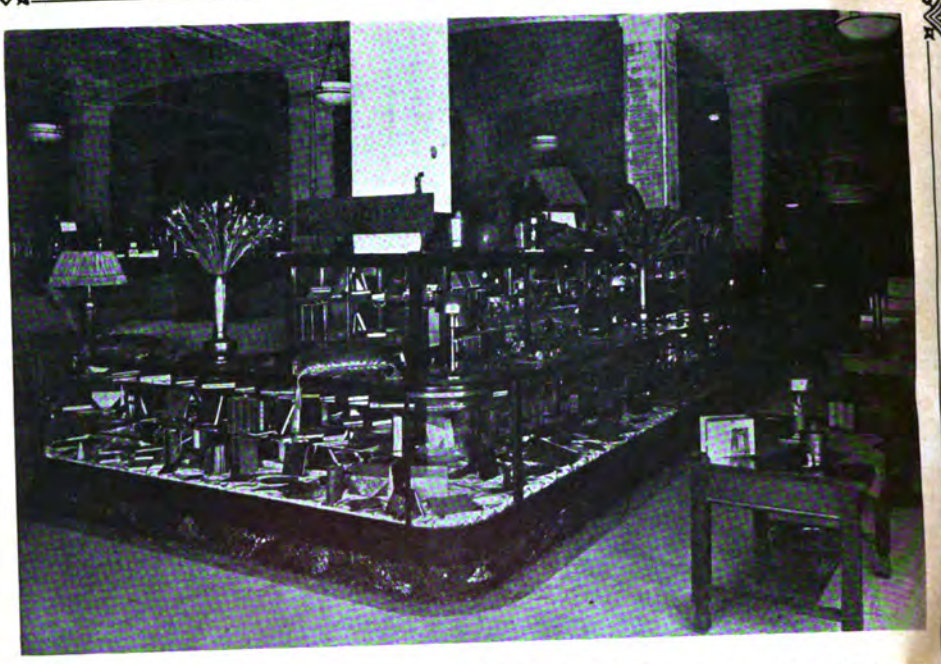
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for the exclusive display of Roycroft Goods in their Store, which display will occupy a special department to be known as "The Roycroft Shop." Roycroft Books, Hand-Wrought Copper and Modeled-Leather goods make most desirable Christmas Presents ✠ They are unique, exceptional, out of the ordinary.

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THE world reserves its big prizes for but one thing, and that is Initiative. Initiative is doing the right thing without being told. Next to doing the thing without being told, is to do it when you are told ONCE :-: :-:

—Elbert Hubbard

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RESOLVE to cultivate a cheerful spirit, a smiling countenance and a soothing voice. The sweet smile, the subdued speech, the hopeful mind, are earth's most potent conquerors, and he who cultivates them becomes a very master among men :-: :-: :-: :-: :-:

—Elbert Hubbard

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MAR 29 1916
Pres C.W. Eliot

THE FRA

For Philistines and Roycrofters



February 1916

Gov. Arthur Capper
Dr. Frank Crane
Booker T. Washington
Dr. J.A. Macdonald

Abraham Lincoln
By Elbert Hubbard

ELBERT HUBBARD
Publisher East Aurora N.Y.

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I THINK I know what love is for, although I'm not quite sure. I think love is given us so we can see a soul. And this soul we see is the highest conception of excellence and truth we can bring forth. This soul is our reflected self. And from seeing what one soul is, we imagine what all souls may be—and thus we reach God, who is the Universal Soul.

—*Elbert Hubbard*

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Missing the "game-ball" *right in front of the pocket* is only one of the whimsical turns with which Home Billiards abounds. It 's part of the frolic to twit the family sharp-shooter. So leave it to mother and the boys to hold their own.

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I WISH the good old times would come again, when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent ☙ A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare—and all because of that *folio* Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience

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would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

—Charles Lamb.

TO be strong and true; to be generous in praise and appreciation of others; to impute worthy motives even to enemies; to give without expectation of return; to practise humility, tolerance, and self-restraint; to make the best use of time and opportunity; to keep the mind pure and the judgment charitable; to extend intelligent sympathy to those in distress; to cultivate quietness and non-resistance; to seek truth and righteousness; to work, love, pray and serve daily; to aspire greatly, labor cheerfully, and take God at His word—this is to travel heavenward.

—Grenville Kleiser.

CONSIDER what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Advertising is stating who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer the world in the way of commodity or service.



What This Book Teaches You

How to overcome Timidity.
How to conquer Bashfulness.
How to have "nerve."
How to demand "your own."
How to face people you have always felt inferior to.
How to develop Self-Confidence.
How to deal with people on their own level.
How to successfully face embarrassing situations.
How to "rise to the occasion."
How to be Forceful and Dominant.
How to eliminate Nervousness in dealing with big men.
How to act calmly and naturally on occasions that usually excited you.
How to banish Fear, physical as well as mental.
How to stop Worry.
How to become a Man among Men.
How to get rid of Superstition.
How to face old age calmly.
How to maintain poise in public.
How to assert yourself in business as well as in the Home.
How to develop courage to swing big deals.
How to dominate Circumstances.
How to defy old time habits of Hesitation.
How to insure a healthy, virile, intrepid grade of Brain.
How to stir into electrical activity, latent leadership qualities, which Nature has tucked into the make-up of every normal man or woman.
How to mass the myriad cell-forces of your Mind into a strong, daring, goal-gaining plan of conduct.
How to break open the door to a new world of Thinking—rare in beauty, practical in application.
How to blaze the way to unthought-of fields of self expression.
How to add to your physical buoyancy a tingle and zest hitherto missing.
How to impress others with your poise, purpose and power.

A complete list of contents would almost fill this page.

Courage Brings the World to Your Feet

No man ever succeeds who doesn't feel right down in his heart that he can get what he wants. Courage, Nerve and Self-Confidence are indispensable weapons. The courageous man wins because he doesn't know the failure slogans, "I dare not," "I haven't the ability." Instead, he is sure of himself—he succeeds because he never contemplates failure, and thus he often accomplishes the "impossible," bringing the very world to his feet.

Man's Greatest Enemy

The poisonous dragon of fear does more to hinder the world's progress each year than all the European war's ravages since the struggle began. Fear of people, fear of things, fear of self and worry are the dragon's claws which pin millions of good men to earth. Yet any man could arise and do things—could overcome his vicious enemy "fear" if he but knew how.

"Culture of Courage"

Send No Money—Examine Book Free

This master book is by Frank Channing Haddock, the famous author of "Power of Will"—a scientist whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Royce, and Bergson—is a complete course in courage building. Instead of saying "be courageous" and "have faith," the author tells you exactly how to overcome each kind of fear. He reveals little tricks of thought—surprising ways of controlling yourself; teaches the knack—figuratively speaking—of jumping out of your old cringing self into a virile personality with vast do-ability; gives you ingenious ideas and formulas for paralyzing the "devil of fear" which seeks to bind you forever. And it is all so easy and simple that you will be literally amazed, as have thousands of others who are enthusiastic users of this great course.

Will Help YOU

Never, we believe, has a book of more practical help been written. One man tells us that by applying the principles set forth in "Culture of Courage" he put over a project *within two months* that he had worked unsuccessfully on for seven years and had about given up, and he writes that "it wasn't so hard after all."

That is only one example. Some say that it has made them self-confident and able to demand what they want, instead of whining for it hat in hand. Others say that for the first time are they able to talk to men they had always held in awe—others that it has given them courage to take risks they formerly dared not and they have won out—others, that they have banished superstition and fear of things beyond their control—some say that they now have courage to say "no," the hardest word in the English language—and hundreds say it has given them a new grip on life.

What "Culture of Courage" has done for them, it will do for you by forever eliminating fear in all of its diabolical disguises and putting in its place a brand of courage that will make you well-nigh invincible.



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"'Culture of Courage' is superb. It is clear, forceful, scientific, practical in every form and manner; ALIVE with the rich, the high, the ideal, the sublime. It's an inspiration from beginning to end. IT JUSTIFIES ALL CLAIMS." F. Stanley Pevera, Res. Master, Wesley College, Colombo, Ceylon.

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EDISON does more than any man in the United States. He is never tired. That's because he does the work he is really fitted to do—the work he loves. But men's real talents are rarely discovered. How about yours? Choosing the wrong vocation means drudgery and third-class work; it means—often enough—complete ruin. Half the world's troubles come from this one source. Don't be a square peg in a round hole; feel the joy of accomplishment. Find out what your real talents are through this new work.



A Little of What You Get

Great men of all ages knew how to choose men. Self knowledge the first step to self development. Parents who do not know their children. Life ruined because of wrong vocation. 90 per cent of people enter employment blindly and by chance. The misfit wastes his best powers. The stimulation of success. Exhaustion from uninteresting work. Misfit often means poverty, disease, crime, death. Man who has found his work finds success.

What to Bear in Mind When Selecting a Vocation. The Physically Frail. The Fat Man. The Man of Bone and Muscle. Slaves of Machinery. The Impractical Man. Hungry for Fame. In the Wrong Profession. Unscientific Selection of Employees and Employers. Organization Analysis of Positions. Analysis of Executives. Analysis of Employees. Analysis from Photographs. Woman's Work. Practically a complete course in salesmanship. The Psychology of Persuasion. Power to Persuade Essential to Success. Persuasion in Discipline of Children. How to Sell Goods. Getting Favorable Attention. Getting Interest. Getting Desire. Getting Decision and Action. Handling the Indecisive. Need for Character Analysis. Efficient and Satisfactory Service. The Scientific Basis of Character or Analysis. How to Learn and Apply Science of Character Analysis.

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The New Science of Judging Men; Misfits in Business, the Home and Social Life. Dr. Katharine M. H. Blackford's New Work based on the Science of Character Analysis. 400 pages.—Illustrated.

DO you really know yourself? Do you realize that your judgment of yourself is colored by your own weakness? Read this book and then look at yourself in the glass and you will find in yourself possibilities you did not dream of. You will find, perhaps, that you are going the wrong road, trying to put over a fight which your body is not prepared for. And yet that head of yours, your hands, your voice, would reveal to you another talent, which you never suspected.

Take advantage of the talents that are in you. Get an unbiased judgment of your mind and ability. Character Analysis is not guess-work. It is a science, based on psychology, physiology and biology. Many scientists, like William James, had an inkling of it. From their work and from my study of medicine and related sciences, I evolved this new science of Character Analysis. I have tested it for 15 years. I have employed labor in large organizations. I have taught it to many who are now earning big salaries as employment experts. I have taught thousands by mail, the Governor of a State—the owner of one of the biggest newspapers of the United States. At the suggestion of the Review of Reviews Company I have written this book.



Fra 2-16

Katharine M. H. Blackford, Review of Reviews Company, 30 Irving Place, N. Y.

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Name_____

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As long as this first edition lasts you can have this work for a special low price. The advance demand for this work almost takes up the edition. If you do not find in this book matter that will make important differences to you in your work, in your health, in your success, in your social relations, send the book back. But don't wait. **Don't drift any longer—begin to steer your life to a definite goal. Begin by sending this coupon now.**

KATHARINE M. H. BLACKFORD, M.D.

The Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Place, - New York

A MAN, now classed among our captains of industry, once said to the writer: "Producing the goods is child's play. Making people believe in them and buy them is a science. Profit or loss is made in selling." ❧ Here is food for reflection. As a rule, production is largely a physical matter—so many machines and so much human physical energy of a kind easy to get.

But the selling end! From top to bottom it is intensely human—and mental. Salesmen have not only to make their proposition look good, but also to deal effectively with prejudice, skepticism, false economy, procrastination—about every negative mental attitude ❧ Successful selling, on the executive end, is business generalship of a high order, a statement which no thinking person will attempt to argue against. It requires originality of a type difficult to find, for selling initiative demands the best of commonsense, both in formulating theories and resolving them, by execution, into fact. A successful selling campaign begins in a plan generated by determination to dominate and ends in skilful handling of the minds of the people through the personality of the house projected by means of salesmen.

A recent definition of sales management is managing, mentally, the people to be sold and helping the salesman do it. The most successful selling campaigns in this country have been carried through upon that definition ❧ ❧

This is certain: though we may be timid at tackling the task of reducing the psychology of individual sales to laws, we must at least

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fix the broad business principles in selling work, or success is a chance.

These fundamentals are just as simple as they are little known, and as potent as they are simple.

It is not necessary that of those starting in business so large a percentage should fail. Every legitimate business should make a profit—and can ❧ And in the greater number of cases the profit line will be crossed, not by improving production, but by better planned and better executed selling effort—purposeful, concentrated, systematized ❧ Emerson said, "All successful men have agreed in one thing—they were causationists."

They made things happen.—*Edwin Halleck White.*

What Foods

—make you thin
—what foods make you stout
—what foods make you nervous

What foods cause constipation, indigestion, fermentation, rheumatism? What foods rob you of mental and physical efficiency? What foods, harmless in themselves, *actually poison your system* when eaten in combination with other harmless foods? Do you know that you can correct the evils of wrong eating—that you can literally eat your way to buoyant health without "dieting," without eating special foods, without eating what you don't enjoy? Hundreds of questions like these and the following are answered for you in Eugene Christian's Little Lessons in Correct Eating—sent free on approval.



Eugene Christian

What foods rob you of mental efficiency?
What combinations of food are not foods but poisons?
What foods cause constipation and how to avoid it?
What foods produce acid stomach?
What foods are the great cause of rheumatism, gout, lumbago?
When is grapefruit injurious?
What foods make your liver complain?
What are the two most important things to consider in the selection of food?
What effect has food on our morals?
What foods cause nervousness, irritability, insomnia?
What is the one great cause of stomach irritation?
What causes catarrh of the stomach?
What foods should be eaten together for digestive harmony?
After what age are starchy foods injurious?
What foods keep you warm in winter and cool in summer?
What foods establish health by removing causes of disease?
What foods correct stomach and intestinal disorders?
What causes fermentation?
What is the relation of various foods to age, climate, activity?
Why the appetite cannot be trusted as a guide to what to eat.
Why some foods actually explode in your stomach.
What foods build muscle?
What should your correct weight be; how to attain it?
When is water beneficial; when is it harmful?
Twelve great rules of health for the business man.

What People Say

"I am feeling fine again, thanks to you and your course of lessons on Scientific Eating. There ought to be 100,000 men practicing Scientific Eating in America."—F. A. Fulby, Niagara Falls, South Ont., Canada.

"I am delighted beyond expression with the lessons. They have proved invaluable to me and have revolutionized both my diet and my health."—Olive M. Sees, 725 East Tipton St., Huntington, Ind.

"Your work on Scientific Eating is invaluable. It is with much pleasure that I recommend your course to prospective students everywhere."—Chas. A. Ittel, 1212 Termont Avenue, North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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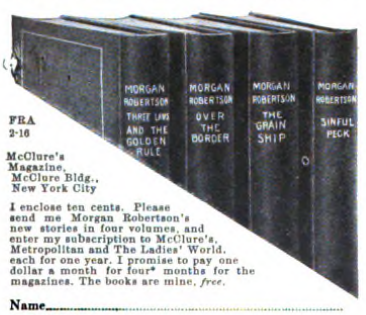
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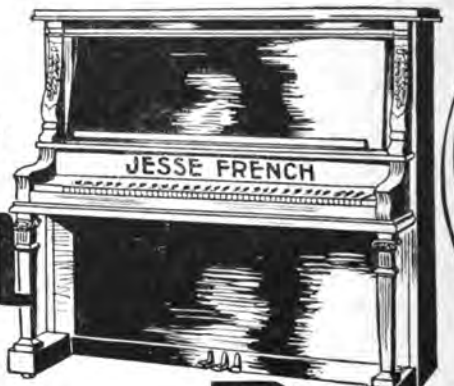
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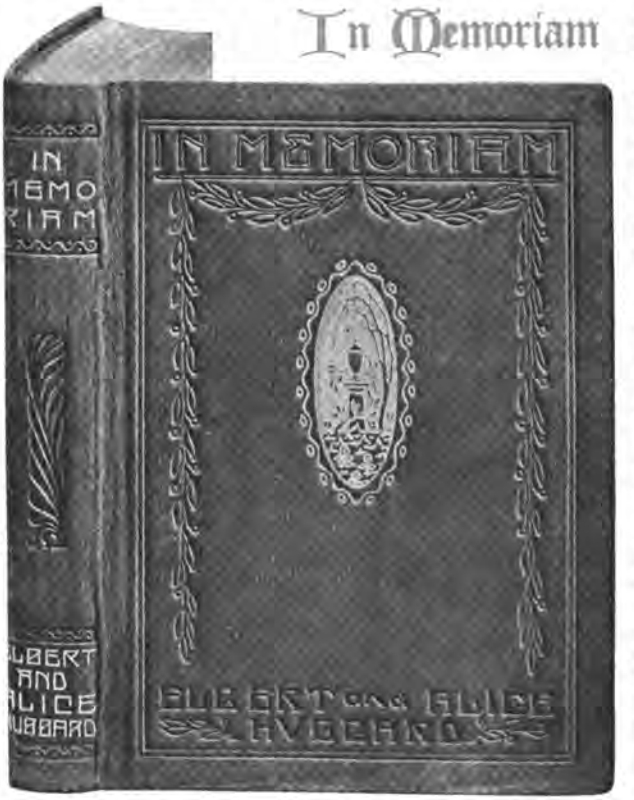
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THE APRIL (1916) FRA WILL BE CHANGED IN SIZE — AND COVER!

IN April, 1916, the size of *The Fra* will be reduced a wee bit to make it easier for the Reader to handle; and the Cover Paper will be changed! Though we put the suggestion into operation, it came, primarily, from *Fra* Subscribers. We were influenced by a two-thirds Volunteer Vote!

The present size of *The Fra* is approximately 9 in. x 14 in. — the New Size will be, approximately, 8 in. x 12 in. The Same Number of Articles will be printed each month; the size of type will remain the same. All in all, we believe the change will make *The Fra* more compact and more *serviceable* to you. The Cover — will be a surprise!

Now then, this month of February we want some more Constructive Criticism. Usually when a Publication asks for Criticism, it means a Compliment! Not us! We would appreciate it to have every subscriber to *The Fra* who has not yet written us give a frank opinion. If it is complimentary, it will have additional value. If it is critical, it will receive courteous consideration. Will you help us to give you an IMPROVED *FRA*?

THE ROYCROFTERS

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THE FRA

DEVOTED·TO·BUSINESS·AND
THE·BUSINESS·OF·LIVING

FELIX SHAY
EDITOR
JOHN T. HOYLE
MANAGING
EDITOR



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A Trip to Europe With Elbert Hubbard

Bert Hubbard



I BELIEVE it was Emerson who said, "If you go to Europe and bring back much it is because you took much with you."

So, exactly what a boy of thirteen would bring back from Europe might easily be guessed ☙ In the ninth grade at school, and not having had any old-world history or literature, it would seem almost as if the expenses of a European trip would hardly be warranted ☙ ☙

Yet if the boy might have as his one companion on such a trip, Elbert Hubbard, then would the value to him be different.

Such was my lucky experience in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-six. And today, as I am looking over the "log" we kept, I recall two months of happiness and joy that loom up out of memory like a ship in the fog.

We traveled cheaply, but well. The *State of Nebraska* (Allan Line) was not the finest boat, but her first-class cabin was good. The year before, my father had gone over on a fast boat, second cabin, and came back on a sailing vessel, six weeks at sea, landing somewhere on the Maine coast instead of at Boston. And in confidence he told me that "first-class" on any boat was bad enough. I could easily understand this the first night at sea. The smell of cooking, steam, a stuffy cabin and fresh strawberries for supper did it. But never mind, I got sea-legs the next day, and later was able to stand clear forward on the upper deck during a storm. The old ship would rise up on the crest of a big wave, then suddenly seem to dive down and down into the next one, plunging through it with her lower decks all awash. I can recall how few passengers there seemed to be on these occasions.

WE landed at Glasgow on June Tenth, and sailed for home from Liverpool on July Second. But in those twenty-two days we

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walked nearly all the way from Glasgow, through the Trossachs, and the Lake Region of Scotland, to Edinburgh: then down through England to London: six days in London; four in crossing the English Channel to Antwerp and Brussels; back to London again, and then across country to Liverpool.

This trip was essentially for the purpose of visiting the homes of great men, about whom *Little Journeys* were to be written.

Little did I realize the wonderful opportunity that was mine. But now as I read from my "log" the impressions my boyish mind got I am convinced of it.

After we had spent a day at Hammersmith among the shops of William Morris, I wrote in the book only this: "Tuesday, June 30, 1896. Went first to the home of William Morris. Met Mr. Cocherall and Mrs. Peddie, his assistant, who showed us around the shops and introduced us to Douglas Cocherall, a nobleman bookbinder. Mr. Cocherall showed us a big book called *Chaucer* that they were publishing at twenty guineas a copy. All that for one book with wooden covers! Mr. Morris is sick in bed and we could not see him."

The ideals of Morris, which were the inspiration of the Roycroft Shops at East Aurora, escaped me.

The visit to the Battlefield of Waterloo left this impression: "On the top of the mound is a large lion cast from the cannons captured by the English. There is a stairway to the top—226 steps, 'cause I counted them. When the French marched to Antwerp in 1833 they broke off the tail of the lion just for fun. From the top of the mound we could see the small valley where Napoleon's army jammed and formed a bridge across of horses and men."

SOME of the events of our trip are recorded in my log in Father's handwriting ❧ On June Nineteenth he wrote: ("Forty years old this day, God help us!) ❧ Took steamer on Thames at London Bridge for Chelsea. Got off at Battersea Park and watched boys play cricket. Walked across bridge to Chelsea. Saw monument of Carlyle at foot of Cheyne Row. Visited Carlyle's old home, and spent an hour most pleasantly ❧ The caretaker, a worthy widow, gave us some leaves from vines that Carlyle had planted. 'Only Americans care now for Carlyle,' the old lady told us; 'soon we will all be forgot.' The old girl has rheumatism and thinks the house is haunted. Surely it is. The wind whistled down the chimney gruesomely. As my footfalls echoed through the silent chambers I thought I heard a sepulchral voice say: 'Thy future life! Thy fate is it, indeed. Whilst thou makest that thy chief question, thy life to me and to thyself and to thy God is worthless.' The wind still howled. She locked the door and we came away." ❧

THE day after that we heard Joseph Parker speak at the City Temple in London. Visited Saint Paul's Cathedral and the National Gallery. Saw the great collection of Turner's famous paintings and sketches. Arranged with a photographer to make reproductions of some of these for use in the *Little Journey to the Home of Turner.*

Our visit to Israel Zangwill stands out in my memory clearly. What my own thoughts were then I can not quote now, for Father recorded the visit thus:

"Sunday, June 28. Awakened by the clanging of bells of Saint Pancras Church across the way. Bath, breakfast, and took bus and tram out to Oxford Road. At No. 24 were ushered in and card sent up to Mr. Zangwill. The house is old and the furniture old and musty. All is dark and dingy. Six pictures, all of Zangwill, were spread around. Was shown up to Zangwill's study and received by the homeliest man I ever saw, very cordially. He is a 'littery' man of first quality. His voice is low and manner very gentle. His breakfast was brought in on a tray while we were there, and he apologizing began to nibble crackers, sip tea, and pick gingerly at a herring. Not a square meal, I should say. His dress was dowdy, his cuffs showing a goodly amount of undershirt, which he tucked away from time to time; linen so-so, and would have appeared better if shaved and interviewed with a toothbrush. Asked him if he had any manuscript to offer for publication. Said he had a play called, *The Revolted Daughter,* that no actor will put on. Z—— says it is too good for them, and that we underestimate the ability of the public to comprehend advanced truth. 'You think I will not understand you if I express my best, and I think the same of you, and thus we deceive each other and ourselves.' Z—— said if the Roycroft Shop would pay him a hundred pounds we could have the right to print the play. Hardly think it will pay us to pay five

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hundred dollars for the privilege, although no doubt the prestige would be worth while." ❧ On the following day we visited the home of the Reverend Doctor Joseph Parker. I wrote this about it: "Very fine house and many pictures. In one room were sixteen of Henry Ward Beecher. Had a bulldog an American lady gave him because it looked like him. His wife looked very much like Ellen Terry, whom we saw in Edinburgh. Showed us a scrapbook in which were some checks he never cashed, but had written across them, 'Pay to the bank of love.' Funny man not to cash his checks."

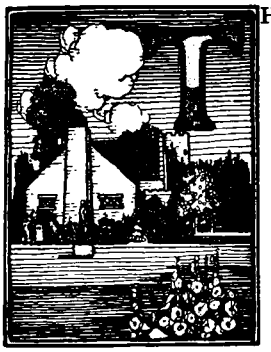
There were many other places of great interest we visited: Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott; Melrose Abbey; the British Museum. We climbed to the top of Ben Lomond, took a swim in Loch Lomond—water so cold and clear I drank it as I swam.

I think of this whole trip as the biggest thing in my life. To travel with Elbert Hubbard was to have a wonderful time. His interest in the big people of the country, and his ability to pick the interesting places as we went along, surely made him a companion that a youngster must learn much from. And I did. But I was a boy of tender years and must have gotten tired of art-galleries, museums, battlefields, and homes of great people, for here is what I wrote for the last day of the trip: "July 14th, 1896. Arrived in Buffalo at 6 a.m. Had breakfast at McLeod's ❧ Reached East Aurora at 9:30. Home safe and sound and happy. Oh, Gee! Gone seven weeks and had enuf of it."

FELICITATIONS

Felix Shay

95% Pro Ally!



THE Turk entertains the German at Stamboul. The Feast-Days are come. In the pink and hospitable harems of the Sultan languish close-cropped visitors. The Bazaars speak the guttural. The milk and honey, fig and date laden tables are spread 'neath the Crescent Moon. Ach, Gott! Gut! Gut!

Now for the Road to Mandalay! Now for India! Now for Egypt! Now for the Holy War! Germany, the Christian Nation, will call the Mussulman to wage the Holy War.

THOUGH the Allies have not asked the United States to enter this War, they, as well as many citizens of this Country believe that we have responsibilities; believe that we can pay too high a price for Peace. Nor do the Allies ask that we resent the harm done to Belgium and to Civilization—only that we protect our own Citizens from German Brutality and German Insults. The world believes—and time will unquestionably justify the belief—that there has been sufficient cause given the United States to break off State relations with the *Mad Molla* of Berlin and his puppets. But the Allies do ask that, while we stand aloof, we speak a word of encouragement; that we show the Civilized Countries who are locked in a death embrace with Depravity, Avarice and Passion that we are not afraid to side with the right. Well, we do!

We, the people of the United States, judged by every rule of Democracy, namely, the Rule of the Majority, the Rule of Two-Thirds, are for England and her Allies in this fight! There can be no mistake; there should be no concealment. We pray for them, hope for them, help finance them, help clothe and feed them, make ammunition for them, send American Legions via Canada to fight for them. We will do all in our power to help the Allies win.

There are one hundred million people in these United States. Of that number, eleven million, say, are of German, Austrian and Hungarian stock. That gives us eighty-nine million people who are Pro-Ally? No! It gives us ninety-five million People who are Pro-Ally; for be it known that more than half of the American Citizens of German and Austrian extraction have no love for Bill Kaiser and his kind ❧ The Subsidized German Press of America represents *Germany*—and not *America*.

Deep down in their hearts, German-Austro-Hungarian-Americans realize that the day Prussia conquers the World will be the day

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that Liberty and Democracy and Progress will die altogether—probably locked up in a house and burned together, or shot by a Prussian Bristler as they break open the door to flee!

DOMESTIC neutrality preachments and docile admonishments may cause confusion in England, in France, in Italy, or Russia as to the real sentiment of the real American. Diplomacy is Diplomacy, and God knows, its ways are devious. The pretense of Friendliness in Officialdom, must be kept up—while it is. But where the average American meets his kind to discuss the subject, the sentiment in this Country is Ninety-five Per Cent Pro-Ally, Ninety-five Per Cent Pro-Civilization, and Pro-Humanity; Ninety-five Per-Cent against Frightfulness and the Deutsch ❧ *Before a conclusive Ally Victory comes to make these words seem weak and ill-timed, we, the overwhelming majority of the people of the United States, wish to extend the hand of fellowship and fraternity to the Allies, to say to them: "Brothers, we wish you well! We believe in you. You can not fail to win!"*

MAKE no mistake. Germany is defeated! Every day the War continues may be credited as greater than a Victory in Battle for the Allies. Modern mechanisms may hold back the tide of defeat for the time, but even mechanisms require the human hand for guidance! The Prussian hand weakens! the Prussian Heart's Blood flows.

Pass over the spectacular plays planned to hypnotize the simple-minded German people, and hold them steadfast! Note the *Realities*.

1. A prodigiously prepared Germany, doubly fortified, with great stores of ammunition, attacks its unprepared Neighbors, and after a year and a half of ferocious fighting arrives where? Surrounded with a wall of cannon! ❧
2. The German Drive on Paris. Efficiently planned, as the Thug plans: to murder the Belgian Watchman, to steal in by the back door!—But you remember!! And the Marne is emphatically not Paris. This " grandstand stunt " failed, though the preliminary murder was wantonly successful.
3. Frightfulness! To devastate the fields! Burn the homes! Violate the women! Shoot the aged men and boys into submission! A Plan! It failed! Because it is written that " The brute shall never conquer man."
4. German Sea-Rovers, including the Hamburg-American Tourist Line's contribution of ships! Well? Each and every one of them has been sunk into the Sea stern-end first!
5. The German Navy! The mighty dry-land Admiral Von Tirpitz!—where are they? The Pretzel Navy is hidden between the mattresses of the Kaiser's bed. Admiral Von-der-Viskers is piloting schooners over the bars in the Berlin Beer-Gardens.
6. German Submarines! Record: Murdered one thousand women, five hundred children, one thousand Americans, five hundred Fishermen! Destroyed an unarmed liner or two, the *Nellie Bly*, a whaler out of Boston; the *Shooting Wave*, plying between New York and Rockaway Beach; one yacht, two catboats, three catamarans, a yawl, a canoe, and a log raft. And not a noticeable Battleship in a year!
7. German On-to-Petrograd Drive! Stopped by the Russians, who without ammunition retreated as they pleased! Now, to return the compliment, they smash the German Lines, and are forcing the Invaders to retreat.
8. German Colonies ALL gone! All!
9. German Foreign Trade! Not only wiped out because of the War itself, but so jeopardized because of the Prussian conduct—and the exposition of Prussian character—that it may never be re-established!
10. Zeppelin Raid of London! ❧ A nightmare caused by overeating weiners and sauerkraut.
11. Prussian Fatherland-von-Dernberg-American Campaign to win sympathy and assistance! A rank and smelly failure; unlimited harm done, not only to Germany, but to many peaceful German-American Citizens.
12. Prussian-inspired Holy War! Serious troubles in Ireland! Egypt! India! Birmingham! Liverpool!—With Labor!—With the Suffragettes! WISHES! PRUSSIAN Wishes.

'TIS not the first war that England has " Muddled Through." ❧ It is the price she must pay for producing a high type of individual. Englishmen presume to think: they refuse to shut their eyes and jump off the edge, just because some one signals. This sort of " Efficiency " takes longer to direct, but once agreed as to action, it is irresistible. Need I argue this? The Englishman's record as a warrior leads all the list! He has warred all over the World successfully—through necessity not choice.

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And in a *Finish* Fight, like Mr. Kipling's friend, Fuzzy Wuzzy, "'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb—." To which interesting fact we believe the Berliner Tageblatt will be forced to testify long before the Von Hinderberg wooden statue is turned to stone!

From Calcutta to Cairo; from Khartum to Madrid; from Quebec to Sebastopol; from Johannesburg to Brussels; from Limerick to Paris—the Englishman has "muddled," fought, died, and been "defeated" time and time again. Along toward the end of the book, after the "reverses" of the early chapters have been forgotten, find Tommy Atkins in some conquered city, strolling on the boulevard with his swagger-stick; chaffing the nursemaids, chucking the Kiddies under the chin—a heroic fighter and an easy victor. The Englishman is a civilizer. (In the Tropics he bathes and dresses for dinner; while the sodden and indigestible Dutchman, a-fanning in a hammock reeks in slime and sweat; decomposes in pajamas!) Note Australia, Canada, India, Egypt, South Africa. The Englishman has annexed countries, but he has never *absorbed* them. The Irishman is still the Irishman; the Scotchman, the Scot; the Canadian, the Canadian. Every man's religion and language thrives under the English Flag. As a ruler, the Englishman is a gentleman. His depredations in all the centuries in all countries have not equaled the despoliations of the crude and boorish Deutsch in the last year. If the choice is to be between dominion by an Englishman or German, give us the Englishman and give him to us quickly!

I come from a Race that has "suffered" English Rule for more than two hundred years; that has deliberately crossed the street or climbed a fence to get into a fight with an Englishman. But this has long since developed into a family matter. Moreover, it has been a sort of poetic warfare with much admiration given and received. I have a mental picture as to what would have happened to the Green Flag with the Golden Harp and aye to the "Harp" himself!—had a Hohenzollen ruled from London all these years.

The Prussian has sated us with his possibilities—and the world has decided he should be forced back over his shambles and Berlin closed in around him!

We maintain that we can be perfectly patriotic Americans, and feel as we do.

America First

WHEN the World War separated us and the Hyphen stepped in to keep us apart, it developed that the Fourth of July Speeches had been a bit flamboyant! Liberty may have been won in Seventeen Hundred Eighty-three, but Independence is not yet won! The United States of America is not yet a Nation. It is a series of Foreign Settlements, each more or less loyal to a "Mother" Country. I need not prove this point; it is impossible to disprove it.

Blame no one in particular; blame us all. The local enthusiasm to have Squeedunk outdo Mudhole has been so intense that the National Spirit, the National Unity, the National Purpose, have been lost in a storm of bluster. Americans were satisfied to brag about America. Now let them find and face the facts!

In America, is AMERICA FIRST?

What necessary CHANGES should be made?

¶ Have we the will to MAKE THEM?

We must believe that every Individual in America who draws his living from this Land desires to be a loyal American; that each desires to give unquestioned and undivided Allegiance to this Country! that each will unshackle and put aside the chain of love, relationship and memory that binds him or her to the Mother Country, to the end that this wholesome Democracy shall not vanish from the Earth!

We need a National Anthem that is not a replica nor a poor imitation. *The Star Spangled Banner* is good enough War Poetry; but War is no suitable subject for song—especially not for a song of National Aspiration! Moreover, the Music of *The Star Spangled Banner* is copied after *Anacreon in Heaven! My Country 'T is of Thee* (la-la-la-la—la-la!) is *God Save the King*. Both Revival Hymns, not Anthems! A half-dozen countries have used this tune to discard it! *Dixie* has more life and verve in it, more thrill, is more American! But we need a new, peaceful, patriotic, wind-blown, continent-wide Concept, dreamed and done into life by an American Poet and Composer.

While we are on the subject of Music, we do most earnestly petition the Monied Americans who put up for the Metropolitan Opera House to discharge Caruso, Scotti, Tetrazzini, Gadski, Gluck, Schumann-Heink—all the Foreign Vocalizers, Conductors, *et al.* For the next ten

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years let us have American Singers only, and American Operas—or while we adjust, Operas translated and given in the American Language. Yes, Sir, I said the AMERICAN LANGUAGE! It is all a caddish whim that American Songsters are not the equal of the Italians, the Poles and the Germans. All they lack is opportunity, sympathy, appreciation! ❧ Is this drastic? I tell you it is not. Unless the AMERICAN NATIONAL IDEAL is broadened—and the DOLLAR made to be a *Part* and not the *Whole Thing*—unless the CREATIVE AMERICAN ARTIST is encouraged and patronized, his work placed high for the Youth to gaze at with starlit eyes—then America is doomed. We will not have to wait for the mythical, mechanical Enemy to bombard the Woolworth Building.

I move you that only American Actors be engaged to interpret American Plays by American Playwrights. That the Foreign Invasion of Actors and Actorines be stopped *NOW!* That much as it pains us to lose the exquisite art of Pavlowa—and the winsome gaiety of that delightful little lady Adelaide Genee—that we ban them both through the ticket-office; that we ban all other Foreign Performers of all sorts and specialties.

For three hours, but an evening or so ago, I listened to H. P. Simpson, of Cleveland, a conversationalist to make Doctor Johnson clutch for his laurels. Mr. Simpson and Alex. Fournier held the attention of a group of fifteen or so fairly well-informed Americans, as the standard is set; they discussed American Painters and Sculptors, especially some half a dozen American Women who have won renown. Other than these two men, not one in the group had ever heard of more than two or three of the fifty names mentioned: the American names that are well known Abroad. For why? I 'll tell you *for why!* Because J. P. Morgan and Jim Hill and their ilk demand that before they buy a painting it must be endorsed by the Centuries. They so doubt their own judgment and culture, they must buy the Canvases of the acknowledged Great of the Dead past! The thrill to discover a Raphael or an Angelo, or a Millet, or a Van Dyck, here in America is not for them. The thought is preposterous!! America is unacquainted with the merit of her modern artists, sculptors, writers. ¶ I would rather own the merest daub of a Fournier—something that Alex. had hid away in the Ice-Chest—or the splashiest cartoon by McKee Barclay—and to know that I had paid for it, and helped along the Creative Forces in America in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, than own the Sistine Back Wall—with *The Descent From the Cross* thrown in! I would rather own a statue of William J. Bryan modeled in bread-dough by Gutzon Borglum, carelessly on an idle afternoon, than any cracked-leg, chipped-ear "Find," supposed to have been chiseled by Praxiteles. I would rather own one autographed book by Mr. Bill Reedy, paid for in W. W. Dollars, than to own the entire original manuscripts of Mr. Bill Shakespeare. ¶ I would rather listen to Professor Zeublin or McCann or Burns of Kentucky talk, than to read Aristotle or stretch an ear for Socrates! ¶ HERE AND NOW, I Preach!

The "Glory that was Greece" was writ large in History because an insignificant Little Country 'Round the Corner had the courage to be itself and present itself and its time and its men and women to Posterity.

AMERICAN Cities of any importance proudly put forth their Ancient Orders of Hibernians, their Loyal Sons of Saint George, their Orangemen, their German Turn-Vereins, their Societies da Christofo Colombo. What does it all mean? It means that *other* Nations exert an INFLUENCE on American citizens; that *other* Nations' Thoughts and Policies are insidiously incorporated into American Progress. In a word, that some *other* Nation and NOT America is FIRST in the Heart of our Countrymen! Must this be?

I move you, Mr. Chairman, that the first ten years of the "PREPAREDNESS" Program be given over to expurgating the real America of Foreign Influence of all kinds detrimental to true American Progress! Before a gun is made! Before a man is enlisted to die!

Otherwise, we become a yapping, snapping, quarreling, mongrel breed, faithful to everything and nothing—not fit, even, for War! ❧ I move you that we do not trade with the Hotels that continue to print their Menus in French or German. *Pomme de Terre* must be POTATO! *Goulash* must be Beef-Stew! *Schunken* must be Ham! Moreover, we will favor that hotel which cultivates an American atmosphere and serves American Dishes. A Traveler told me he had called for Apple-Pie, in a New York Hotel recently. The Garcon

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advised him with infamous accent they did not serve such, but would he have French Pastry? Now, who wants that varnished muck when the palate yearns for crumbly, sugary pie-crust with a green-apple filler!

I move you that no American be permitted to sail for Europe, unless he can produce a Certificate viseed in Washington, Baltimore, New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Des Moines, Salt Lake, Denver, and San Francisco. A would-be Globe-Trotter with such Certificates has, it may be assumed, "Seen America First," and he or she shall be termed a Traveler of the Third Class, and be permitted to spend a sum not to exceed one thousand dollars on his First European Trip. A Traveler of the Second Class, so termed, shall be one whose certificate has been viseed in the cities named, and in Richmond, Charleston, Key West, Birmingham, Pittsburgh, Dallas, New Orleans, Oklahoma City, Saint Paul, Seattle, Portland, Nashville, Louisville, Los Angeles. This type of traveler may spend not more than three thousand dollars on his First European trip. A First-Class Traveler shall be one whose certificate bears the aforementioned vises—and, in addition, Sante Fe, Kokomo, Ipswich, Phoenix, Omaha, Carson City, Ypsilanti, Hohokus, Oshkosh, Mount Clemens, Chattanooga, Grand Forks, Neosho, Kankakee, Yellowstone, Hot Springs, Dwight, Illinois, and Boston ❧ This type of Traveler shall be permitted to spend without limit on his first European Trip—but at all times reserving his return Boat-Fare.

I move that a definite campaign be instituted against the Foreign Label in America; against those nominal representatives of Foreign Governments who defame and talk down American-made goods, or who use the paltry-paid Foreign Labor as a force to crush out the establishment of American manufactories, to compete with what is now, practically, Foreign monopoly of America Trade. If it requires a High Protective Tariff, then let us have a High Protective Tariff.

Toys from Germany. Matches from Sweden. Wool from Scotland. Perfumes from France. Caviar from Russia. Sardines from Italy ❧ Cutlery from England. What blissful ignorance to believe that Americans can not provide a satisfactory article! Where is your faith in your America, you Americans?

Women's Clothes and Millinery, for instance! No twaddle now!! Do you believe that a French Woman (or Man!) can tilt straw or tie ribbons or sew rosettes any more effectively than a smart-minded American girl? Or create styles? When you think with your head, you know she can not. Yet the American Women buy all their high-priced fixings and furbelows from the French.

For years the word "Imported" has so hypnotized us simple souls that goods made in New York have been shipped Abroad, and reshipped back, after they had become thoroughly permeated with Foreign Atmosphere and plastered with Foreign Labels. Of course, with an "Imported" price plus all the duty tacked on! Will you promise, you Wholesalers, Retailers and Consumers, for one year, as an experiment, to buy only American-made goods? Or will you be fooled, hoodwinked and betrayed!

¶ While we are at it, I say let us blacklist the Maisons-de-This or That, the Hofbraus, the Hebrew Restaurants, the Italian Red-Ink Emporiums, and every sort of place-of-sale that puts up a Foreign-Worded Sign in America! Why, the Chinee, with his "Sam Lee, First-Class Laundry," is more patriotic.

I am interrupted to be told by a "Practical Politician" whose youth was misspent in imbibing philosophy from the font of Fingy Conners, that to "get a Ticket over" (either Democrat or Republican) in practically any sizable city of this Country, it must show the name of a German, a Dago, an Irishman and a Jew. (In Minneapolis a Swede, etc.) The two tickets must parallel each other in Nationalities! Omit the Dago, and the Italian vote flops; omit the German and the German vote flops. Now, is n't that a strange and sickening situation in the Land of the nearly free and the home of the almost brave?

What do you think of the suggestion to stop Immigration entirely for twenty-five years? Or to wait until one year after the end of the War and then stop it for twenty-five years? (California will approve, I know!) Or to stop it until we can warm up George Washington's plaster-of-paris feet—and learn something more of him than he cut down a Cherry-Tree, and Never Told a Lie! Absurd! Doctor Samuel Johnson, who died fifteen years before George Washington, is a live, breathing personality—the Father of his Country a marble myth! ❧ Give America a Century inside a Wall (Please remember that America includes the *Virtues*

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as well as the Vices of *all* Nationalities!) and the American would emerge better for the experience. We would have time to assimilate the highly flavored elements that glut us. Immigration is so bountiful and various, we have National indigestion. Now and then at Lawrence or Paterson or Bayonne or Youngstown, we turn inside out and vomit a revolution. Unless some effective way is found to better absorb this rich and racy diet, the health of Uncle Sam is seriously threatened! Some one has said, " A man never went to war in defense of a flat or an apartment-hotel "—Neither does a man ever fight in defense of a country unless that country has a Nationality and a National Honor! ❧ Let us have done with " Mother Countries "—"Fatherlands "—"Patrias," and all that. We are Americans, or we hope to be. America must no longer be a Haven, or a Refuge, a Bonanza, or Treasure-Trove—and Nothing Else! It must be a Home and a Country! I believe that a Nation-wide American Propaganda will accomplish much. ¶ I believe that a Publication that goes into all States—that is FREE, that attempts to assemble and correlate the impressive American facts and names of the past, at the same time urging the American People to make " America First " in all their requirements—in Art, Drama, Literature, Education, Trade, Government, Travel, EXPRESSION—will do a work that if well done will parallel the effort of the Founders of this Nation. If some able man will not undertake to establish this Magazine (not to talk Fourth-of-July guff, but to co-ordinate and synchronize the sentiments and abilities of this Nation) when the World War is over, I 'll do it myself! " AMERICA FIRST," S'help me!!

Knapsacks

"EVERY soldier of France," said Napoleon, "carries a Grand Marshal's baton in his knapsack." G—lorious! ¶ Viva La Emperor! Likewise, viva La Kaiser Bill! Viva Belgium and Serbia! Viva Preparedness! Viva General Wood! Viva the Ammunition Manufacturers! Viva the Movie Picture Propaganda! Viva Teddy da Roose, the Fighting Candidate! Viva all Officers *and* Gentlemen who have graduated from Annapolis and West Point! Viva the Worker who pays the taxes! Viva the young men who walk down Main St. with roses in the muzzles of their guns, whose bodies, after-whiles, will fertilize the Earth. Viva! ❧ Before the promissory notes blown on the Bugle, and the bright and false panoply of War captures the imagination of Young America, let us first find out what a Grand Marshal carries in HIS Knapsack!

You students of history have observed that of the Grand Marshals who served with Napoleon in his first Italian Campaign, and who, in the fourteen years that followed, placed his Flag in the heart of every country in Europe, most of them were conspicuously absent when the Man of Destiny met his doom at Waterloo ❧ Where were they?

Beyond question, Waterloo was lost, not by the Master Mind but by his inefficient subordinates. Napoleon's habit had been to *Order*—and the thing was *Done*. Where were the *Doers* when came that fateful day?

Ney was there. Arrived at the eleventh hour, given the impossible command of Divisions whose Officers and Men he did not know. Soult was there; a Field Officer made Chief of Staff in the hurley-burley—and well he bungled his job. Grouchy was there; in the terrible stress of the emergency, promoted beyond his ability, given command of the important right wing, he failed miserably! He was late! Late to understand, and late to act.

But where were the Enthusiasts of Lodi? Where were Augereau, Massena, Joubert, Lannes, Marmout, Victor, Murat, and Junot? Where were the men who affectionately named Napoleon " The Little Corporal "?

Berthier, Napoleon's Great Chief of Staff, a marvelous executive and systematizer, who had fought with Lafayette in America, he deserted Napoleon. Insane, stricken with remorse, without a flag or country, he committed suicide the month of Waterloo.

Massena, whom Napoleon called " The favorite child of victory," he, too, deserted Napoleon in his darkest hour, and on the day of Waterloo, he had his legs crossed under a Bourbon luncheon table.

Junot, the conqueror, of Portugal, shot in the head, went crazy, jumped through a window and frightfully broke his thigh. The leg was amputated, but Junot in his madness tore off the bandages and bled to death.

Victor, war-time governor of Berlin, whom Napoleon valued so highly he once exchanged

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Blutcher, a prisoner of war, for him—he, also, deserted Napoleon. Moreover, he not only deserted his Emperor, he played Judas to his comrades in arms. The Bourbons appointed him President of the Military Commission to try his Fellow-Officers. The record reads "He was very severe."

Augereau, who "plundered shamelessly and bought much plunder from his men"—was considered too vile for either side. Both Napoleon and the Bourbons kicked him out. He died alone—disgraced within the year of Waterloo.

Joubert, head of the army of Italy, who, also, commanded in Holland and on the Rhine, died on the field of battle at Novi.

Marmout, the last of the Grand Marshals, who, on the Peninsula held Wellington in check for fifteen months; who in Eighteen Hundred Fourteen fought until long after there was aught to fight for, Napoleon, on his return from Elba refused to "forgive," and he had to run away to save his life.

Murat, King of Naples, Napoleon's brother-in-law, with whom Napoleon refused to make peace, found a refuge in London. He read the account of the battle of Waterloo in the London Times—but later was shot to death as a usurper in the Castle of Pizzo.

Lannes, Duke of Montibello, a colonel, in Seventeen Hundred Ninety-five, followed Napoleon into Italy as a Private. This war-like man had both his legs torn away by a cannon ball at Asperin in Eighteen Hundred Nine and gasped his last gasp in agony.

Ney, red-headed Marshal Ney, who invited the soldiers of Waterloo to follow him up the hill to the English Squares to see how a Marshal of France could die—well, this Marshal of France was condemned as a criminal by the Parisian Chamber of Peers, and with his hands bound behind his back was shot against the wall in the Luxemberg Garten ❧

These men were successful in their chosen kind of business! Efficient! Heroes all! They deserved hallowed and glorious old age. But there is something mightily wrong with *that kind* of a business. Then, now, and forever!

A Great Speech

KID WILLIAMS, now Champion Featherweight of the World, was a Copy Boy on a Baltimore Newspaper five years ago. The Kid was a peaceful runt, knee-high to a toad, but the installed Copy Boys on that Newspaper were a tough and troublesome lot. The tow-head had a hard time, 'till in desperation he punched Micky O'Toole in the eye, which inspired him to decide that he "would fight it out along these lines if it took all Summer."

For weeks afterward, whenever the Editorial Loreleis called "Copy-Copy!!" they found it necessary to go out into the Alley to pry the Kid loose from a struggling mass before there was a boy available.

To use up his energies, the Newspaper men got him a "bout" at a Local Club and the Kid whipped his man. He whipped the next dozen in order. Then his ambitious friends selected an older, heavier boy as an opponent. The sixteen-year old Kid was not equal to the job ❧ ❧

When the bell sounded for the First Round, the Auditorium was packed; a large number of the tense spectators were youths whom the kid had licked. To be fair and mannerly—let us say it was a hostile crowd. The advice they gave to the Kid's opponent was rich in epithet, and red with the rage of revenge! ❧

"Soak him in the snoot!"

"Punch a hole in 'im!"

"Break his jaw-r!!"

I give you the mild ones!

For four rounds the Kid justified his "Bear-cat" cognomen. He tore in, and lashed and struck. Also, he received. The older boy with infinite patience retired before the rushes—and calmly measured every blow. When the fifth round opened, the Kid was bruised and bloody. Both eyes were black and almost closed. He started another rush but his vision was beclouded. He flung headlong into a straight left, and down he went mid pandemonium. The fight was over.

With the assistance of ammonia and smelling-salts and cold water, he came to in a moment or so. He wobbled to the front of the platform and for another minute leaned against the ropes and listened to a thousand cat-calls ❧

Then the noise compelled by the quiet of the Kid died down and ceased. The little fellow lifted his battered face to the Gallery Gods and in a piping small-boy voice spoke—what I am free to say was the most inspiring and potential speech I ever heard:

"I do the best I kin every time!"

Just that. Not a word more.

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GUSTAVE SPITTLESTICKER, of Milwaukee will please stand and tell the Dear Teacher and the Class on what grounds the Germans (Hamburg-American Line officials, Bomb-Throwers, Incendiaries, Spies, Submarine Captains, Treacherous Attaches, et al.) on what grounds they deserve one whiffle-snip of consideration from U. S. A.

PREPAREDNESS: A Private Soldier to remove each Fat Colonel's boots.

AMERICAN THOUGHT: What was printed in the last edition of the loudest newspaper

A MAN produces poetry with one wife; problem plays and novels with two; but it takes at least three to write philosophic essays

I CAN not explain it—but the nastiest critic is one who has endured severe criticism.

BRYAN, the Resignationist, has the same chance to "come back" that a bowlegged girl has to get married in her Home Town

POISONOUS GAS:
Billy Sunday.

A CITY Drummer told Ali Baba this flip one: They 've cut out the five-dollar-a-day plan at the Ford Plant; everybody is on Peace-Work!

I 'M for any religion, creed, faith, belief, or expounder of the same—that does NOT pass the hat.

WAR is the beat of Drums. The Drums are the empty bellies of the Workers!

THE part of the Program that puts you to sleep is called "Technique."

GOD made Food—but the Devil sent Chefs

I WOULD rather blow in a bowl of ink than listen to an argument between neutrals

A ROUE is a self-starter with worn-out batteries.

THERE are all kinds of Politicians, as there are all kinds of Cats—i. e., Pussy-Cats, Angora Cats, Manx tailless cats, Tomcats, Wildcats and Skunks.

A CALIFORNIA Friend suggests that we nominate Henry Ford for President. The assumption is that there are enough Ford-Owners to elect him, nilly willys.

STRANGE how the Smallpox and Scarlet Fever scares take hold just when the Old Doc needs some more Winter Coal.

PREPAREDNESS necessitates War; not War necessitates Preparedness.

NO. Personally, I would rather see a Tenor in swimming than to hear him sing

CHAUTAUQUAN: (a) A litterateur in need of funds. (b) A Lame Duck politician. (c) A humorist incog. (d) A Richmond Kissem Dobson. (e) A lady with a mole and three hairs in it. (f) An almost actor.

THE Red One had a grouch yesterday. It was delicate diplomacy to induce him to tell the cause: Seems a feller up in Vermont owes Red twenty dollars for something or other, and Red had been unable to collect. He 's given the matter a lot of thought.
Xmas Morn, in discussing it again, before the Fireplace, he and Baba hit on a Bright Idea. They borrowed a pencil from Martha and framed up a note.
My dear Bill: It 's Xmas Morn and I want to be magnanimous. You owe me twenty dollars—but to make it interesting to you to pay up quick, I 'll throw off ten, and close the deal for ten dollars cash. *Red.*
January Second the answer came.
My dear Red: This is New-Year's Morn, the time for Good Resolutions, Good Deeds—I can not permit you to be more magnanimous than me. You say I owe you twenty dollars and you will throw off ten. Very well! I 'll throw off the other ten—and we 'll call it square. Regards to the guinea-hens. *Bill.*

SAGE—America can not furnish over one hundred thousand subscribers to an intelligent magazine.
Cynic—You must be the Press-Agent.

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Touching the Elephant

Frederick Kurtz

Once upon a time there were four blind men. One day they heard the people in the village talking about a large elephant that had been caught by some hunters. "Take us to the elephant," they begged. "Let us feel it with our hands. Then we shall know what an elephant is like." Their friends led them to the elephant. The first blind man put out his hand and touched the elephant's broad side. The second took hold of a leg. The third grasped a tusk; and the fourth clutched the animal's tail. "Now do you know what an elephant looks like?" asked a friend. "Yes," cried the first; "the elephant is broad and flat, like a barn-door." "What!" exclaimed the second; "the elephant is big and round, like the trunk of a tree." "Not so!" cried the third; "the elephant is hard and smooth, like a polished stone." "What are you all talking about?" scorned the fourth; "the elephant is just like a piece of rope."
—Indian Fable.

London, November 6th, 1914.

Dear Old Geoffry:

I feel like writing a hundred "Hurrahs" here first—it 's all so fine. To think, old man, that we 're to have our chance, too. Bless them! They had to bring it down. When I saw the yard-high type in Piccadilly, "Standard Height of Eligible Soldiers now 5 Feet 4 Inches," my head swam for an instant with the shock. I tossed up my hat, and acted more like a "flanneled fool at the wicket" than a hard-headed, sober citizen. But you, Geoff, old pal, *you 'll* know just what I felt. Times were I 've felt mighty bitter about my height. To think of *it* keeping you and me from this finest of all adventures. Won't it be bully? I 'm so eager to be off, I can't think or talk of anything else. The exam. was tuffy; went through sailing. The Dad does n't say much. Grips my hand hard, mutters something about "chip off old block," and rather pathetically goes with me for all the little shopping I have to do. Our country needs us, Geoff—and we 're going. Gad, Geoff! but is n't it *great?* The songs, old pal—don't they make you thrill? I 've seen six of the trains leave; and when the dear old boys shout a final good-by, and wave a last farewell, and "Tipperary" floats back to you as they go down the long track, to fight for their God and their King—Oh-h, Geoff! then my throat tightens on my heart, and tears well up, and I nail my palms tight to keep from crying like a blooming baby, and wish I had a *dozen* lives instead of one to offer for The Cause. . . . . And if you come back, Geoff, and I don't, always remember, I was glad to do it. It is n't a sacrifice, boy; it 's a privilege. Good-by! *Archie*

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF MAJOR VON HAGENMUTH, RETIRED.

Berlin, November 14th, 1914.

The caterpillar wheels are a success. My first thought of a continuous, solid running base around the tires was wrong; the broad, separate "caterpillar" plates give a greater flexibility and ease in handling the guns. I am gratified. I see possibilities in this style of over-tires for ordinary commercial vehicles and motor transportation later. Inequalities in roadbed, with such equipment, will offer 35 per cent less resistance to rapid motion, gained with less power. (*Note:* Test metal of aluminum and boxite for lighter plates.) I will give this matter more consideration when we have conquered, and are ready to promote the industrialism of the World. We will point the way in all things!

The opportunity, at Metz, of testing our theories regarding interception of enemies' wireless messages proves imperative necessity of maintenance at each station of code experts. Inability to decipher promptly, and in some cases not at all, impairs this service radically. (*Note:* Collect all known codes, make study of existing combinations of crypts; issue for use of official translators.)

The balloon-gun has proved itself. By far the most efficient weapon in use. Since last Thursday, seven Taubes have been destroyed by them. (*Note:* Increase area of combustion of balloon-gun shells; present limited scope of destruction handicaps larger percentage of success. Add nauseous chemicals, with view to suffocating or rendering aviators incapable.)

The campaign proves most interesting. Theories long in dispute will now have merits tested ❧ ❧

(*Note:* Perfect better system of dismantling field-telephone system, enabling change in stations to be effected more promptly.) Continued cannonading by gunners affecting eardrums to extent that prevents clear and accurate hearing of telephone commands ❧ Have

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Stutgaart test fully perchanild plates, to be held between gunner's teeth, to minimize shock ❧ Bregendorf enthusiastic over Lodz strategy. Most interesting in its solution. All praise to the good Lord and the Kaiser for our continued successes. We have but *one* enemy. The light is gradually being seen by the world. Belgium built forts on *one* side only—the German. The petrol-generators fast approach successful completion; then the Invasion—and the End.

New York, November 26th, 1914.

Dearest Gwen:

Is n't it too exasperating! The old thing had to happen just when it should n't. I suppose, Gwen, honey, I 'm selfish, and should n't look at it in this way; but, Gwen, a girl has only *one* coming-out, and I 've looked forward so to mine, and mother had so set her heart on everything. And then *the* War, and Paquin—the beast—must let his silly heart rule his judgment and enlist. It 's all very well, Gwen, to say, " Let some one else design them "; but they can't. You know, Gwen, Paquin studied my coloring and temperament in Paris this Summer for a solid week; and he promised us such wonderful results, both in styles and coloring. He was crazy about temperamental color emphasis, and led us to hope for so much. Poor mother! She is prostrated. You know she had planned such a wonderful series of parties for her little Dorothy " bud," and the gowns were to have been such a big part of the whole scheme. Father is so mean about it, too; looks grave, and says we are cruel and selfish, and talks no end about poor, homeless, helpless refugees, and it not being Christian in us not to drop all thought of self at this time and think of some one else. But, G-w-e-n—a girl is *only a debutante once!* Oh, I could cry with exasperation! Everything was planned; another month and Paquin would have had them finished, and then he could have gone to his old War. Such gorgeous things, Gwen! I 'm tempted to change the date in the Bible, and come out next year instead. But *three years,* Gwen. Mercy! No!! I 'll be old and withered by then; and that 's how long Lord Kitchener says it might take to end it. Yes, hun; I 'll come for the Christmas hop. You 're a dear, and I 'm looking forward to a good, big, dandy time with you. Will leave for Detroit on the 23d. Till then, dearest. With all love,

Dorothy

Paris, November 26th, 1914.

Oh, God! Tense. Today I got the word. They 're both dead—*both.* Leon at Verdun; little Pierre at Dixmude. Tense, Tense, what will I do? They 're *both* dead! Why should it have been *my* boys? Oh, Tense, *what* will I do? ❧ Their poor father! Thank the good God he never lived to know. We had planned so lovingly for them: Leon for a doctor; and little Pierre—Oh, Tense, poor, little blue-eyed Pierre, my baby—he was to be a great lawyer; maybe even a statesman . . . . . They 've gone; they 've gone, and only I am left. For what? *For what?* So bright and noble they were. Little Pierre just of the required age; and so eager to go. " I 'll bring you back the Kaiser's hat, Mother sweet," he cried, as he waved from the coach. Leon was solemn, dry-eyed. He kissed my old lips tenderly, but said nothing. I could see his dear father in the lad's eyes as he held me. He shrugged his shoulder with his father's motion, and put his arm protectingly around little Pierre as they went to the train. And Pierre—Oh, Tense, my little baby Pierre—he laughed gaily, and patted my cheek, while his whole face flushed, and his eyes beamed like stars. " To the front we go, Mother mine; and now the Kaiser will see some real fighting men! " So stiffly he held himself, and proudly. And now—*now!* They were good boys—*good* boys, sister; so kind, so thoughtful. Every one loved them . . . . . They have done their duty; fought the fight. God be thanked, they died as their dead father would have had them . . . . . I have borne two sons, sister; two heroes. It was right they should have sprung to the defense of their country. I can look every citizen in the face: I am the mother of heroes! I can hear them singing now in the Boulevard—the *Marseillaise.* It makes me weep—with pride. *Vive* France! Hurrah for Liberty! Death to the German Dogs! I, too, will go. I will join the Red Cross. I will help. I will be a worthy mother of my heroes. My blessing on thee, dear Hortense. Pray for my dead boys; keep me ever in thy mind as I labor for our noble country and God.

Ever thy affectionate sister,

Mathilde

Remember this, you can always find excuses for not doing the things which you do not want to do.

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What Good Is a Preacher?

Frank Edward Day, D. D.



IT is difficult to say why I am writing for *The Fra.* As I look at it, its contents present such glaring contradictions, and oftentimes it is such a conspicuous example of that sort of illogical reasoning which the logicians name "The Fallacy of Drawing General Conclusions From Particular Instances," that it is uphill work to take myself seriously in contending for a really sober and valuable truth, through its pages. But *The Fra* is readable even when it is wrong, which is more than can be said of some Supreme Court decisions and, maybe, some—sermons, when they are right.

It is barely possible that I resent some of the insinuations and slurs which contributors to *The Fra* make upon the calling which I try to follow. It is certain that I wonder why *The Fra* seems so ignorant of the really good apothegms and epigrams which puncture many an evident prejudice against Christianity, and which are, strange to say, as *Fra* contributors would think, the product of preacher's minds. If freethought means anything, it ought to mean a conscientious effort to do justice to all, and I believe that is why I write.

THE preacher is misunderstood. In keeping with the old irony which said, "There are three sexes, men, women and preachers," it is assumed by multitudes that his whole duty consists in preparing quite indifferent addresses on what his critics call "antiquated themes," or mayhap, monotonous essays; and folks who don't know, believe that he spends the greater part of his time in idleness and insipid pleasure. And too often he is dismissed by the economists from consideration as a member of the "unproductive" class.

What about this, anyway?

Well, the chief thing about it is, it is n't true.

¶ Here is an average Monday: 5 a. m. to 7.30, reading and study, these being the only hours he is free from interruption; 7.30, breakfast; 8, meeting of associated committee on charity; 9, meeting of committee on suppression of vice; 10, meeting of ministerial alliance; 11.30, in the church office; 12.30, luncheon; 1.30 p.m., meeting committee on Christmas charity entertainment; 2.30 to 4.30, visitation of the poor and sick; 4.30, interviews at the office in which High-School boys and others seek advice and oftentimes help in studies; 6, dinner; 7.30, meeting of officers of young people's society; 8.30, in the office, and often and again detained on varied calls until 10 and 11 o'clock at night. Add to that the interjection of charity appeals and the demands upon time and strength for visitation to slums and hapless "down-and-outers," and you have a day sure, which often includes walking several miles, besides the rides in street-cars and autos found to be necessary. Now multiply that by six, and remember that in the overcare of from twenty to forty subsidiary organizations, the work of all of which is more or less numbered among the preacher's responsibilities, and you have no small field of activity for nerve, muscle, brain and the sympathies of the heart. Besides this, there is the call to numerous week-night functions, addresses, midweek services, and what not, until this preacher, whom the socialist calls "the non-producer," is weary and tired with what he has done. In five years I have not had one hundred nights at home.

And then comes the day of days, Sunday: A congregation awaits him, to whom he ministers and for whom he must deliver sermons which differ from the message of the average eloquent lecturer in that, if he holds his people together, he must make a show of presenting something new, or at least he must present old truth in such articulation with the present-day life that it will be virile and inspiring. And it ought ever to be remembered that the Bible is very much more explicit as to how we ought to live here, than how we shall live hereafter. It is an earth book more than a heaven book.

¶ I am not arguing the worth of this work in this paragraph. I am presenting the fact. And I wish it to be remembered that while this is the life I knew, in a large city pastorate, in some different forms, it characterizes my life in a pastorate like this, where I serve a church of a thousand people in a city of a little over

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five thousand. ¶ And more than that: every church which is doing anything worth while, and which is a living force in its community, is loading its pastor with the same sort of toil, differing only in the activities which changed environments make necessary. In city and village, in hamlet and township, in rural centers and the far-stretching frontiers, the same strenuous life is lived by the preacher who knows his job and does it ❧ And these tasks, big and little, are done by men who can double and treble their incomes in secular callings ❧ I know scores of preachers who have turned down handsome offers in the lecture field, journalism and literature, in order to continue in a work which is at once so strenuous and exacting ❧ Not the least thing to remember is this: the real work which holds the church to its great tasks is done, not by the preachers who have charge of the great churches, but by the common pastors of the every day who are on the real firing-line of the gospel of Jesus Christ as it touches the burning issues of life centering in the magnificent Twentieth Century.

WHAT is the use of it?" Yes, that is the question which the scoffer asks concerning the preacher's toils. And when he asks it, he shows a narrowness of bigotry which would have made him light fagots and turn screws in the days of the Spanish Inquisition.

Why! Listen to me. I knew a man once who owned a large store. He had a large trade. He was a magnetic merchant. The credit men of the wholesale houses kept close watch on him, because he was a "boozer" and a gambler. Why did they do that? Oh, you know. He was good if he had the money, but no one knew when he might lose all at the gambler's game. ¶ Well, I happened to get hold of him. I persuaded him to the view of Christ I held. I persuaded him to adopt the same life I was trying to live. He obeyed a mysterious command, "Right About Face!" He heard another command, then: "Forward March!" And he kept at it. He never boozed again. He never gambled again. The wholesale houses called off their watchmen. He is now a rich and honored citizen.

What do I mean by this? I mean that the difference between this man now and what he was, is the difference which the "non-producing" preacher made. I helped the wholesale house; I helped his business; I helped his family; I helped him to self-respect and high ideals. I was a producer as much as the corn-grower is. And I helped him by a faithful performance of these simple duties which crowd the life of an ordinary pastor, who sees in the field of soul industry a very much vaster field than is presented in secular promotion of feverish and speculative investment from the Board of Trade to forest stretches.

Here is another case: I found a boy in the loafer factory, where that badge of bad character, the cigarette, curled its blue wreaths of smoke from lips which befouled human offspring with the thought filth of lust and idle desire. I found him in the ordinary village poolroom. I succeeded in awakening the slumbering soul until it found itself, and when it found itself, school, college and a useful life opened. Today he is stirred by visions of duty and deeds.

A mere hobo came into my office and began his trick to work me for a gift. After listening, I said: "I don't believe a word of your story, but I believe there is enough in you to risk the amount you ask, on you. Here it is."

He went away.

A year later a man greeted me after my morning service and said: "You gave me two dollars a year ago and said that, while you did n't believe my story, you believed in me that much. I never got away from that, and here I am, new, self-respecting, successful, and possessed of a future. Allow me to introduce to you my wife."

From a "non-producing" preacher's office, he had gone awakened, and today he is one of the most trusted and valued men in the employ of one of the big businesses of this country. I am a producer. Modestly I say it, but had he gone on with his fake story he would have cost the State a goodly sum in court for crime or in the county home for care.

The difference between the boy whom I found in the Loafer Factory and the useful and ambitious young student is the difference between a soul untouched by the preacher and one awakened by him. The hobo on the way to Jericho and fallen among thieves discovered the neighborly Samaritan service in a preacher's office.

And this sort of work is being done by the hundred thousand preachers in this land every day.

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A logician who sees in the saloon a promoter of happy homes, and who professes to believe that saloonless States have more divorces than saloon States, on that account, and who declares that savings-deposits average less per capita under prohibition than under license, though failing to note there are more savings-accounts where there is no saloon, will not see the point to this. These hundred thousand preachers are producers just as schoolteachers are, while as conserving influences they are mightier than the pedagogues.

IT would be an empty world without the preacher. The Pilgrims would not have sailed in the *Mayflower* but for his exhortations. Yale and Harvard Universities were born in the minds and hearts of clergymen; the hundreds of efficient colleges which the churches support were the results of the visions of prophet-preachers; the best of our hospitals multiplying; an effective Christianity in service would not be but for these "non-producing" hordes; and indeed, all that is best in influence finds in the preacher its friend and ally. And had the preachers been in control, this staggering blow of "world-war" would have fallen short of its awful reach in prostrating the nations of Europe.

Let the preacher have a fair trial. Judge him by his fruits; note that his chief labors are for those who not only do not help themselves, but who make it hard for the preacher to enthrone his helpful ideals. Because one preacher goes astray in business, in politics, or in morals, condemn not the thousand who do not.

And, above all, let it be remembered that the great onward march of civilization, which is slowly but surely approaching the promised land of justice, equality and fraternity, has had not a friend so constant, nor a prophet so true, nor a leader so valorous, as the Preacher.

The Plantation Melodies, Their Value

Booker T. Washington



WHEN the Negro slaves were carried from Africa to America they brought with them the gift of song. Nothing else which the native African possessed, not even his sunny disposition, his ready sympathy or his ability to adapt himself to new and strange conditions, has been more useful to him in his life in America than this. When all other avenues of expression were closed to him, and when, sometimes, his burden seemed too great for him to bear, the African found a comfort and a solace in these simple and beautiful songs, which are the spontaneous utterance of his heart.

Nothing tells more truly what the Negro's life in slavery was, than the songs in which he succeeded, sometimes, in expressing his deepest thought and feelings. What could express more eloquently the feelings of despair which sometimes overtook the slave than these words: O Lord, O My Lord! O my good Lord! Keep me from sinking down.

The songs which the Negro sang in slavery, however, were by no means always sad. There were many joyous occasions upon which the naturally happy and cheerful nature of the Negro found expression in songs of a light and cheerful character. There is a difference, however, between the music of Africa and that of her transplanted children. There is a new note in the music which had its origin on the Southern plantations, and in this new note the sorrow and the suffering which came from serving in a strange land find expression. There is something in this slave music that touches the common heart of man. Everywhere this music awakens a responsive chord in the minds and hearts of those who hear it.

There was a time, directly after the War, when the colored people, particularly those who had a little education, tried to get away from and forget these old slave songs. If they sang them still, it was about the home and not in public. It was not until after years, when other people began to learn and take interest in these songs, that these people began to understand the inspiration and the quality that was in them. It is an indication of the change that has gone on among the Negro people in recent years that more and more they are beginning to take pride in these folk-songs of the race, and are seeking to preserve them.

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A BOY AND A GIRL

Irving Browne

A BOY and girl upon the yellow beach
Blew shining bubbles in the Summer air;
And as they floated off they named them, each
Choosing what seemed to him or her most fair.

"I name mine Wealth," exclaimed the careless boy;
"So may I never have to count the cost,
But ships and houses own, as now a toy";
But Wealth was driven far out to sea and lost.

"I name mine Beauty," said the pretty girl;
"So women all shall envy my fair face,
And men shall kneel and beg me for a curl";
But Beauty vanished quickly into space.

"I name this Fame," essayed the boy again;
"So may I hear my praises every hour.
As orator or soldier, sung by men";
But Fame was wrecked against the beacon-tower.

"This is Long Life," returned the little maid;
"So may I happy be for many a year,
Nor be till late of ugly death afraid";
But Long Life broke within a graveyard near.

At last twin globules they together blew,
And named them Love, as slow they rose on high;
The sun shone through them with prismatic hue,
Till Love was lost within the glowing sky.

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EARLY DAYS AT THE ROYCROFT



THE BEAUTIFUL ROYCROFT GIRLS OF '95



RALPH TURNER, SANDY, ELBERT HUBBARD, FRANK PHILLIPS, CADZOW AND RED



FIRST PHALANSTERY



THE WATER OF LIFE AT THE ROYCROFT WELL



RED, MRS. RED, AND ALL THEIR CHILDREN



CHARLES ROSEN AND HIS FIRST BUNCH OF BOY PRINTERS



THE FIRST BALL-TEAM



WHEN CONVENTIONS WERE "STRICTLY BUCK"

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ELBERT HUBBARD



OLD UNCLE JOHN, THE HORSE-TRAINER



ALI BABA, LOYAL ROYCROFTER, AND ELBERT HUBBARD



OTTO SCHNEIDER AND LITTLE RED



RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, ELBERT HUBBARD AND ST. JEROME



WINNIPEG BAND AND BERT HUBBARD

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SAMMY WARNER, ARTIST



CARL AHRENS, MINIATURE-PAINTER



FRA ELBERTUS AND THE LITTLE DELUXE



WALTER INGERSOLL, BERT, SANDY AND RALPH



ALI BABA, BEAUTIFUL ROYCROFTER AND ELBERT HUBBARD



MIRIAM HUBBARD AND ROSAMOND HAWTHORNE



BERT, FRA ELBERTUS AND SANDY



MARSHALL P. WILDER AND LITTLE RED



AN ILLUMINATOR OF BOOKS



BOOKMAKING, IN '95

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THE THREE-MILE CAMP



SANFORD HUBBARD
VILLAGE BLACKSMITH



ELBERT HUBBARD



MILTON GOSDORFER CONDUCTS A HIKE



MILLARD FILLMORE HOME AT EAST AURORA



SPEED—IN '95

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NIGHT AND WANING DAY

Cora von Wrede Bremer

THE Night awakes, and in her waking calls
Unto the chastened Day, that, sinking low,
Doth gently speak her sister: "Give them rest!
I fed them; gave them arm to wing the sword;
Fled with them to the fields of rip'ning grain;
Did leap within the culprit's prison-walls,
And taught the infant larks to sing their lay.
Softly, I followed women to the grave
Of their dear loved, who entered heav'nly halls;
Guiding, I led the lambkin back to fold;
And withered streams, and dried the sheaves to gold."

"O DAY! I held the dear ones deep in sleep,
And sent them dreams, to make more sure the way,
For Angels' visits, to the cots of men
All spent with toil, and doubt, and dread of day;
And gave to women, holding in their arms
Their new-born babes, the truth—that Truth was all;
Then, hearing far the call of seamen tossed,
With my dear moon, I lit the wind-blown sea,
And sent the stars to guide them in their barks,
And bind their souls to knowledge of the where
Of things, not seen or near; and then the dew
I scattered far and wide, o'er field and plain;
And halting on the stones of cities' streets,
For sin I saw—I held there fast the gloom!"

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The State of Kansas

Arthur Capper, Governor of Kansas



AT this time, when the question of prohibition occupies such a prominent place in the minds of the people of the entire country, I am very glad of the opportunity which you have given me to write something as to the results obtained in Kansas through the enforcement of our prohibitory law.

I think one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed upon this State, and the law which is doing more to make good men and women and to bring prosperity and happiness to the people of Kansas, is the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors. I know something about what has been accomplished by prohibition. I was born in this State, and I have lived here long enough to see the actual results obtained under that law.

It may fairly be said that prohibition has been on trial in Kansas for a sufficient time to give adequate evidence of its merits and demerits. And at the end of nearly a generation under prohibition in this State, it may truthfully be said that the prohibitory law has never been so well enforced as now, and never so generally approved by the people of the State. Approval, indeed, is too mild a word with which to express the attitude of Kansas people toward this provision of the State Constitution. Most of them are enthusiastically in favor of it. It is the portion of the fundamental law of the State nearest to their hearts.

BUT putting the facts concretely and pointing out some of the benefits which Kansas enjoys as a result of prohibition, I would say:

¶ Kansas is the State which sends more boys and girls to university, college and public school, in proportion to population (census 1910), and fewer men and women to prison and jail, than any other State in the Union.

The State which has the highest per cent of home-owners. The last census showed Kansas first in home-owning citizens.

The State in which banks and not saloons cash the workingman's pay-checks; the same banks which in 1907, the panic year, sent the East fifty million dollars.

The State with fewer millionaires and fewer paupers than any other State.

One of the two States of the Union having the smallest number of persons who can not read and write—less than two per cent of its population.

The State which for thirty-five years has not had a legalized saloon nor brewery.

The State in which thirty-two counties have abandoned their county farms, and eighty-eight counties did not have an insane patient on their country farms last year.

The State in which forty counties, out of one hundred five, did not send a prisoner to the State Penitentiary last year.

The State which, taken upon the basis of property assessed for taxation, has the largest per capita wealth in the nation—$1629.61 for every man, woman and child in the State.

The State which has no bonded debt, except $370,000 owned by the State School Fund Commission.

The State which, under prohibition, increased its bank deposits one hundred per cent in ten years. The banks of Kansas increased their deposits $46,000,000 last year.

The value of the Kansas orchard, field and livestock crops for 1914 was 638 million dollars.

I do not claim that the prohibitory law is the sole cause of this great agricultural wealth, but surely this wealth is evidence that prohibition does not destroy business and the property of a State.

KANSAS is not usually counted among the great manufacturing and industrial States, and it cheerfully admits that agriculture is its chief resource, but Kansas, by the last census, was the fourteenth manufacturing State, and its manufactured output was larger in proportion to the people employed in manufacturing enterprises than that of any other State except one; which shows that prohibition begets efficiency in labor.

And prohibition does prohibit. The per-capita consumption of liquor in Kansas is $3.04; in the nation it is $21. Thus Kansas saves thirty million dollars every year directly through

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prohibition. The indirect gain is not subject to computation, but is certainly greater still ❧ Insanity due to intemperance has been reduced to three per cent. The average for the country is ten per cent.

As a matter of fact, there is no sound argument against prohibition, either moral or economic, not even the argument that it increases taxes, which it does not do. For instance, the taxes in Topeka are just about the average of cities in the Middle West, many of which get a large revenue from saloon licenses ❧ ❧

IN conclusion let me give the testimony of a few who know the benefits of prohibition from actual experience:

Every governor of Kansas for twenty years has said that prohibition is a great success.

More than seven hundred editors and newspaper men of Kansas, in State convention, unanimously endorsed prohibition. ¶ Every political party in Kansas favors the prohibitory law.

No minister in Kansas ever opens his mouth in favor of returning to the saloon; nor does any teacher.

The mothers of Kansas say they are satisfied to have their boys and girls grow up without seeing the open saloon.

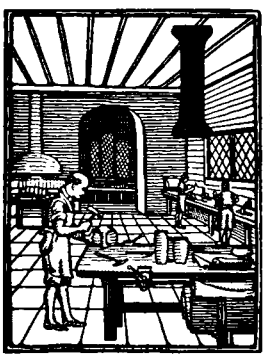
The president of the Kansas Retailers' Association, voicing the sentiments of the great retail interests of the State, says that prohibition pays.

During its last session the Legislature by unanimous vote in both Houses went upon record in a series of strong resolutions telling what prohibition has done for Kansas and emphatically endorsing.

In short, prohibition is an unqualified success in Kansas and our people would not think for one moment of going back to the saloon ❧

Laughter

Hayward Thompson



I HEARD the pitiful cry of a dog in agony, and almost simultaneously I heard a man laugh!

That laugh at that particular instant caused to rise in me an instinctive brute passion that according to history has changed the destiny of nations —the passion of Hate! I would (had I released myself to it) have, with malice aforethought, severed that man's jugular with my bare hands!

Sober thought revealed the character behind that laugh as if it were an open book ❧ The man was well dressed, good-looking, and from all appearances possessed of wealth. His automobile had snuffed out the life of a little dog, which, as tradition states, is more kind and true than man. That man and his laugh portrayed vividly to me the type that squeeze luxury from the emaciated bodies of shopgirls; the type that buys the virtue of American womanhood as they would a cigar; the type that stupefies the moral senses of our sisters, wives and sweethearts with wine, then brazenly leads them down the "Gay White Way" to Hell; the type that on Sunday morning, while under the stimulus of aromatic spirits of ammonia, walks into the church and with bared head and bended knee, asks the Almighty to forgive his unforgivable sins ❧ He is the one who plucks the rose and leads her to the altar to link his filthy brain and body to her clean and wholesome one in Holy Matrimony. He lavishes and ravishes her and eventually her mind turns to dainty dimity and lawn, to little soft and lacy things bedecked with tiny ribbon. She dreams of the day of days when she can cuddle to her breast the sweet and cooing little babe—her baby. She is possessed of the celestial joy of coming motherhood, and one night when all is still, except the winter wind, she places her soft arm around his neck, lays her cheek against his, and softly, with a great happiness in her breast tinged with just a little fear, confides to him her sweet secret.

Does he draw her close and whisper endearing words in her ear? No, emphatically no! He laughs—the same laugh that I heard mingled with the pitiful cry of the little dog yesterday. Next morning, he calls in the professional cutthroat—an old friend of his. The cutthroat offers to snuff out the life of the

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unborn little one and wreck the little mother's soul (no bad after-effects guaranteed!) for a stipulated sum ❧ The tender little wife is arraigned, tried and convicted. She is lead into the Chamber of Horrors and "hog-tied," and her husband proceeds with malice aforethought against the peace and dignity of his soul, to commit—what shall I say, murder? ¶ If I had the power, I would simply say, arrest him, try him, convict him, sentence him and without delay, drag him into the death-chamber. I would suggest that no attention be paid his whining pleas for mercy. Strap him in the Chair, adjust the black cap, wet the sponge, see that the electrodes are properly placed—then drop the handkerchief. However, I implore that I be granted the infinite pleasure of stifling his muffled whimpering by throwing the switch! Then, as his body swells and writhes, and the thin curl of smoke rises from the headpiece, I will endeavor to give a correct imitation of the laugh I heard yesterday, mingled with the pitiful cry of a dog!

Art and Democracy

Dr. Frank Crane



WHEN you say "art," most people think of museums, picture-galleries and old masters ❧ ❧

It is quite the thing for gentlemen burdened with wealth to collect expensive and curious bric-a-brac and, upon the occasion of their death, to leave it to the city, to be known as the Smith-Jones collection.

What good is it? Who goes to museums? A very small portion of the people. The effect of the "art-gallery" upon the community is something, but the whole idea is a very poor grasping at the real function of art in democracy ❧ ❧

If benevolently inclined folk want to increase the ministry of the beautiful, let them improve the appearance of the houses of the citizens, the furniture in them and the grounds around them. ¶ Particularly let them make beautiful the habitations of the poor.

A hundred-thousand-dollar picture from Europe is not in any way so valuable artistically as ten thousand dollars' worth of trees would be, or twenty thousand dollars spent on adorning the water-front, or fifty thousand dollars invested in changing slum tenements into comely and homelike dwellings.

Art for the exclusive set only, whether that set is millionaires or alleged highbrows, is as bad as anything else that is exclusive. Unless art can get to the common people it is a superfluity ❧ ❧

IN Minnesota, the director of the State Art Commission, Maurice Irwin Flagg, has been doing some sensible and real art promotion. He supplies farmers and dwellers in small villages gratis with models for attractive homes and landscape designs. ¶ The purpose is "to beautify the dwelling-places of the people and develop at the same time ambition for and a love of the beautiful in the minds of men with small incomes." This is the sort of art work that is sincere and effectual. It gets somewhere. It helps ❧ It is not a conceited effort to appeal to the superior classes.

When we do away with the ugly "shoe-box" farmhouse, with its abominable barn, and substitute something picturesque in their place; when we transform the village from a collection of huge drygoods packing-cases set in rows, dull and dreary and stupid in appearance, into a lovely garden, trees and flowers, with houses of charming and individual attractiveness; when we get some sort of artistic unity in our city building; then we shall be entitled to be called lovers of beauty. ¶ Other States are following. California, Kentucky, Texas and Indiana are formulating programs similar to that of Minnesota. Germany, Italy, France and Canada have published the Minnesota plans.

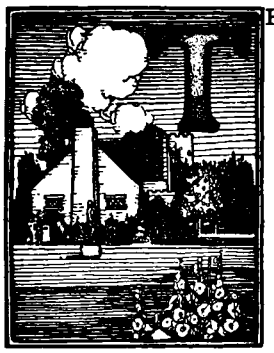
Says Mr. Flagg;

"This better-housing program is supplementary to the other work of the Commission. It circulates exhibits of industrial art, sculpture, home furnishings, home industries, and school art. It organizes home industries and handicraft classes and puts into the field specialists to teach such work. And it has been successful in finding a market for its product."

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An American Legion in Canada

Dr. J. A. Macdonald



THE tables are turned. A half-century ago, in the awful tragedy of the Civil War in the United States, many thousands of Canadians crossed the lines, enlisted in American regiments, and fought for freedom and humanity on all the great battlefields of the Republic. Today a new battalion is being organized in the Dominion, the Ninety-seventh of Canada, composed wholly, throughout all its ranks, of men born within the United States. These men—more than eleven hundred officers and men—are enlisting for overseas service in the army of Canada on the battlefields of Europe. They will be known as "The American Legion." And they also, in their turn, will fight for the ever-sacred right of freedom and humanity.

BACK of all this, alike in Canada and in the United States, there is something of the profoundest significance to the democracy of North America.

The other day there died in Toronto a Canadian veteran of the Civil War who fought under General Meade at the decisive battle of Gettysburg. Several years ago he was one of a dozen members of the Toronto post of the Grand Army of the Republic, who met one day in the Toronto *Globe* office. They were representatives of contingents of Canadians who fought in Lincoln's armies.

They had their story, each man his bit, told after the way of the soldier whose memory is undimmed through fifty years. And they had stories of their Canadian comrades in arms. Some of those Canadians fought with Grant at Vicksburg, some with Thomas at Chickamauga, some with Custer in the West, some with Meade at Gettysburg, some with Sheridan in the Shenandoah, some with Sherman on his march to the sea.

The military archives at Washington record some forty-eight thousand Canadian enlistments during the years of the Civil War, and tell of more than eighteen thousand Canadian casualties in defense of American citizenship and for the integrity of the American Union. Some of those Canadians languished in the Libby Prison or suffered the horrors of the Andersonville Camp. They fought for Lincoln and the cause of liberty under the Stars and Stripes, but, in death as in life, the flag of those Canadian hearts was the Union Jack ❧ In that day, and through that Civil War in the United States, Canada as a nation was neutral, and thousands of law-abiding Southern citizens found homes and peaceful protection under the Canadian flag; but the mind of the Canadian people was not neutral, nor, when the controversy ceased to be over States' Rights against Federal Sovereignty, and became a struggle for human rights and civilization, were the sympathies of Canadians held in suspense. It could not be. The honor of humanity and the institutions of civilization in North America were in peril and at stake ❧

TODAY, and fronting the world-war in Europe, the United States as a nation is neutral—is still neutral—but the mind of the great body of the American people, as it comes up against the uncovered facts and estimates the supreme issues, is not neutral, can not much longer even pretend to be neutral. In the judgment-hall of the American mind there can be no neutrality except for moral indifference. It is for or it is against. As never before in the world's history, the honor of humanity, all the noble liberties, and all the rights of the innocent and the defenseless, for which the name of Washington stands and for which Lincoln agonized, are today trembling in the balance of the world's war.

With Belgium in the assassin's grip, with Poland under the oppressor's heel, with Serbia crucified, and slaughtered Armenia bleeding at every pore, and with democracy the world over menaced by despotism, is it any wonder that the sons of Americans who died that the slave might be free are crossing the border to join Canadians under the Union Jack, as Canadians once crossed to join Americans under the Stars and Stripes!

The American Legion in Canada's army will be a pledge of North America to the world's democracy.

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Everybody's Business

Charles L. MacGregor



IN that great year of Perkins and Brandeis, 1911, there was introduced the long-needed fourth dimension, which seems to include, if indeed it does not dispense with, the other three, and we have the new standard of measurement, the searching test to be impartially applied to individual and corporation in every department of activity—efficiency

Efficiency, in the life-insurance business, means Federal supervision. Frank Trumbull, railroader and financier, asserts, "Maximum efficiency will require us, sooner or later, to eliminate all burdens on interstate commerce and to learn to say 'the United States is a nation,' not 'the United States are a nation.'"

¶ Interstate Commerce Commissioner Lane reports that the International Railway Congress at Berne, Switzerland, in 1910, established beyond question the supremacy of the American railroad from the standpoint of efficiency and that our railroad system is without parallel in the world because we are living as a nation, while in Europe they live as communities.

More than forty years ago it was declared that life-insurance should close ranks—become able to say, "Life-insurance is a business." But, starting to eliminate all burdens on its nation-wide business, life-insurance is first of all confronted by an obstacle placed in its way by the Supreme Court, which has decided that life-insurance is not commerce.

Commerce (certainly something more than transportation of property and carriage of passengers) has developed mightily in the last half-century. Commerce may not be limited by mere meaning of words. What world navigator leaves the Statue of Liberty with only an antiquated chart of New York Harbor?

Friends of life-insurance pray that the Supreme Court will, in view of present-day greatly changed conditions, depart from the former decision. In 1870, Elizur Wright, first insurance commissioner in the United States, showed how serious a handicap this decision must be and declared this loss of nationality a very grave matter, with, "If there is any possibility of preventing it and securing to life-insurance the supervision and protection of National law, wisely conceived and honestly administered, the guardians of life-insurance should bestir themselves." Guardians of life-insurance have so far been unable to accomplish much in this respect, and yet, with powerful championing, their effort has resulted in repeated recommendation, as lately as by President Roosevelt to both houses of Congress, that the needed relief be granted. President Taft held that the only recourse of life-insurance is to secure such common action by the States that the result will be similar to a single Federal act controlling the business. Pending in Congress in 1914 was a resolution in favor of Federal supervision. This contemplated an amendment to the Constitution as follows: "Congress shall have power to regulate the business (or commerce) of insurance throughout the United States, its territories and possessions."

PRESIDENT WILSON advertises, "The men I am interested in are the men who never have their voices heard, who never get a line in the newspapers, who never get a moment on the platform, who never have access to the ears of governors or anybody who is responsible for the conduct of government, but who go silently and patiently to their work every day, carrying the burden of the world."

President Wilson should be willing to make good on such a declaration, and give ear to your appeal for the welfare of what authorities say constitutes 85 per cent or seven-eighths of all estates left for administration, probably your family's only protection—your life-insurance. President Wilson has demonstrated his decided preference for informality. Try him out on Everybody's Business.

DO what you can to help eliminate the burdens of this greatest business. Attend in self-interest. Enhance your most valuable possession, the best asset of yourself and family. Do something to correct the tax evil

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and improper laws ❧ Write to your insurance company for information as to your individual case, then instruct your legislators.

Appeal to your Senators and Representatives. Take him at his word. Address your President. Enlighten yourself; then interest the man or woman next to you. Help build up a public opinion that will demand better conditions in your own State and prevent costly State interference and retaliatory acts.

Try to bring it to pass that life-insurance shall cease to be operated on by forty-eight different surgeons—some of them keen on vivisection—with a host of woefully untrained nurses ❧ You who gave thanks for 150,000 converts to Christianity, credited to foreign missions in 1911, for which Americans spent $30,000,000, think how the $2,000,000,000 life-insurance protection that was placed on the lives of a million citizens of this country during 1912, with first-year premiums of $63,000,000, further established the practical soundness of a gospel which proclaims, "He that provideth not for those of his own household hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." ¶ Your demand that Government protect the lives of hogs produced result. Are you not of greater worth than your wallowing swine? Stir yourselves! Appeal to your neighbors to join in your mutual self-interest, and seek at least equal consideration for the life-values of men and women.

With an overwhelming majority of the homes of America mortgaged, with 55 per cent of the adult men of the country earning less than $500 a year, with the present reckless taking on of luxuries and shameless exhibition of false "fronts" and living to impress the people next door or across the street, is it not essential to check up and take stock of Everybody's Business? ❧ Granted, today's great prosperity in our United States; but, take your personal, individual case and responsibilities: how much besides your life-insurance is there that you *know* will make the net result of your having lived, as far as the dollar-and-cents value goes, something better than an actual deficit?

NINE years ago a distinguished railroad official, who had also been a member of President Roosevelt's cabinet, called from that cabinet to become president of one of the greatest life-insurance companies, organized the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, whose first head was ex-President Grover Cleveland. This organization has for its sole purpose the welfare of policyholders in the promotion of that which is good, and the prevention of what is bad in life-insurance. Life-insurance administration has made decided strides as a result of this action of the late Honorable Paul Morton.

The American Life Convention, a similar, larger organization of the smaller companies, unites the South and West for the same good purpose ❧ The National Association of Life Underwriters, Association of Life-Insurance Medical Directors, National Convention of Insurance Commissioners and the Life Extension Institute, all heartily co-operate.

DON'T be like the man who, when asked if he believed in capital punishment, said, "Yes, sir, I 'd swing my hat and cheer if half of them Wall Street chaps were strung up."

Life-insurance companies and various allied associations are earnestly your servants. They need and deserve intelligent co-operation ❧ The leading financiers of America, both east and west, great men whom we often misjudge and envy, actually take very seriously and are concerned over their trusteeship of the life-insurance funds of the people of the United States, which you, with other policyholders, have committed to their expert care. This vast accumulation of savings, more than double those of all the rest of the world combined, is unique. It stands, a fortification of protection, comfortingly conspicuous in the now war-clouded universe, builded strong by the unremitting energy of those who have to urge it upon us, an indifferent and extravagant people. Will you not, in self-interest, try to further protect your own pocketbook and help safeguard your personal survival value? "For," says our great President, "what we are seeking now, what in my mind, is the single thought of this message, is national efficiency and security. We serve a great nation. We should serve it in the spirit of its peculiar genius. It is the genius of common men for self-government, industry, justice, liberty and peace. We should see to it that it lacks no instrument, no facility or vigor of law, to make it sufficient to play its part with energy, safety and assured success. In this we are no partisans, but heralds and prophets of a new age."

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Rats

Arthur Warren Ingalls



DOWN Boston way there 's a quiet, unassuming man, keen-eyed, alert, active, who has found his work ☙ His name is Somerville Jones.

Jones is a scientific rat-killer—the premier rat-killer of the world ☙ His work is done in Boston—one of the greatest rat-centers in the country. Nowhere are there more of these rodents in proportion to the population. Managers of big office-buildings in the city recognize Jones as the master mind in the work against the rat-plague which has, in many cases, passed beyond the dangerous stage.

Jones does all his work at night. He has trained ferrets and trained dogs. And today there are corporation presidents that might envy the yearly income of this scientific rat-killer.

Take an average bit of work. With the razing of a large building in Boston, the rodent inhabitants were driven to new quarters in a neighboring theater. Several thousand rats participated in the hegira. The theater was overwhelmed. Rats came before the footlights. Rats paraded the aisles. Rats had fought the night-watchman to a standstill, for a rat is afraid of neither man nor beast.

But Jones cleared the theater clean in a week, at a trifling cost of some five hundred dollars. Jones' methods are simple. He maps out the "runs," as he terms them. The "run" is the rat's Broadway. It is his highway in life's walk. In some buildings there are hundreds of "runs." In other places a rat will rarely be seen. Jones can tell a rat "run" as plainly as a physician can detect tubercular germs.

Jones came to this theater with his trained ferrets and dogs and a flash-light. All lights were put out. A negro was pressed into service, this night, as Jones' regular assistants were all busy. Posting themselves on a "run" with all lights out, the ferrets were sent on the hunt while the dogs were held in leash.

In ten minutes or less the rush of rats began. Driven out by the ferrets they poured forth along the run to the cul-de-sac prepared by Jones. Along came the rats—big ones, little ones, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers. Perhaps a hundred rats came through before the dogs were loosed.

The dogs would seize one rat after another, shake and stun it, and leave the final blow to Jones and his club.

THE rat terror is beyond our ken. It 's not a parlor topic. It 's nasty. Yet the menace is increasing, alarmingly, frightfully.

The rat is keen, clever, active. He 's a born fighter. He lives where he is born. He never moves. If fire or destruction drives him out he will return or haunt the neighborhood. The trap has no terror for him. He has learned his lesson. The ferret is his great fear, yet rats will unite and attack a ferret. Leave a ferret alone, night after night, in a rat-infested building and you will find it dead in a few days' time.

A model building was once constructed in Boston. It was solid from roof to cellar. No rats could come there, they said. Every pipe and wall was sealed. Yet in three months the building was infested and Jones was called in.

¶ For weeks he worked on that building—not to kill the rodents, but to discover their method of entrance. What use to exterminate, if more could come in? He haunted the building for twenty-four hours a day, but could not find their means of entrance.

One day he stood musing in the corridor, and glancing out the window to the ground below saw a rat slowly meander across the back courtyard. Following it with his eyes, he saw it climb the side of a ventilator, squeeze through the three-inch hole at the top, and drop inside. Jones had the opening closed, cut loose with dog and ferret, and to this day a rat has never entered the building.

The rat question is going to be a mighty big problem in the years to come. The insurance man, the electrician, plumber, telephone mechanic, and gas-fitter know too well the mighty menace of the rat.

¶ More power to Somerville Jones, the rat king! ☙ He is a modern businessman giving measure full in human service. We need more like him, thousands more. And they would be cheap at fifty thousand dollars a year apiece!

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High Tide at Gettysburg

This beautiful poem was written January, Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, by Will H. Thompson of Seattle, Washington, who served in the Fourth Georgia Infantry, C. S. A., and who took part in this battle

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield;
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee:
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works today!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
'Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace;
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill;
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentle purpose runs;
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

Knowledge in use is wisdom, and implies a sense of values—you know a big from a little thing, a valuable fact from a trivial one. Tragedy and comedy are simply questions of value: a little misfit in life makes us laugh; a great one is tragedy and cause for grief.

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A Little Journey to the Home of Abraham Lincoln

The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—Speech at Gettysburg.



NO, dearie, I do not think my childhood differed much from that of other good healthy country youngsters. I've heard folks say that childhood has its sorrows and all that, but the sorrows of country children do not last long. The young rustic goes out and tells his troubles to the birds and flowers, and the flowers nod in recognition, and the robin that sings from the top of a tall poplar-tree when the sun goes down says plainly it has sorrows of its own—and understands.

I feel a pity for all those folks who were born in a big city, and thus got cheated out of their childhood. Zealous ash-box inspectors in gilt braid, prying policemen with clubs, and signs reading, "Keep Off the Grass," are woeful things to greet the gaze of little souls fresh from God.

Last Summer six "Fresh Airs" were sent out to my farm, from the Eighth Ward. Half an hour after their arrival, one of them, a little girl five years old, who had constituted herself mother of the party, came rushing into the house exclaiming, "Say, Mister, Jimmy Driscoll he 's walkin' on de grass!"

I well remember the first Keep-Off-the-Grass sign I ever saw. It was in a printed book; it was n't exactly a sign, only a picture of a sign, and the single excuse I could think of for such a notice was that the field was full of bumblebee-nests, and the owner, being a good man and kind, did not want barefoot boys to add bee-stings to stone-bruises. And I never now see one of those signs but that I glance at my feet to make sure that I have shoes on.

Given the liberty of the country, the child is very near to Nature's heart; he is brother to the tree and calls all the dumb, growing things by name. He is sublimely superstitious. His imagination, as yet untouched by disillusion, makes good all that earth lacks, and habited in a healthy body the soul sings and soars.

In childhood, magic and mystery lie close around us. The world in which we live is a panorama of constantly unfolding delights, our faith in the Unknown is limitless, and the words of Job, uttered in mankind's morning, fit our wondering mood: "He stretcheth out the North over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing."

I am old, dearie, very old. In my childhood much of the State of Illinois was a prairie, where wild grass waved and bowed before the breeze, like the tide of a summer sea. I remember when "relatives" rode miles and miles in springless farm-wagons to visit cousins, taking the whole family and staying two nights and a day; when books were things to be read; when the beaver and the buffalo were not extinct; when wild pigeons came in clouds that shadowed the sun; when steamboats ran on the Sangamon; when Bishop Simpson preached; when Hell was a place, not a theory, and Heaven a locality whose fortunate inhabitants had no work to do; when Chicago newspapers were ten cents each; when cotton cloth was fifty cents a yard, and my shirt was made from a flour-sack, with the legend, "Extra XXX," across my proud bosom, and just below the words in flaming red, "Warranted Fifty Pounds!"

The mornings usually opened with smothered protests against getting up, for country folks then were extremists in the matter of "early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." We had n't much wealth, nor were we very wise, but we had health to burn. But aside from the unpleasantness of early morning, the day was full of possibilities of curious things to be found in the barn and under spreading gooseberry-bushes, or if it rained, the garret was an Alsatia unexplored.

The evolution of the individual mirrors the evolution of the race. In the morning of the world man was innocent and free; but when self-consciousness crept in and he possessed himself of that disturbing motto "Know Thyself," he took a fall.

Yet knowledge usually comes to us with a shock, just as the mixture crystallizes when the chemist gives the jar a tap. We grow by throes.

I well remember the day when I was put out of my Eden ❧ ❧

My father and mother had gone away in the one-horse wagon, taking the baby with them, leaving me in care of my elder sister. It was a stormy day and the air was full of fog and mist. It did not rain very much, only in gusts, but great leaden clouds chased each other angrily across the sky. It was very quiet there in the little house on the prairie, except when the wind came and shook the windows and rattled at the doors. The morning seemed to drag and would n't pass, just out of contrariness; and I wanted it to go fast because in the afternoon my sister was to take me somewhere, but where I did not know, but that we should go somewhere was promised again and again.

As the day wore on we went up into the little garret

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and strained our eyes across the stretching prairie to see if some one was coming. There had been much rain, for on the prairie there was always too much rain or else too little. It was either drought or flood. Dark swarms of wild ducks were in all the ponds; V-shaped flocks of geese and brants screamed overhead, and down in the slough cranes danced a solemn minuet.

Again and again we looked for the coming something, and I began to cry, fearing we had been left there, forgotten of Fate.

At last we went out by the barn and, with much boosting, I climbed to the top of the haystack and my sister followed. And still we watched.

" There they come! " exclaimed my sister.

" There they come! " I echoed, and clapped two red, chapped hands for joy.

Away across the prairie, miles and miles away, was a winding string of wagons, a dozen perhaps, one right behind another. We watched until we could make out our own white horse, Bob, and then we slid down the hickory pole that leaned against the stack, and made our way across the spongy sod to the burying-ground that stood on a knoll half a mile away ❧ ❧

We got there before the procession, and saw a great hole, with square corners, dug in the ground. It was half-full of water, and a man in bare feet, with trousers rolled to his knees, was working industriously to bale it out.

The wagons drove up and stopped. And out of one of them four men lifted a long box and set it down beside the hole where the man still baled and dipped. The box was opened and in it was Si Johnson. Si lay very still, and his face was very blue, and his clothes were very black, save for his shirt, which was very white, and his hands were folded across his breast, just so, and held awkwardly in the stiff fingers was a little New Testament. We all looked at the blue face, and the women cried softly. The men took off their hats while the preacher prayed, and then we sang, " There 'll be no more parting there."

The lid of the box was nailed down, lines were taken from the harness of one of the teams standing by and were placed around the long box, and it was lowered with a splash into the hole. Then several men shoveled very hard, filling up the hole, and when it was full and heaped up, they patted it all over with the backs of their spades.

Everybody remained until this was done, and then we got into the wagons and drove away.

Nearly a dozen of the folks came over to our house for dinner, including the preacher, and they all talked of the man who was dead and how he came to die ❧ ❧

Only two days before, this man, Si Johnson, stood in the doorway of his house and looked out at the falling rain. It had rained for three days, so that they could not plow, and Si was angry. Besides this, his two brothers had enlisted and gone away to the War and left him all the work to do. He did not go to the War because he was a " Copperhead "; and as he stood there in the doorway looking at the rain, he took a chew of tobacco, and then he swore a terrible oath. ¶ And ere the swear-words had escaped from his lips, there came a blinding flash of lightning, and the man fell all in a heap like a sack of oats.

And he was dead.

Whether he died because he was a Copperhead, or because he took a chew of tobacco, or because he swore, I could not exactly understand. I waited for a convenient lull in the conversation and asked the preacher why the man died, and he patted me on the head and told me it was " the vengeance of God," and that he hoped I would grow up and be a good man and never chew tobacco nor swear.

The preacher is alive now. He is an old, old man with long, white whiskers, and I never see him but that I am tempted to ask for the exact truth as to why Si Johnson was struck by lightning.

Yet I suppose it was because he was a Copperhead: all Copperheads chewed tobacco and swore, and that his fate was merited no one but the living Copperheads in that community doubted.

That was an eventful day to me. Like men whose hair turns from black to gray in a night, I had left babyhood behind at a bound, and the problems of the world were upon me, clamoring for solution ❧

THERE was war in the land. When it began I did not know, but that it was something terrible I could guess. I thought of it all the rest of the day and dreamed of it at night. Many men had gone away; and every day men in blue straggled by, all going South, forever South.

And all the men straggling along that road stopped to get a drink at our well, drawing the water with the sweep, and drinking out of the bucket, and squirting a mouthful of water over each other. They looked at my father's creaking doctor's sign, and sang, " Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard." ❧ They all sang that. They were very jolly, just as though they were going to a picnic. Some of them came back that way a few years later and they were not so jolly. And some there were who never came back at all.

Freight-trains passed southward, blue with men in the cars, and on top of the cars, and in the caboose, and on the cow-catcher, always going south and never north. For " Down South " were many Rebels, and all along the way south were Copperheads, and they all wanted to come north and kill us, so soldiers had to go down there and fight them.

And I marveled much that if God hated Copperheads, as our preacher said He did, why He did n't send lightning and kill them, just in a second, as He had Si Johnson. And then all that would have to be done would be to send for a doctor to see that they were surely dead, and a preacher to pray, and the neighbors would dress them in their best Sunday suits of black, folding their hands very carefully across their breasts, then we would bury them deep, filling in the dirt and heaping it up, patting it all down very carefully with the back of a spade, and then go away and leave them until Judgment-Day.

Copperheads were simply men who hated Lincoln.

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The name came from copperhead-snakes, which are worse than rattlers, for rattlers rattle and give warning. A rattler is an open enemy, but you never know that a copperhead is around until he strikes. He lies in the swale and watches his chance. " He is the worstest snake that am."

It was Abe Lincoln of Springfield who was fighting the Rebels that were trying to wreck the country and spread red ruin. The Copperheads were wicked folks at the North who sided with the Rebels. Society was divided into two classes: those who favored Abe Lincoln, and those who told lies about him. All the people I knew and loved, loved Abe Lincoln.

I was born at Bloomington, Illinois, through no choosing of my own, and Bloomington is further famous for being the birthplace of the Republican party. When a year old I persuaded my parents to move seven miles north to the village of Hudson, which then had five houses, a church, a store and a blacksmith-shop. Many of the people I knew, knew Lincoln, for he used to come to Bloomington several times a year " on the circuit " to try cases, and at various times made speeches there. When he came he would tell stories at the Ashley House, and when he was gone these stories would be repeated by everybody. Some of these stories must have been peculiar, for I once heard my mother caution my father not to tell any more " Lincoln stories " at the dinner-table when we had company.

And once Lincoln gave a lecture at the Presbyterian Church on the " Progress of Man," when no one was there but the preacher, my Aunt Hannah and the sexton ❧ ❧

My Uncle Elihu and Aunt Hannah knew Abe Lincoln well. So did Jesse Fell, James C. Conklin, Judge Davis, General Orme, Leonard Sweet, Dick Yates and lots of others I knew. They never called him " Mister Lincoln," but it was always Abe, or Old Abe, or just plain Abe Lincoln. In that newly settled country you always called folks by their first names, especially when you liked them. And when they spoke the name, " Abe Lincoln," there was something in the voice that told of confidence, respect and affection ❧ ❧

Once when I was at my Aunt Hannah's, Judge Davis was there and I sat on his lap. The only thing about the interview I remember was that he really did n't have any lap to speak of.

After Judge Davis had gone, Aunt Hannah said, " You must always remember Judge Davis, for he is the man who made Abe Lincoln! "

And when I said, " Why, I thought God made Lincoln," they all laughed.

After a little pause my inquiring mind caused me to ask, " Who made Judge Davis? " And Uncle Elihu answered, " Abe Lincoln."

Then they all laughed more than ever.

VOLUNTEERS were being called for. Neighbors and neighbors' boys were enlisting—going to the support of Abe Lincoln.

Then one day my father went away, too. Many of the neighbors went with us to the station when he took the four-o'clock train, and we all cried, except mother—she did n't cry until she got home. My father had gone to Springfield to enlist as a surgeon. In three days he came back and told us he had enlisted, and was to be assigned his regiment in a week, and go at once to the front. He was always a kind man, but during that week when he was waiting to be told where to go, he was very gentle and more kind than ever. He told me I must be the man of the house while he was away, and take care of my mother and sisters, and not forget to feed the chickens every morning; and I promised.

At the end of the week a big envelope came from Springfield marked in the corner, " Official."

My mother would not open it, and so it lay on the table until the doctor's return. We all looked at it curiously, and my eldest sister gazed on it long with lack-luster eye and then rushed from the room with her check apron over her head.

When my father rode up on horseback I ran to tell him that the envelope had come.

We all stood breathless and watched him break the seals. ¶ He took out the letter and read it silently and passed it to my mother.

I have the letter before me now, and it says: " The Department is still of the opinion that it does not care to accept men having varicose veins, which make the wearing of bandages necessary. Your name, however, has been filed, and should we be able to use your services, will advise."

Then we were all very glad about the varicose veins, and I am afraid I went out and boasted to my playfellows about our family possessions.

It was not so very long after, that there was a Big Meeting in the " timber." People came from all over the country to attend it. The chief speaker was a man by the name of Ingersoll, a colonel in the army, who was back home for just a day or two on furlough. People said he was the greatest orator in Peoria County ❧ ❧

Early in the morning the wagons began to go by our house, and all along the four roads that led to the grove we could see great clouds of dust that stretched away for miles and miles and told that the people were gathering by the thousand. They came in wagons and on horseback, and on foot and with ox-teams. Women rode on horseback carrying babies; two boys on one horse were common sights; and there were various four-horse teams with wagons filled with girls all dressed in white, carrying flags. All our folks went. My mother fastened the back door of our house with a bolt on the inside, and then locked the front door with a key, and hid the key under the doormat.

At the grove there was much handshaking and visiting and asking after the folks and for the news. Several soldiers were present, among them a man who lived near us, called " Little Ramsey." Three one-armed men were there, and a man named Al Sweetser, who had only one leg. These men wore blue, and were seated on the big platform that was all draped with flags. Plank seats were arranged, and every plank held its quota. Just outside the seats

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hundreds of men stood, and beyond these were wagons filled with people. Every tree in the woods seemed to have a horse tied to it, and the trees over the speakers' platform were black with men and boys. I never knew before that there were so many horses and people in the world.

When the speaking began, the people cheered, and then they became very quiet, and only the occasional squealing and stamping of the horses could be heard. Our preacher spoke first, and then the lawyer from Bloomington, and then came the great man from Peoria. The people cheered more than ever when he stood up, and kept hurrahing so long I thought they were not going to let him speak at all.

At last they quieted down, and the speaker began. His first sentence contained a reference to Abe Lincoln. The people applauded, and some one proposed three cheers for "Honest Old Abe." Everybody stood up and cheered, and I, perched on my father's shoulder, cheered too. And beneath the legend, "Warranted Fifty Pounds," my heart beat proudly. Silence came at last—a silence filled only by the neighing and stamping of horses and the rapping of a woodpecker in a tall tree. Every ear was strained to catch the orator's first words.

The speaker was just about to begin. He raised one hand, but ere his lips moved, a hoarse, guttural shout echoed through the woods, "Hurrah'h'h for Jeff Davis!!!"

"Kill that man!" rang a sharp, clear voice in instant answer ❧ ❧

A rumble like an awful groan came from the vast crowd. My father was standing on a seat, and I had climbed to his shoulder. The crowd surged like a monster animal toward a tall man standing alone in a wagon. He swung a blacksnake whip around him, and the lash fell savagely on two gray horses. At a lunge, the horses, the wagon and the tall man had cleared the crowd, knocking down several people in their flight. One man clung to the tailboard. The whip wound with a hiss and a crack across his face, and he fell stunned in the roadway.

A clear space of fully three hundred feet now separated the man in the wagon from the great throng, which with ten thousand hands seemed ready to tear him limb from limb. Revolver shots rang out, women screamed, and trampled children cried for help. Above it all was the roar of the mob. The orator, in vain pantomime, implored order.

I saw Little Ramsey drop off the limb of a tree astride of a horse that was tied beneath, then lean over, and with one stroke of a knife sever the halter.

At the same time fifty other men seemed to have done the same thing, for flying horses shot out from different parts of the woods, all on the instant. The man in the wagon was half a mile away now, still standing erect. The gray horses were running low, with noses and tails outstretched.

The spread-out riders closed in a mass and followed at terrific speed. The crowd behind seemed to grow silent. We heard the patter-patter of barefoot horses ascending the long, low hill. One rider on a sorrel horse fell behind. He drew his horse to one side, and sitting over with one foot in the long stirrup, plied the sorrel across the flank with a big, white-felt hat. The horse responded, and crept around to the front of the flying mass.

The wagon had disappeared over a gentle rise of ground, and then we lost the horsemen, too. Still we watched, and two miles across the prairie we got a glimpse of running horses in a cloud of dust, and into another valley they settled, and then we lost them for good.

The speaking began again and went on amid applause and tears, with laughter set between.

I do not remember what was said, but after the speaking, as we made our way homeward, we met Little Ramsey and the young man who rode the sorrel horse. They told us that they had caught the Copperhead after a ten-mile chase, and that he was badly hurt, for the wagon had upset and the fellow was beneath it. Ramsey asked my father to go at once to see what could be done for him.

The man was quite dead when my father reached him. There was a purple mark around his neck; and the opinion seemed to be that he had got tangled up in the harness or something.

THE war-time months went dragging by, and the burden of gloom in the air seemed to lift; for when the Chicago *Tribune* was read each evening in the post-office it told of victories on land and sea. Yet it was a joy not untinged with black; for in the church across from our house, funerals had been held for farmer boys who had died in prison-pens and been buried in Georgia trenches.

One youth there was, I remember, who had stopped to get a drink at our pump, and squirted a mouthful of water over me because I was handy.

One night the postmaster was reading aloud the names of the killed at Gettysburg, and he ran right on to the name of this boy. The boy's father sat there on a nail-keg, chewing a straw. The postmaster tried to shuffle over the name and on to the next ❧ "Hi! Wha—what 's that you said?"

"Killed in honorable battle—Snyder, Hiram," said the postmaster with a forced calmness, determined to face the issue.

The boy's father stood up with a jerk. Then he sat down. Then he stood up again and staggered his way to the door and fumbled for the latch like a blind man.

¶ "God help him! he 's gone to tell the old woman," said the postmaster as he blew his nose on a red handkerchief.

The preacher preached a funeral sermon for the boy, and on the little pyramid that marked the family lot in the burying-ground they carved the inscription: "Killed in honorable battle, Hiram Snyder, aged nineteen." ❧ ❧

Not long after, strange, yellow, bearded men in faded blue began to arrive. Great welcomes were given them; and at the regular Wednesday evening prayer-meeting thanksgivings were poured out for their safe return, with names of company and regiment duly mentioned for the Lord's better identification. Bees were held for some of these returned

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farmers, where twenty teams and fifty men, old and young, did a season's farm work in a day, and split enough wood for a year. At such times the women would bring big baskets of provisions, and long tables would be set, and there were very jolly times, with cracking of many jokes that were veterans, and the day would end with pitching horseshoes, and at last with singing *Auld Lang Syne.*

It was at one such gathering that a ghost appeared—a lank, saffron ghost, ragged as a scarecrow—wearing a foolish smile and the cape of a cavalryman's overcoat with no coat beneath it. The apparition was a youth of about twenty, with a downy beard all over his face, and countenance well mellowed with coal soot, as though he had ridden several days on top of a freight-car that was near the engine. This ghost was Hiram Snyder. ¶ All forgave him the shock of surprise he caused us—all except the minister who had preached his funeral sermon. Years after I heard this minister remark in a solemn, grieved tone: "Hiram Snyder is a man who can not be relied on."

AS the years pass, the miracle of the seasons means less to us. But what country boy can forget the turning of the leaves from green to gold, and the watchings and waitings for the first hard frost that ushers in the nutting season! And then the first fall of snow, with its promise of skates and sleds and tracks of rabbits, and mayhap bears, and strange animals that only come out at night, and that no human eye has ever seen!

Beautiful are the seasons; and glad I am that I have not yet quite lost my love for each. But now they parade past with a curious swiftness! They look at me out of wistful eyes, and sometimes one calls to me as she goes by and asks, "Why have you done so little since I saw you last?" And I can only answer, "I was thinking of you."

I do not need another incarnation to live my life over again. I can do that now, and the resurrection of the past, through memory, that sees through closed eyes, is just as satisfactory as the thing itself.

Were we talking of the seasons? Very well, dearie, the seasons it shall be. They are all charming, but if I were to wed any it would be Spring. How well I remember the gentle perfume of her comings, and her warm, languid breath!

There was a time when I would go out of the house some morning, and the snow would be melting, and Spring would kiss my cheek, and then I would be all aglow with joy and would burst into the house, and cry: "Spring is here! Spring is here!" For you know we always have to divide our joy with some one. One can bear grief, but it takes two to be glad.

And then my mother would smile and say, "Yes, my son, but do not wake the baby!"

Then I would go out and watch the snow turn to water, and run down the road in little rivulets to the creek, that would swell until it became a regular Mississippi, so that when we waded the horse across, the water would come to the saddlegirth.

Then once, I remember, the bridge was washed away, and all the teams had to go around and through the water, and some used to get stuck in the mud on the other bank. It was great fun!

The first "Spring beauties" bloomed very early in that year; violets came out on the south side of rotting logs, and cowslips blossomed in the slough as they never had done before. Over on the knoll, prairie-chickens strutted pompously and proudly drummed. ¶ The war was over! Lincoln had won, and the country was safe!

The jubilee was infectious, and the neighbors who used to come and visit us would tell of the men and boys who would soon be back.

The war was over!

My father and mother talked of it across the table, and the men talked of it at the store, and earth, sky and water called to each other in glad relief, "The war is over!"

But there came a morning when my father walked up from the railroad-station very fast, and looking very serious. He pushed right past me as I sat in the doorway. I followed him into the kitchen where my mother was washing dishes, and heard him say, "They have killed Lincoln!" and then he burst into tears ❧ ❧

I had never seen my father shed tears—in fact, I had never seen a man cry. There is something terrible in the grief of a man.

Soon the church-bell across the road began to toll. It tolled all that day. Three men—I can give you their names—rang the bell all day long, tolling, slowly tolling, tolling until night came and the stars came out. I thought it a little curious that the stars should come out, for Lincoln was dead; but they did, for I saw them as I trotted by my father's side down to the post-office.

There was a great crowd of men there. At the long line of peeled-hickory hitching-poles were dozens of saddle-horses. The farmers had come for miles to get details of the news.

On the long counters that ran down each side of the store men were seated, swinging their feet, and listening intently to some one who was reading aloud from a newspaper. We worked our way past the men who were standing about, and with several of these my father shook hands solemnly.

Leaning against the wall near the window was a big, red-faced man, whom I knew as a Copperhead. He had been drinking, evidently, for he was making boozy efforts to stand very straight ❧ There were heard only a subdued buzz of whispers and the monotonous voice of the reader, as he stood there in the center, his newspaper in one hand and a lighted candle in the other.

The red-faced man lurched two steps forward, and in a loud voice said, "L—L—Lincoln is dead—an' I 'm damn glad of it!"

Across the room I saw two men struggling with Little Ramsey. Why they should struggle with him I could not imagine, but ere I could think the matter out, I saw him shake himself loose from the strong hands that sought to hold him. He sprang upon the counter, and in one hand I saw he held a scale-weight. Just an instant he stood there, and then the weight shot

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straight at the red-faced man. The missile glanced on his shoulder and shot through the window. In another second the red-faced man plunged through the window, taking the entire sash with him.

"You 'll have to pay for that window!" called the alarmed postmaster out into the night.

The store was quickly emptied, and on following outside no trace of the red man could be found. The earth had swallowed both the man and the five-pound scale-weight ❧ ❧

After some minutes had passed in a vain search for the weight and the Copperhead, we went back into the store and the reading was continued. ¶ But the interruption had relieved the tension, and for the first time that day men in that post-office joked and laughed. It even lifted from my heart the gloom that threatened to smother me, and I went home and told the story to my mother and sisters, and they too smiled, so closely akin are tears and smiles ❧

THE story of Lincoln's life had been ingrained into me long before I ever read a book. For the people who knew Lincoln, and the people who knew the people that Lincoln knew, were the only people I knew. I visited at their houses and heard them tell what Lincoln had said when he sat at table where I then sat. I listened long to Lincoln stories, "and that reminds me" was often on the lips of those I loved. All the tales told by the faithful Herndon and the needlessly loyal Nicolay and Hay were current coin, and the rehearsal of the Lincoln-Douglass debate was commonplace.

When our own poverty was mentioned, we compared it with the poverty that Lincoln had endured, and felt rich. I slept in a garret where the winter's snow used to sift merrily through the slab shingles, but then I was covered with warm buffalo robes, and a loving mother tucked me in and on my forehead imprinted a good-night kiss. But Lincoln at the same age had no mother and lived in a hut that had neither windows, doors nor floor, and a pile of leaves and straw in the corner was his bed. Our house had two rooms, but one Winter the Lincoln home was only a shed enclosed on three sides.

I knew of his being a clerk in a country store at the age of twenty, and that up to that time he had read but four books; of his running a flatboat, splitting rails, and poring at night over a dog-eared law-book; of his asking to sleep in the law-office of Joshua Speed, and of Speed's giving him permission to move in. And of his going away after his "worldly goods" and coming back in ten minutes carrying an old pair of saddlebags which he threw into a corner saying, "Speed, I 've moved!"

I knew of his twenty years of country law-practise, when he was considered just about as good and no better than a dozen others in that circuit, and of his making a bare living during the time. Then I knew of his gradually awakening to the wrong of slavery, of the expansion of his mind, so that he began to incur the jealousy of rivals and the hatred of enemies, and of the prophetic feeling in that slow but sure moving mind that "a house divided against itself can not stand. I believe this Government can not endure permanently half-slave and half-free." ❧ I knew of the debates with Douglass and the national attention they attracted, and of Judge Davis' remark, "Lincoln has more commonsense than any other man in America"; and then, chiefly through Judge Davis' influence, of his being nominated for President at the Chicago Convention. I knew of his election, and the coming of the war, and the long, hard fight, when friends and foes beset, and none but he had the patience and the courage that could wait. Then I knew of his death, that death which then seemed a calamity—terrible in its awful blackness. But now the years have passed, and I comprehend somewhat of the paradox of things, and I know that this death was just what he might have prayed for. It was a fitting close for a life that had done a supreme and mighty work. ¶ His face foretold the end.

Lincoln had no home ties. In that plain, frame house, without embellished yard or ornament, where I have been so often, there was no love that held him fast. In that house there was no library, but in the parlor, where six haircloth chairs and a slippery sofa to match stood guard, was a marble table on which were various gift-books in blue and gilt. He only turned to that home when there was no other place to go. Politics, with its attendant travel and excitement, allowed him to forget the what-might-have-beens. Foolish bickering, silly pride, and stupid misunderstanding pushed him out upon the streets and he sought to lose himself among the people. And to the people at length he gave his time, his talents, his love, his life. Fate took from him his home that the country might call him savior. Dire tragedy was a fitting end; for only the souls who have suffered are well-loved.

Jealousy, disparagement, calumny, have all made way, and North and South alike revere his name ❧ The memory of his gentleness, his patience, his firm faith, and his great and loving heart are the priceless heritage of a united land. He had charity for all and malice toward none; he gave affection, and affection is his reward. Honor and love are his.

We grow strong through assuming responsibilities—by bearing burdens and doing things we acquire power.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I can not refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.
—*Letter of Abraham Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston, Massachusetts.*

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BRAVEST BATTLES

Adelbert Clark

WE fight the bravest battles where
No smoke from cannons roll;
We lift the brightest standards when
We drive fear from the soul.
These silent battles of our lives
Are wedged 'twixt right and wrong,
And he who heeds the warning cry
Is marshaled on by song.

And though the scars are furrowed deep
That hint of other days,
The singing in the soul shall be
Of everlasting praise.
'T will count for naught, the long, hard fight—
The suff'ring and the pain,
The grim scarred battle-flag of days
That bore the crimson stain.

We fight the bravest battles where
No musketry is heard,
Nor battlefields or winding ways
With blinding smoke is blurred;
But where the heart is in the lead
To conquer every wrong,
And kindly deeds fill every soul
With jovialty of song!

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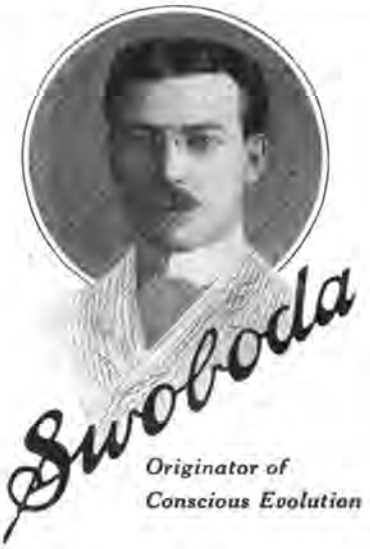
Getting Old--A Bad Habit!

By Elbert Hubbard

NOTE—This announcement was written for Alois P. Swoboda by Elbert Hubbard before he sailed on the *Lusitania*.

SWOBODA does not "cure" people; neither does he bring the dead to life.
He just puts folks in line with the principles of evolution, so health plays through them, and repair equals waste—pretty near.
If repair quite equaled waste, barring the boobaloob in the benzine-buggy, we would live forever. But Swoboda says we should all live to be a hundred.
¶ Swoboda says, that, as we gain in years, we should constantly increase our powers, and death should be the result of accident. We should take leave with sails set.
Getting old is a bad habit.
We lose out from lime and waste in our cells.
This calcareous matter interferes with circulation and cell action; arteries and capillaries harden, and the heart works time and a third to pump the blood through the system. ¶ When a man gets red in the face, then purple, he has advanced arteriosclerosis.
Skilful medical examiners for insurance-companies can determine a man's age from his blood-pressure; also, they can prophesy, with a fair degree of accuracy, the day of his death. ¶ The average American is getting old when he turns his thirtieth year.
Ambition wanes; the zest of life is on the decline; the bright heyday of youth lies behind; the man lives in the past. ¶ There is a tax on his heart trying to force blood to the extremities. This finds form in congestion, and its long train of symptoms that rush the unwise to the M. D. instead of to C. E.*
When a blood-vessel bursts in the brain, we call it apoplexy. ¶ To guard against this bursting of blood-vessels, Nature toughens up the arteries then hardens them until the whole arterial outfit is like a cicatrice.
This toughening of the arteries is a result, not a cause. How to avoid it is where Swoboda comes in.
The Swoboda System keeps the joints lubricated, the muscles vigorous, the arteries elastic.
In youth, the blood-vessels have pliable qualities, so that the blood flows easily, freely and fully to any part.
A youth can run, box, lift weights, exercise violently.
When old age is prowling 'round the corner, we say it is well for a man to moderate his speed. So we let up, cultivate a double chin, allow the waist measure to rival the chest measurement, and have all the symptoms of satisfaction and success. ¶ This is where we meet our Waterloo.
No man living has studied this phenomenon of arteriosclerosis more closely than Alois P. Swoboda.
Swoboda is a teacher, not a doctor.
He has pupils, not patients. ¶ Thousands have come to him for instruction, and out of this wide experience Swoboda has evolved a philosophy. And this philosophy has merged into a system of self-evolution.
Swoboda does n't say, "Go slow, take care—look out!" He just shows you a delightful course that eliminates the lime, sludge and slag—and your youth comes back.
To get in line with Conscious Evolution is to find a new meaning for words like enthusiasm, energy and health. ¶ Swoboda's pupils do more work as they grow older, not less. ¶ I saw one of Swoboda's pupils, aged sixty-eight, dancing the other night, and the way this gay lad added a few extra steps to the regular program delighted the assembled audience.
This man danced with no apparent fatigue, no flushing of the face, no pressure on the arteries with thumping heart. ¶ Swoboda himself is past forty, but he has the look of youth, the ability, mental and physical, of the man of twenty-eight.
His mood is one of joyous energy, animation, happiness, receptivity. ¶ Swoboda does n't know any more about the eight-hour law than I do. We both do two shifts of eight hours each a day.
Swoboda eats, sleeps, thinks, works, and out of it all results a vast amount of good for others—and himself ❧
What is the secret?
Right activity, not only of the muscles, but of the heart, the arteries, the stomach, the liver, the lungs—every organ doing its appointed work.

* *C. E.—Conscious Evolution.*



Swoboda's hobby is energy. If you chance to be around that peculiar age when ease, dressing-gown and slippers, and after-dinner naps are in order; if you take kindly to taxicabs and let others do the dancing, depend upon it, your blood-pressure is increasing, and the actuary, if you are interested to know, can supply you with some interesting data. ¶ Don't get the idea that because you are not ninety, you are, in reality, not decrepit.
Much of you that is only half-alive is playing tricks on your conceit. ¶ You will do your self a good turn to watch your inner works, as well as the jitney headed your way ❧ Remember, when your inner works blow up, it is usually to the daisies for you.
The cells of the body replace themselves every seven years, so our good books tell us. ¶ Swoboda tells me that Conscious Evolution does the trick in a few months.
Quick reconstruction means a new home for the soul. ¶ Swoboda says that the easiest way to make live matter into dead matter is to not use it.
I believe Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth died with him. Your fountain of youth dies with you. Each man's fountain of youth is within himself. ¶ I believe firmly, we can all find the fountain of youth and drink to the fu", through Conscious Evolution and through no other channel.
Swoboda believes in and preaches self-evolution, not self-preservation. ¶ Swoboda tells me that early to bed and early to rise may have at one time made man healthy, wealthy and wise, but now, it is otherwise.
Today, says Swoboda, "Early to bed and early to rise, regular habits and conceit about one's efficiency, give a man high blood-pressure, hardening of the arteries, and make him mentally narrow, irritable and too ready to criticize—premature old age and early demise."
Nowadays, if you want to be healthy, energetic, well off and full of wisdom, you will take my tip and evolutionize. ¶ The best way to surprise those who do not think well of your mental and physical powers, and to fool the actuary, as well as to put one over on Father Time, is to get in touch with Swoboda.
Swoboda has a little book which is worth your reading. This book is presented free to any reader of this Magazine who applies. It will give you a lot of valuable ideas and you are under no obligation.
Suppose you send a postal card today while you think of it. Or pin your card to a sheet of paper or throw a ring around your name on the letterhead, and mail it along to Alois P. Swoboda, 1316 Aeolian Building, New York City. ¶ If you have time and are in New York, and want to see the real thing in health and energy, you had better call on Swoboda, or, if it is n't convenient to call, get the little book, and experience for yourself the Swoboda kind of health and energy, and then thank me for having put you next to a good thing.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1316 Aeolian Building, New York City

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374 COPIES *of* TIME & CHANCE

A STORY of the Life and Times of John Brown of Osawatomie, told by Elbert Hubbard in true romantic style. ¶ Hubbard was ever a man to ferret out the fine character and sterling quality of the Great Martyrs of History whom the World disdained, scorned, hanged, burned, crucified and tried to submerge into Oblivion.

¶ John Brown was one of the super-martyrs of History; a man who so thoroughly believed in the justice and all-prevailing righteousness of his cause, his mission on earth, that he succeeded in having himself hanged.

¶ Hubbard leads you straight into the heart of this Man. He gives you a friendly, neighborly, sympathetic, side view, inside view of John Brown, the Man who first declared War against Slavery in America!

¶ Three hundred seventy-four unbound copies of this book were found in Elbert Hubbard's storeroom; for what he was saving them we do not know. They have been bound in beautiful full-grain, semi-flexible Pigskin for you! Size, 8 in. x 5½ in. Price, $2.

THE ROYCROFTERS
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AN AMERICAN BIBLE

¶ *An American Bible* revised and edited for Twentieth Century use! A symposium of thought, an up-to-date anthology of the doctrines of right living, liberty, equality, fraternity, education, enlightenment, free speech — in a word, everything that makes for an ideal democracy and the pursuit of individual happiness.

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¶ A beautiful Library Edition, size 10 in. x 7½ in., printed Roycroftie on fine quality Strathmore Japan, with photogravure inserts of the eight contributors; genuine Black Morocco back on which the title is impressed in gold; covers are special imported handmade boards marbled in a fashion that gives the volume itself tone and added value as a thing of beauty in the eyes of the Book-Lover.

¶ But a few hundred copies of this particular volume are available. The unbound leaves were intended for the "$5 volume" — but to give you a Special Book Bargain, a real bargain, we ordered it bound to cover the COST and to sell for $3. Only one copy to each purchaser.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA ❧ NEW YORK

A box of Roycroft Pecan-Patties for "Your Valentine."

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$5 DURHAM-DUPLEX $1

DOMINO RAZOR

Here's How!



This Set Manufactured Under Original Durham Duplex Patents



This Set Manufactured Under Original and Later Patents That Have Improved The Product

YES, Sir, The Durham Duplex Razor Company offers you the $5 Durham Duplex Domino Razor for $1. This razor sold five years ago for $5. There is this difference — the Durham Duplex Domino Razor is manufactured under later patents that *improve* the product. It has the

— *same American Ivory Handle*
— *improved Non-Slip Guard*
— *improved Patented Stropping Attachment*
— *same package of six of the famous* ***Durham Duplex*** *Blades of Swedish Steel ground and* ***honed to the*** *keenest lasting shaving edge*
— *same genuine Leather Roll Kit*
— *same careful workmanship and high-****grade material***

¶ How can it be done? Hear us out —

¶ How is it that you can get a better, a more efficient, reliable, convenient and serviceable automobile today for $1100 than you could buy five years ago for $2000? How is it that stores selling 5c and 10c articles these days at extremely small margins of profit earn millions for their incorporators? How is it that the movies offer you two hours of amusement for 10c of such high-class picture effects that was not conceivable five years ago at any price?

¶ Evolution? Improved methods? Sure. But what makes improved methods possible? ¶ DEMAND, VOLUME! — which have been created by a wonderful reduction in price.

¶ It is ***volume of sales*** that marks a new era for the Durham Duplex Safety Razor.

¶ Where formerly we sold ***one razor,*** today we sell twenty.

¶ Actually, what is the intrinsic value of the materials that compose a Safety Razor Set! Considering all other factors that enter into the manufacture and marketing of the product, and a reasonable profit — do you see where it brings you anywhere within hailing distance of a $5 bill?

¶ This is a simple, truthful explanation of fact. We offer and sell you a Razor Set for $1 that is positively the same value as our $5 Set of five years ago, with the added advantage of being manufactured under later patents. This Set is equal or superior to any Safety Razor on the market today selling at $5.

¶ We ask you to verify this. Ask any Dealer to show you the Durham Duplex Domino Set. Or pin a dollar bill to this coupon and we will mail you prepaid this handy, efficient, high-grade Shaving Set that you can carry in your inside coat pocket. If you do not think you are getting your money's worth, return the Razor — we will return the dollar.

COUPON:

Here's a DOLLAR. I want the Durham Duplex Domino Set — RUSH! FRA—0

Name .....

Address .....

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR COMPANY, Jersey City, New Jersey

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All Roses Look Alike

—on paper—but PETERSON ROSES are different — superior — and then plus

They're the result of many years of enthusiastic, painstaking effort by one who has made Rose-growing a lifelong hobby, passion—call it what you will.

And right here in little Fair Lawn, N. J., we are admittedly now growing the strongest, finest Rose plants the world has ever seen.

"Peterson Roses" have revolutionized outdoor rose-growing—made success rise out of the ashes of former failures — as thousands of enthusiastic patrons all over this country and Canada have experienced.

If, this year, you want "real roses" in your garden all Summer and Fall, send now for a 1916 copy of

"A Little Book About Roses"

an exquisite publication dear to the heart of every Rose-lover who knows it.

Sent free to intending purchasers—to anyone on receipt of ten cents (to insure appreciation) in coin or stamps.



Maplewood, N. J., July 19, 1915.
Too much can not be said for the Roses I got from you this Spring. Without experience to guide me, but only your book, I have had such success as I am sure would delight even a veteran rosarian.
LOUIS E. HINRICHS

Park Ridge, Ill., Feb. 18, 1915.
I have ordered Roses from a number of places, but your's have been so far superior in their growth and bloom, that there is absolutely no comparison. We had beautiful Roses every day until the middle of November.
FREDERICK B. NOYES.

GEORGE H. PETERSON

Rose and Peony Specialist **Box 90, Fair Lawn, N. J.**

What To Do

—to give the interior of your home a real cozy, comfy, homey, cheery air? ¶ Pull out your new 1916 Roycroft Catalog and pore over its pages a few minutes. Make your selection from the list of hand-wrought copper bowls, vases, trays or beautifully modeled leather mats, pillows, or some of the fine, deep, leather-upholstered Morris chairs, artistically and solidly built for good, thorough usage. ¶ Or, if you have n't the new catalog —write for a copy—at once. It 's free to you

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

DURING these dawning years of the Twentieth Century, where so many questions have been answered, in part, and where so many issues have been raised and laid to rest again, men and women innumerable, in every walk in life, have awakened to a realization of the realities of life Great and small, they have turned aside from the false gods of their youthful training to a new understanding of their obligations to mankind, chief among which stands the obligation of creating an economic world in which he who expends effort shall be rewarded, while he who is unwilling to enter the workshop of life shall receive but the barest subsistence which will hold life intact. What other message save this one can the producers of wealth dispatch to the recipients of property income? All men must finally learn "the immorality and practical inexpediency of seeking to acquire wealth by winning it from another rather than by earning it by some sort of service to one's fellowmen."—*Scott Nearing.*

EDUCATION has for a chief object the formation of character To curb restive propensities, to awaken dormant sentiments, to strengthen the perceptions and cultivate the tastes, to encourage this feeling and repress that, so as finally to develop the child into a man of well-proportioned and developed nature—this is the aim alike of parent and teacher.—*Spencer.*

Ozone and friendship will be our stimulants—let the drugs, tobacco and strong drink go forever. Natural joy brings no headaches and no heartaches. Get busy!

A hand-wrought Copper Lamp for the reading-table—You need it.

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THERE is in the best of men a remnant of savagery, no less astonishing to themselves than to others, that impels them at times to trample on those that love them most—an instinct to hurt because they know they can. The stiflingly fond woman, in pathetic irony, brings out this quality in the man for whom she would willingly sacrifice all. Calm companionship with her is impossible. She makes life a series of emotional crises, in which a man wearily alternates between desperation and repentance. Sobs, moans, reproachful silences, martyr-like simulations of cheerfulness, intermingled with entreaties, accusations, protestations, do not conduce to love and loyalty on the part of any man, no matter how good his intentions nor how strong his self-control. It is almost impossible for a man not a consummate Egoist to forgive a woman for loving him too well, unless her love carries with it a sense of repose. The adroit coquette or the unscrupulous enchantress often receives the affections of a man too generously blessed with a trusting woman's love.

—Margaret Ashmun.

You— WHO WEAR GLASSES



Have n't you often wished for something that would quickly and thoroughly clean your glasses? Here it is—

CALL'S
EYE GLASS CLEANSER

A chemical compound perfected after years of research. Positively the only thing of its kind in existence. One application—a matter of but a moment—removes from your lenses every trace of grease and dust, leaving them crystal clear. Also polishes and sterilizes the mountings.
For sale at drug, optical and department stores, or a can and free booklet, "Clearer Vision," will be sent postpaid to your home for 25 cents. Get it today.

CALL'S EYE GLASS CLEANSER CO.
46 East Main Street **Waynesburg, Pa.**

To Manufacturers

who realize the unparalleled possibilities of "Trade with America" after the War— An Englishman about to visit the States wants

Agencies for Great Britain

in Furnishing Fabrics, Moquettes, Carpets, etc.

Address: WHITTALL,

"Wharfe View," Beamsley,
Botton Abbey, *via* Skipton, England

(Mr. Whittall is late of Whittall Bros., Excelsior Works, Kidderminster, England, and 25 years' personal connection amongst the first-class Furnishers in Great Britain.)

Burpee's Sweet Peas



Six Superb Spencers

For 25c we will mail one regular 10-cent packet (40 to 50 seeds) each of ELFRIDA PEARSON, a lovely pink, of gigantic size; KING WHITE, the best of all White Spencers; MRS. ROUTZAHN, rich buff, suffused delicate pink; VERMILION BRILLIANT, the most brilliant scarlet Spencer; WEDGWOOD, a beautiful light blue shade; also one large packet (90 to 100 seeds) of the BURPEE BLEND OF SUPERB SPENCERS FOR 1916, the finest mixture of Spencers ever offered. Purchased separately, would cost 60 cents.

Six Standard Spencers

For 25c we will mail one regular 10-cent packet (40 to 50 seeds) each of the following: HERCULES, gigantic flowers, rose-pink in color; KING EDWARD, magnificent rich crimson; MRS. W. J. UNWIN, brightest orange-scarlet flaked on white; QUEEN VICTORIA, beautiful primrose, flushed rose; ROSABELLE, most attractive rose-crimson; THOMAS STEVENSON, an intense flaming orange.

For 50 Cts. we will mail both collections named above and also a fifteen-cent packet of YARRAWA, the unique new early-flowering Spencer, introduced in 1915.

The Burpee Leaflet on Sweet Pea culture is enclosed with each collection.

Burpee's Annual for 1916

The Fortieth Anniversary Edition of the Leading American seed catalog—is brighter and better than ever before. It is mailed free. Write for it today and please mention *THE FRA.*

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Buildings **Philadelphia**

AFTER all, elections are n't the only things of importance. Babies and books are more so. From babies and from books the future is to be made, by the way of the voting-booth and otherwise. Lovely babies—they 're all that—kids that play games with imagination in them—books that fan the imagination, feed the mind and free the spirit—what 's the difference, *pro tem,* who 's elected or defeated, so long as we have these for our faith and hope and love.—*William M. Reedy.*

Decorate your Home with Roycroft Copper and Leather. Write for Catalog.

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How Old Man Curry's colors were carried in the big race is told in "The Redemption Handicap." Everyone who has read any of the other Chas. E. Van Loan stories about Old Man Curry will immediately be interested. His race-horses, you remember, were all named after the prophets—Elisha, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and so on. This new story of the famous Curry stable is even more amusing than some of its predecessors. Look for it in the February 5th issue of

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
416 West 13th Street, New York City

Modeled-leather Mats as Table Centers. See Roycroft Catalog for designs.

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Yea, Verily!!——



——Selah!!

CASH *For Discarded Jewelry*
For Watches or Diamonds
For False Teeth

We buy your old diamonds, watches, gold, silver and platinum jewelry, false teeth, dental fillings, painter's gold leaf cotton or auto magneto points. Money sent on receipt of goods. You have privilege of returning money within 10 days. Goods then returned at our expense.

Liberty Refining Co .. V431 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. Established 1899

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THE quiet Hotel where people of quality meet. Everything you want, with nothing you don't want. When you arrive at the Grand Central, say "Biltmore" to the Red-Cap, and in a minute, without crossing a street and without cab or car, you are AT HOME.

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With such an object-lesson as this, fresh in their memories, he believed he would have no trouble in bringing them into submission. But in this he was mistaken. They determined to build a tower to heaven, and occupy the celestial realms. Jehovah was willing to own them as his people so long as they remained on earth, but he felt that when they wanted him to share heaven with them, they were imposing on good nature. But as he had promised them never to use the water-cure again it devolved upon him to confuse their language ❧ Finding success in trying to govern all of them, impossible, he chose Abraham and his descendants. Then the Egyptians upset all his plans in capturing God's people, enticing them into Egypt and placing them in bondage.

After four hundred years of captivity, Jehovah conjured, cajoled and wheedled Pharaoh into releasing his people, and he started with them for Palestine ❧ He kept them wandering until nearly all who came from Egypt had died. On one occasion, when they objected to the rations on which they were being fed, and incidentally hinted that a change of diet would be acceptable, Jehovah became enraged and released a herd of snakes, and the snakes bit the people, "and much people of Israel died."

Then he took them to Palestine and tried governing them with judges. Here he scored another failure.

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Then he tried kings, but the most of the kings were idolaters, or possessed a supreme fondness for fair women and Oriental finery.

Then the chosen people were taken captive into Babylon—more bad luck for Jehovah!

Then they returned and he tried the civilizing influence of prophets, howlers and wailers, but the people grew worse and worse ☙ ☙

As a last resort, Jehovah took upon himself flesh, lived and taughtamonghis chosen people, but again they failed to appreciate his efforts. They failed to recognize in him the same Jehovah who turned loose the herd of snakes upon them, when they were in the wilderness ☙ They charged him with being an infidel, and also with trying to destroy the true religion that he, himself, had established. They were even so unappreciative as to publicly hang him.

Now in the name of all that is good and holy, he threatens to damn to eternal punishment, all his chosen people whom he had spent thousands of years in trying to reform.

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☙

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☙

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$119.54 SAVED EACH MONTH

That is the record of the Home Telephone Company, Santa Barbara, Cal., which purchased an International Motor Truck, and kept an itemized account for five and one-half months.



INTERNATIONAL MOTOR TRUCKS

are being put to work by new firms in all lines every hour of every day, on the strength of such economy and efficiency showings as this. And they are duplicating such figures everywhere. Here is the completed line-up of *International* trucks and the recently announced rock-bottom prices:

Model MA—1000 pounds capacity, air-cooled	**$ 600**
Model M —1000 pounds capacity, water-cooled	**710**
Model E —1500 pounds capacity, heavy duty motor	**950**
Model F —2000 pounds capacity, chassis only	**1500**

Prices quoted here are cash f. o. b. Akron, Ohio

Thirteen thousand users of International Motor Trucks testify they are worth the old prices. At these new prices, the lowest ever made for trucks of equal quality and capacity, International Motor Trucks are far and away the best bargain in the motor truck market today. Write to the address below for full description of these trucks and complete information.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA

(*Incorporated*)

160 Harvester Building **CHICAGO U S A**

Agents Wanted in Unoccupied Territory. Write, 'Phone or Wire.

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SAXON ROADSTER

$395

Today's Choice

among two-passenger cars

To those Saxon Roadster attractions which earned its present prestige among 35,000 owners we now add over a score of further improvements. They mark the best practices in roadster construction.

Judge the field of low-priced two passenger cars by any gauge you like. In the end you 'll agree that this new series Saxon Roadster stands out clearly—the pick of its class.

Feature innovations you now find

Three Speed Transmission. This provides greater flexibility. Only the new series Saxon Roadster — among cars selling for less than $400—has a three-speed transmission.

Saxon high speed motor. This motor won widespread praise—when first brought out—for its power, smoothness, flexibility, ability to cool under all conditions and operative economy. It has been still further refined and developed.

Timken Axles. No better can be bought.

Ventilating Windshield, Signal Lamps at side, *Adjustable Pedals*—all equipment of unmistakable desirability.

A body of greater beauty. No one—we believe—will question the supremacy of the Saxon Roadster in the matter of handsome appearance. Its body is a perfect streamline. You are proud to own it—to be seen in it.

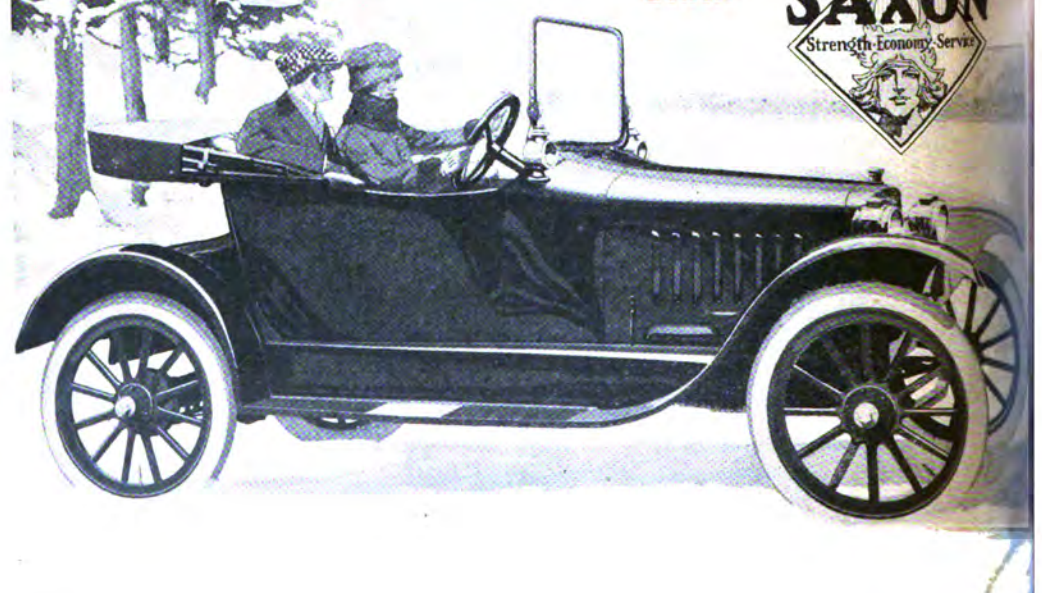
More room. Plenty of leg length. Spacious comfort for two large people when seated.

Sliding gear transmission; resilient vanadium steel cantilever springs; are additional features.

Go see this new series Saxon Roadster at the nearest Saxon dealer's. Write for our interesting booklet *Saxon Days*. Address Dept. III.

Saxon Motor Car Company
Detroit

SAXON
Strength-Economy-Service



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ONE world is aware
and by far the largest
to me, and that is
myself,
And whether I come to
my own today or in
ten thousand or ten
million years,
I can cheerfully take it
now, or with equal
cheerfulness I can
wait.
My foothold is tenon'd and
mortis'd in granite,
I laugh at what you call
dissolution,
And I know the ampli-
tude of time.

—*Walt Whitman*

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THE true rule, in determining to embrace or reject anything, is not whether it have any evil in it, but whether it have more of evil than of good. There are few things wholly evil or wholly good. Almost everything, especially of government policy, is an inseparable compound of the two, so that our best judgment of the preponderance between them is continually demanded - - - - -

—*Abraham Lincoln*

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THE FRA

For Philistines and Roycrofters



March 1916

Charles L. MacGregor
Cora Wilson Stewart
Deshler Welch
B. C. Forbes

An Elbert Hubbard Little Journey

ELBERT HUBBARD
Publisher East Aurora N.Y.

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I TRY to fix my thought on the good that is in every soul, and make my appeal to that. And the plan is a wise one, judged by results. It secures for you loyal helpers, worthy friends, gets the work done, aids digestion and tends to sleep o' nights. And I say to you that if you have never known the love, loyalty and integrity of a proscribed person, you have never known what love, loyalty and integrity are. I do not believe in governing by force, or threat, or any other form of coercion. I would not arouse in the heart of any of God's creatures a thought of fear, or discord, or hate, or revenge. I will influence men, if I can, but only by aiding them.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

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His Favorite Remedy—

These days physicians prescribe Home Billiards to keep the whole family *rolling in health!* All that the doctor calls for now is to take his own medicine on the Brunswick "Baby Grand." This famous home table brings 33 carom and pocket billiard games. Year-round sport that banishes brain fag, aids digestion and *puts new blood into folks who work all day!*

Send for our catalog at once, and join this movement for "home preparedness."

BRUNSWICK
Home Billiard Tables

Now $27 Up—Pay 10c a Day

Whether mansion or cottage—there's a grown man's Brunswick made to fit your home.

Brunswick "Grand" and "Baby Grand" are made of genuine San Domingo mahogany richly inlaid.

Our "Quick Demountable" can be set up in a jiffy anywhere, and taken down quickly when not in use.

"Convertible" Brunswicks serve as perfect dining and library tables when not in play for carom or pocket billiards.

Scientific Qualities

Every Brunswick is a scientific table with ever-level billiard bed, celebrated Monarch cushions—life! speed! and accuracy! Why be content with a toy billiard table *when 10c a day buys a genuine Brunswick!*



Brunswick "Baby Grand" Combination Carom and Pocket Table

Balls, Cues, Etc., FREE!

Complete High Class Playing Outfit included without extra cost—Rack, Markers, Balls, Cues, Cue-Clamps, Tips, Chalk, expert book of 33 games, etc.

30-Day Home Trial

Accept our trial offer and let the Brunswick win every member of the family. Factory prices, easy payment plan and all Brunswick Home Tables shown in our handsome color-book—"Billiards—The Home Magnet." *It's FREE!* Write or mail the coupon today.

This Brings Billiard Book FREE

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., (514)
Dept. 30-D, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send free, postpaid, your color-book

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

and tell about your home trial offer

Name .....

Address .....

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financing businesses to cope with the demand. In the chaotic conditions in which the peoples of the world exist, the inventor is busy producing labor-saving devices. Machines turn out articles by the million which formerly were produced only by the hundred. Capitalists set up huge manufactories to produce goods on the most economical plan, eliminating useless labor wherever possible. Everything is done to render the producing end perfect. The consuming end gets no attention whatever. Inventors may invent, capitalists may finance and erect great producing plants, but unless the consumers are available, of what avail is the furthering of invention and the investment of capital? The consumers are ready, right to hand, in every country in the world. All they need is the wherewithal to enable them to "consume." To furnish the wherewithal to enable every potential consumer to become a consumer in reality, capitalists must get together and arrange between themselves a state of affairs by means of which every individual in the country can have the work and the wages which will make him a great consumer of

ONE of the causes which lead up to war is the ever-increasing scramble for "markets." If every nation would exploit her home market for all she was worth, there would be less need for the scramble for outside markets. If every individual, in every nation, could obtain all the food he needed, all the clothes he desired to wear, all the comforts and luxuries of life he desired, and all the scientific, educational and travel facilities he desired, capitalists would be kept busy setting up and

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How I Jumped from $1500 to $50,000 Yearly



"'Power of Will' Was My Guide"

"Three years ago I was making $1500 a year and working day and night. Today I make a thousand dollars a week and have time for other things as well. To the lessons in 'Power of Will' more than any other thing do I owe this sudden rise."

These are the exact words of an owner of "Power of Will." His name is not published for obvious reasons, but will be gladly given in confidence on request.

As remarkable as is his experience it might also be called typical of what this wonderful course in Will Training is doing for thousands of men and women in every walk of life who are using "Power of Will" as the stepping stone to greater accomplishment.

Partial Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it Depends.
How to develop analytical power.
How to think "all around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the Power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in Thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power.
How to develop Reasoning power.
How to Handle the Mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.

What Users Say

"I hand you $3 in payment; from what I have already seen I believe I can get $300 to $30,000 worth of good out of it."—C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent, No. West Life Ins. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

"'Will Power' is a compilation of mighty force. My first week's benefit in dollars is $900.00—cost $3.00; profit $897.00."—J. W. Heistand, 916 Tribune Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"In my judgment 'Power of Will' is wonderful."—Owen J. McCaughey, Secy. of Corp. Securities Co., St. Louis, Mo.

"Enclosed find check; send 15 copies to our New York Office."—W. M. Taylor, Efficiency Expert the Overland Auto Co., Toledo.

"The character of 'Power of Will' is such that he who reads and puts forth effort will soon find himself out of the common herd."—F. A. Good, Pres. of Neb. Lumber Dealers' Assn., Cowles, Neb.

"I have carefully gone over 'Power of Will' and find it admirable."—Chas. Otis, Editorial Rooms, Boston Evening Transcript, Boston, Mass.

What is "Will Power"?

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of obtaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without Will Power to "put them over." Yet the Will, hitherto entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method, by intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our wills—because we continually bow to circumstance, we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

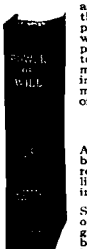
"Power of Will"

by FRANK CHANNING HADDOCK, Ph. D., a scientist whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce, is the first thorough course in Will Power ever conceived. It is the result of over 20 years of research and study. Yet you will find every page in the 28 lessons written so simply that anyone can understand them and put the principles, methods and rules into practice at once with noticeable results right from the very start.

Meant for You

There are over 75,000 people in all walks of life who own "Power of Will." Among them are such master men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Company; E. St. Elmo Lewis, now Vice.-Pres. Art Metal Construction Company; Gov. Ferris of Michigan, and many others of equal prominence.

Never in the history of self-help literature has there been such a record. And the owners regard it as a veritable text book. It has been instrumental in changing the entire lives of thousands—making them dominant personalities, self-confident and eager, in place of the fearful, unhappy, unsuccessful men and women they formerly were. No matter what your position—whether an errand boy or the president of a mighty corporation—no matter what your age, from 17 to 70, Power of Will can change *your* whole life—can make a new man of you just as it has for so many others. Whatever you want in life is yours, be it money, power, prestige or happiness, if you but master the wondeful system of will training taught in "Power of Will."



Send No Money!

Although "Power of Will" is a 400-page leather bound book containing more material than many $25 correspondence courses, the price is only $3. The publishers will gladly send a copy free, for five days' inspection.

Send no money now. Merely mail the coupon on the right, enclosing your business card, or giving a reference. If you decide to keep the book, send the money. If not, mail the book back. Tear out and fill in the coupon now, before you turn the page.

Pelton Pub. Co. 21-F WILCOX BLOCK MERIDEN, CONN.

Pelton Pub. Co.,
21-F Wilcox Block
Meriden, Conn.

Gentlemen:—Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" on approval. I agree to remit $3 or remail the book in 5 days.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

produced and manufactured articles. In other words, shorter hours of labor and high wages for all mean a tremendously increased demand for produced and manufactured articles, and consequently more avenues for the investment of capital and more profits for the capital invested. Every ten thousand able-bodied men on the bread-line means ten thousand suits of clothes required and not being worn; twenty thousand pairs of boots not had; thirty thousand full meals a day not supplied; ten thousand razors not being used; ten thousand pipes not being smoked; say forty thousand car-rides a day not being had; forty thousand theater jaunts not being enjoyed and so on ad infinitum. Get busy on the consuming end!

—John Payne, M. P., New Zealand.

DO you lack opportunity? As an author, I find opportunity everywhere. I have a fountain-pen. Is not that an opportunity? I have paper and ink. Are not they opportunities? I have from ten P. M. to six A. M. next morning at my leisure. Is not this an opportunity?

I am sorry for those people who grouch that they could be successful in their respective fields of endeavor, if blessed with opportunity. They are losing one every time that they stop to complain.—*Herbert A. Schloss.*

The question still remains whether discipline is not a matter of gratification to the person in power, rather than a sincere desire and honest attempt to benefit the person disciplined

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Mr. Advertiser and Mr. and Mrs. Reader

THE class of readers a magazine gets and holds determines the class of advertisers it will secure. You can tell by looking at the advertising pages of SUNSET that so many far-sighted, hard-thinking, result-checking business men would not continuously spend their money in it unless they were sure of its "class."

For the Reader

SUNSET offers the most readable, informing and best-pictured stories and facts of the Pacific Coast. It is the only high-grade magazine published in the West. If you have ever been or lived out here we don't have to urge you to live with us again in the Pages of SUNSET.

And to those who haven't been so fortunate, the best and easiest way is to spend a year with us for what a subscription to SUNSET costs.

The fiction and articles in SUNSET are by the best writers of America; all its illustrations are by master hands of the camera or brush; many of them reproductions in color from the oil paintings of truly great artists.

What this advertisement says to the "advertiser" is of interest to you as a reader or prospective reader of SUNSET; if the discriminating advertisers you will find in our columns continue to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to influence our readers, it is positive proof you can well afford to invest **$1.50** and become one of them. **15c** a copy at all newsdealers.

For the Advertiser

What we have said here to the reader is the best argument we can give you.

You can cover the Pacific Coast as thoroughly with SUNSET as you can the whole country with every general magazine and weekly, and better than you can reach our territory with all of them.

The purchasing power of SUNSET'S readers is the best proof of its "class"; because the SUNSET country appeals to the cream of American civilization as the place to live or play in. SUNSET is read by the best of that class who live here; the most of them who've been here; and thousands who are going to come "some day."

SUNSET readers are the kind of folks who have or want the best of life; the money to buy it with; and the ability to appreciate it: both living and SUNSET, we mean.

Any good advertising agency will tell you all about SUNSET; or will send you full details as to rates and such other facts as you ought to know.

SUNSET MAGAZINE

Sunset Magazine Service Bureau Whatever you want to know about California or Oregon or Washington or any of the country west of the Rockies—the Pacific Coast Country as a tourist or for business purposes, our service bureau is at your service. We have or will secure full information for you concerning routes, resorts, hotels or any Coast farming or business community and its opportunities. Send us ten cents in stamps to cover postage and we will mail booklets, answer your questions and forward a sample copy of SUNSET.

ness is a mockery. Success in the cure of most maladies depends upon faith and hope and cheerfulness ❧ The optimist is cheerfulness personified; the pessimist a walking grouch. ¶ The cheerful optimist makes the progress of humanity; the growling pessimist would turn back the wheel of time ❧ Abas with pessimism! Let cheerfulness reign supreme! —*Emory Lanphear, M. D.*

❧

THE great books, while enlarging the scope of the sympathies, also deepen and enrich them. Such books not only teach a man to respect other nations and ages —they do what is better, they help him to know men. To the efficient man nothing else is quite so important as this. If the engineer is to know the men of his kind, with whom he has to deal far more formidably or intimately, as you please, than with bridges or dynamos, he must read them in the pages of the great writers of English, at least, from Chaucer and Shakespeare to Rudyard Kipling and Mark Twain.—*J. A. B. Scherer.*

❧

CHEERFULNESS is more precious than great riches ❧ If I were founding a new religion its first commandment should be: "Thou shalt be cheerful."

If I were instituting a new school of medicine its fundamental principle would be: cheerfulness on the part of the doctor, and for the patient good-cheer.

For in the symphony of life much gold without cheerfulness is as sounding brass and clanging cymbal. Religion without cheerful-

❧

Live one day at a time, do your work as well as you can, and be kind.

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TEN years ago the steam-railroads of this country took in seven dollars for every dollar received by electric roads. Now the electric roads get one dollar to the steam-roads' five.

In other words, while steam-road receipts have increased sixty-five per cent, electric-road receipts have more than doubled. Three times in the decade steam-roads have gone back or failed to go ahead in net earnings; but every year the electric roads made a gain, both in gross receipts and in net earnings ☙ Last year the steam-roads, though gaining nearly a hundred and fifty million dollars in gross receipts, lost over thirty millions in net earnings; but the electric roads gained about six per cent in both gross and net.

With very few and unimportant exceptions there has been no increase in the rates of fare charged by electric roads. They are subject to the same general conditions of higher cost of materials and higher wages that cause the operating expense of the steam-roads to increase rapidly, the increase last year alone being over a hundred and seventy-five million dollars; but by continual improvements in generation and transmission of current and in other details of operation the electric roads are able to overcome the factors that make for higher operating expense, while the steam-roads are not.

Steam transportation on land seems to have been pretty thoroughly exploited ☙ It yields comparatively few new economies; while electricity still has a large unexplored margin. The future of transportation, no doubt, is with electricity.—*George Horace Lorimer.*

Stop Eating Poisonous Food Combinations!



Noted Scientist Shows How Certain Combinations of Good Foods Are Responsible for Over 90% of All Sickness, While Others Produce Sparkling Health and Greatly Increased Efficiency

Twenty years ago Eugene Christian was at death's door. For years he had suffered the agonies of acute stomach and intestinal trouble. His doctors—among them the most noted specialists in the country—gave him up to die. He was educated for a doctor but got no relief from his brother physicians, so as a last resort he commenced to study the food question in its relation to the human system, and as a result of what he learned he succeeded in *literally eating his way back to perfect health* without drugs or medicines of any kind—and in a remarkably short space of time.

Today Eugene Christian is a man 55 years young. He has more stamina, vitality and physical endurance than most youngsters in their 'teens. He literally radiates mental energy and physical power.

23,000 People Benefited

So remarkable was his recovery that Christian knew he had discovered a great truth which, fully developed, would result in a new science—the Science of Correct Eating.

Without special foods, drugs or medicines, he has up to this time *successfully* treated over 23,000 people for almost every kind of non-organic ailment known and has greatly increased the physical energy and mental power of as many more who were not suffering from specific troubles.

After his twenty years of study and practice Eugene Christian has come to the definite conclusion that 90% of all sickness is due to wrong eating. He says we are poisoning ourselves through our ignorance of food values. Many good foods when eaten in combination with other good foods form a chemical reaction in the digestive tract and are converted into the most dangerous poisons, from whence come most ills. Many scientists have long recognized this, but until now all their efforts have been directed toward removing the poisons *after* they had formed, while Christian removes the *cause* by *preventing* the poisons from forming.

Do You Know?

How poor foods rob you of mental efficiency?
What foods cause nervousness?
What causes constipation and how to avoid it?
What produces acid stomach?
What is one great cause of rheumatism, gout, lumbago?
What makes your liver complain?
How much starch does your system require?
What happens when you overeat?
What should be eaten together for digestive harmony?
How to keep warm in winter and cool in summer?
How foods establish health by removing causes of disease?
What to eat and omit for all stomach and intestinal disorders?
How many different things should you eat at each meal?
What combinations of food are not foods but *poisons*?
How should vegetables be eaten?
What causes fermentation?
Why the appetite cannot be trusted as a guide to what to eat?
Why some foods actually explode in your stomach?
What foods build fat?
When is water beneficial; when is it injurious?

These are only a few of the many Health Building Questions answered. Send me the "Christian Course in Scientific Eating." I will either remail it within five days or send you $3.00.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Mail to Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
173 Hunter Ave., Maywood, N. J.

Little Lessons in Correct Eating

24 Pocket-Size Booklets in Leatherette Container

Send No Money—Only $3 if You Keep Them

Christian's Course of 24 lessons is written expressly for the layman in easy-to-understand language. It does not, however, merely tell you *why* you should practice correct eating and what the results will be. It gives actual menus curative as well as corrective covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age, and covering all occupations, climates and seasons. To follow these menus you do not have to upset your table—nor eat things you don't enjoy—in fact you will enjoy your meals as you never have before.

Vigorous Health—Increased Efficiency

It has been the almost invariable experience of those who follow Christian's simple suggestions that they enjoy a new type of health—a health so perfect that it can only be described as a kind of super-health. Christian's ideal of health is to be literally champing at the bit with vital physical energy and mental power—not once in a while—but every moment of the day and every day of the year from youth to deferred old age—and that is what he gives you through these little lessons. There can be no doubt of the increased personal efficiency that this will develop The better you feel, the better work you can do. And greater material prosperity naturally follows.

No Money in Advance

The price of the Christian Course of 24 lessons—containing rules, methods and actual menus which are literally priceless—is only $3.00. We will gladly send you the course without deposit for five days' free inspection. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be mailed you at once, all charges prepaid. Then if you decide to keep the course, you can send the money. If not, mail the books back to us; no obligation will have been incurred. If the more than 300 pages contained in Christian's Course yield but one single suggestion that will bring you greater health, you will get many times the cost of the course back in personal benefit—yet hundreds write us that they find vital help on every page. Tear out and mail the coupon *now*, before you forget, as this announcement may not appear here again.



Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
173 Hunter Ave., Maywood, N. J.

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Roycroft Goods in Ithaca

We are pleased to announce to Friends and Roycrofters among the Students and Faculty of Cornell University, and to the Citizens of Ithaca, New York, that

The Corner Book-Stores

of James B. Taylor & Company has been appointed sole agent for the artistic productions of The Roycrofters of East Aurora, New York.

A special section of this Store, known as "The Roycroft Shop," is given over to the display of a fine representation of Roycroft hand-wrought copper vases, bowls, lamps, trays, book-stands, candlesticks, etc. Also, beautifully modeled leather mats and pillows, bags, bill-folds, card-cases and the artistically bound books which are so distinctively the pride of Roycroft creations. ¶ We suggest that you pay an early visit to "The Roycroft Shop" of The Corner Book-Stores to see the sight in store for you *Roycroft Goods make splendid birthday gifts.*

THE ROYCROFTERS - - - - EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

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1775 1916

We Are Prepared

Within the wide boundaries of our country, embracing more than three million square miles, dwell a hundred million people.

They live in cities, towns, villages, hamlets and remote farms. They are separated by broad rivers, rugged mountains and arid deserts.

The concerted action of this far-flung population is dependent upon a common understanding. Only by a quick, simple and unfailing means of intercommunication could our people be instantly united in any cause.

In its wonderful preparedness to inform its citizens of a national need, the United States stands alone and unequaled. It can command the entire Bell Telephone System, which completely covers our country with its network of wires.

This marvelous system is the result of keen foresight and persistent effort on the part of telephone specialists, who have endeavored from the first to provide a means of communication embracing our whole country, connecting every state and every community, to its last individual unit.

The Bell System is a distinctly American achievement, made by Americans for Americans, and its like is not to be found in all the world.

Through it, our entire population may be promptly organized for united action in any national movement, whether it be for peace, prosperity, philanthropy or armed protection.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

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Burpee's Seeds Grow



Five of the Finest Fordhook Vegetables

For 25c we will mail one packet each of the following famous Fordhook Vegetables, which are unequalled in their class. No other small collection would quite so complete the requirements of the average garden. These are tested and proved varieties which have given the utmost satisfaction wherever used.

Burpee's Golden Bantam Sweet Corn, the earliest and best first early.

Burpee's Black-Red Ball Beet, remarkable for its regular form, deeply colored flesh and fine sweet flavor.

Burpee's Earliest Wayahead Lettuce, the earliest butterhead variety.

Chalk's Early Jewel Tomato, the earliest really first-class tomato in the family garden.

Burpee-Improved Bush Lima Bean. The pods are truly enormous in size, borne abundantly and well filled with delicious beans.

25c buys all of the above. Five collections mailed for $1.00 and mailed to five different addresses if so ordered. In each collection we enclose free a copy of our interesting booklet *"The Food Value of Fresh Vegetables."*

As a Compliment to the Ladies
we shall include with each collection a regular 10c packet of our Fordhook Favorite Asters, embracing all of the choicest double American varieties.

Burpee's Annual for 1916
The Fortieth Anniversary Edition of the Leading American Seed Catalog, is brighter and better than ever before. It is mailed free. Write for it today and please mention *The Fra.*

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Buildings **Philadelphia**

Not Gray Hairs but tired Eyes Make us look older than we are. Old age and Dull eyes-tell-tale

Don't tell your age!

After the Movies go home and Murine Your Eyes. Two drops will rest refresh and cleanse. *Have it Handy.*
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Send Book of the Eye upon Request.

ANOTHER LANGUAGE MAKES ANOTHER MAN

This is the age of specialization — But the man who supplements his special training and education with a foreign language, doubles his commercial value and opens up new possibilities and new fields of opportunity. ¶ Let your spare moments give you a new language for business or social purposes.



Send For This Free Book
¶ Simply send us your name and address and we will mail you free "A Treatise on Language Study" and full particulars of trial offer.
We will also tell you how you can use your own talking machine (our records fit all) to acquire a foreign language.
Write us today.

FRENCH—GERMAN SPANISH—ITALIAN
Is Easily and Quickly Mastered by the
LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
***and* Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry**
Highest award Panama Pacific Exposition
This is the natural way to learn a foreign language. The voice of a native professor pronounces each word and phrase, slowly or quickly, for minutes or for hours. It is a pleasant, fascinating study. All members of the family can use it.
Anyone can learn a foreign language who hears it spoken often enough; and by this method you can hear it as often as you like.
¶ Perhaps you need only brush up on the language studied at school or college to make it of practical use.
The Language-Phone Method
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2 West 45th Street, New York

ONE of the complaints of a Potato Hill woman against her husband is that he has told the same funny "stories" ever since they were married, twenty-eight years ago ❧ Every man does that; no man seems to realize how tiresome his stories become to members of his family. Women tell about the people who were neighbors when they were girls back in Ohio or Pennsylvania. Men rarely tell incidents of their youth; they seem to run more to jokes, but women always remember the days when they were young and pretty girls, and when everybody paid them attention ❧ Between the reminiscences told by mother, and father's jokes, the children have a hard time.
—*Ed Howe.*

❧

OUR strength grows out of our weakness ❧ Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained fact; learned his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill.—*Emerson.*

❧

THERE is an ugly kind of forgiveness in this world—a kind of hedgehog forgiveness—shot out like quills. Men take one who has offended and set him down before the blowpipe of their indignation and scorch him and burn his fault into him, and when they have kneaded him sufficiently with their fiery fists, then—they forgive him.—*Beecher.*

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IN barbaric times they told us, "With the sweat of your brow you will eat bread." At that time they told us a good many foolish things ☙ Today we know the less we sweat and use all the implements and machinery the better we are able to eat bread; consequently, it is not any credit to any man ☙ Suppose we would plow with a wooden plow and sweat when the other man would use a steam-engine and not sweat at all ☙ Ignorance and laziness are played out. Do in one day what others do in a month, and enjoy the twenty-nine days—that is the ticket. Our motto is produce, and after rest—like the Lord did. Six days He worked, etc., and that was a blessing. Suppose He would have worked longer, we would have a worse world than we have today. It is good He left the work to us, as since that time we improved this work wonderfully; and we let everybody use our inventions—no secrets, no miracles ☙ ☙

Let us only think about it. If He would give us the secret how to make water stand up like a wall so as to pass every river dry-footed, how much trouble would He save to commissioners not to build bridges and steal a part of the cost? Or the boy could tell us the wine secret and the prohibitionists could not bother us with their foolish laws, as nobody could prohibit, even with statutory laws, that a free American citizen shall not go to his cistern and draw a bucket of water and make wine and get drunk like Noah or Lot and have a good time as the latter had.—*L. Lapowski.*

☙

The folks who do big things are not in bondage to their bodies.

The $100,000 Man Who Went to School Again

THIS is an inspiring story of a big-minded business man. Some men regret that their training in business is not *complete*. Some men never even realize it. This man realized it, but he did no regretting. Despite his wide experience, despite his huge income, he left his business for a year while he *learned the fundamental principles* that were back of his income and back of his experience, so he could *control* them. The problems he had to solve in his business were far more complicated than those listed below. If any man cannot answer them, however, he should let the story of this business genius sink in.

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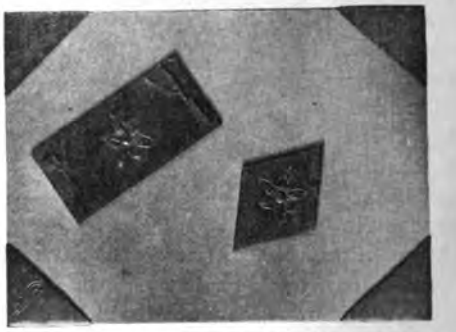
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WHO INVENTED HELL?



MARILLA M. RICKER is a Freethinker from a long way up the creek. She was one of the first women lawyers in the United States and an early associate of Bob Ingersoll.

¶ Even now, despite her threescore ten and six, she is the greatest living argufyer who ever held your ear. Offer her a pretext and she will talk the buttons off your vest. Her arguments are absolutely unanswerable — at least you are not given time to answer one before she Zeppelins you with another.

¶ And like the Immortal "Bob," she has her own ideas of "getting religion" and saving her soul alive. But suffice to say that when she wrote

"I DON'T KNOW—DO YOU?"

she went Ingersoll one better. She says things "about it and about" that Ingersoll did not dare to say.

¶ An agnostic at heart, of a show-me, seeing's-believin' disposition, and a mind acutely trained to orderly thinking, she cuts right down to bare facts. With frightful joy she peels the hide off the squirming simulation of a definite, tangible, proclaimed-on-earth Hereafter for those *alone* who accept The Faith.

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¶ The book itself is beautifully printed on fine paper with an autographed photogravure of the author as frontispiece. The book is a tall copy, and is attractively bound in boards, with marbled-paper sides and leather back, and title stamped in gold on dark green. Silk marker. It is a right royal volume for library or bookshelf. *Price, $1.50*

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Elbert Hubbard Loved Dumb Animals

THOSE who have heard Elbert Hubbard speak, remember well his wonderful faculty for story-telling. His narration was always smooth and pleasing; his arrangement of facts leading to his climax clear and interesting; his statement of the obvious and threadbare in the terms of the unusual and whimsical, his wit, humor and pertinent observations all skilfully intermingling into the warp of his story—gave his hearers many never-to-be-forgotten minutes of genuine delight

Pig-Pen Pete—or, as Elbert Hubbard first called it, "Some Chums of Mine"—is a medley of pleasing short stories. It contains "Pig-Pen Pete," of course, the story of the wonderful Scotch Collie on the Roycroft Farm—"The Guineas"—"Vivisection," which is Hubbard's able article on the Crime against Animals—"Why I Ride Horseback" and nineteen other stories and anecdotes about animals and the lovers of animals—a delightful and instructive afternoon's reading.



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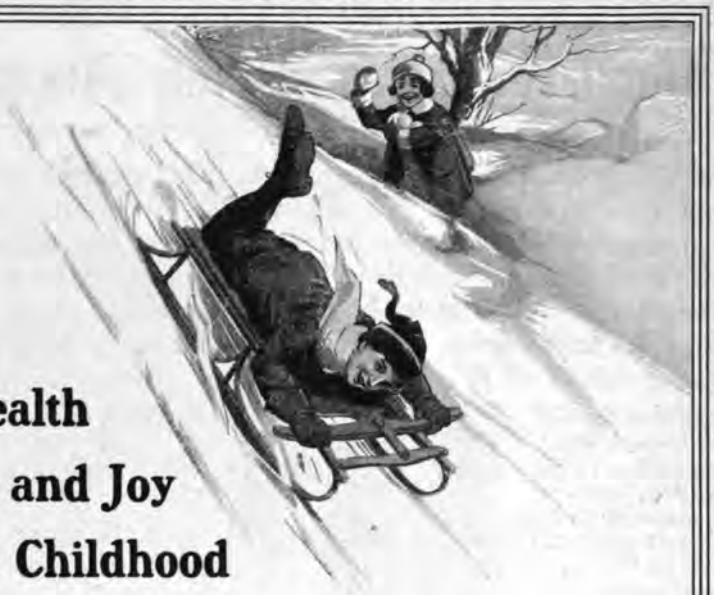
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THE manly writer of this noble prayer is no more. His brave heart sank with the *Lusitania,* and shorthand-typists have lost one of their truest friends. The German murderers have had a smart revenge upon the man who branded their Kaiser as the fiend who lifted the lid off of hell. Have we not ourselves during the past few months thought or said with Ferdinand in the Tempest, "Hell is empty and all the devils are here." In our magnanimous moments we may try to take a lofty international view of things and reflect upon the glorious additions made by Germans to the world's literature, science, music, philosophy and commerce; but we have latterly become so nauseated by the foulness of their fall to barbarism, that words fail to express our detestation of their black, inexpiable crimes. They go about their dastardly business, as Thackeray says of one of his characters, "with a natural propensity to darkness and evil—as a bug crawls and stings and stinks."

But what of Elbert Hubbard? Who was he? What did he do? To all American stenographers he has been a living dynamo for many a day, but his fame in this tight little Island mainly rests upon his clarion *Message to Garcia.* Now I venture to think that if a typist could but batten upon the words of this vivid parable for a week, and work it out in a twelvemonth, he would need little other tonic to give him

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strength and usefulness in life, or self-sufficiency and force in business ❧ ❧ Hubbard's recipe for writers was, "Write as you feel—but be sure you feel right." I know not which is the easier thing to do, but I am certain that an appalling amount of mischief is done by writing under the impulse of mistaken feeling ❧ Elbert Hubbard lived the simple life and could, therefore, see straighter, think clearer and talk plainer than he could have done had he lived artificially and conventionally. He was his own doctor, and boasted that, barring accidents, he would live to be a hundred ❧ ❧ After the *Titanic* disaster he wrote: "There are just two respectable ways to die; one is old age and the other is by accident. All disease is indecent. Suicide is atrocious. But to pass out as did Mr. and Mrs. Isador Straus is glorious." Elbert Hubbard himself passed out in this "glorious" manner, and we shorthand-typists who have been helped by his health-breathing, spirit-stirring words, feel the sadness of his farewell.—*Evelyn Maskell, East Griqualand, South Africa.*



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❧

Keep out of the suction caused by those who drift backwards.—*E. K. Piper.*

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1616-1916

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300th Anniversary

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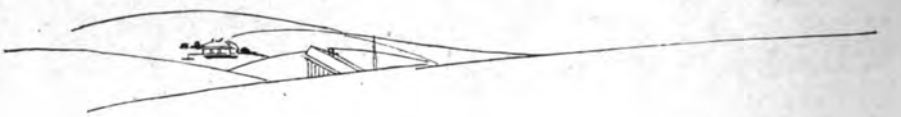
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You can burn up twice the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers' requirements in gasoline, and heighten your horse-power superlatively and superfluously.

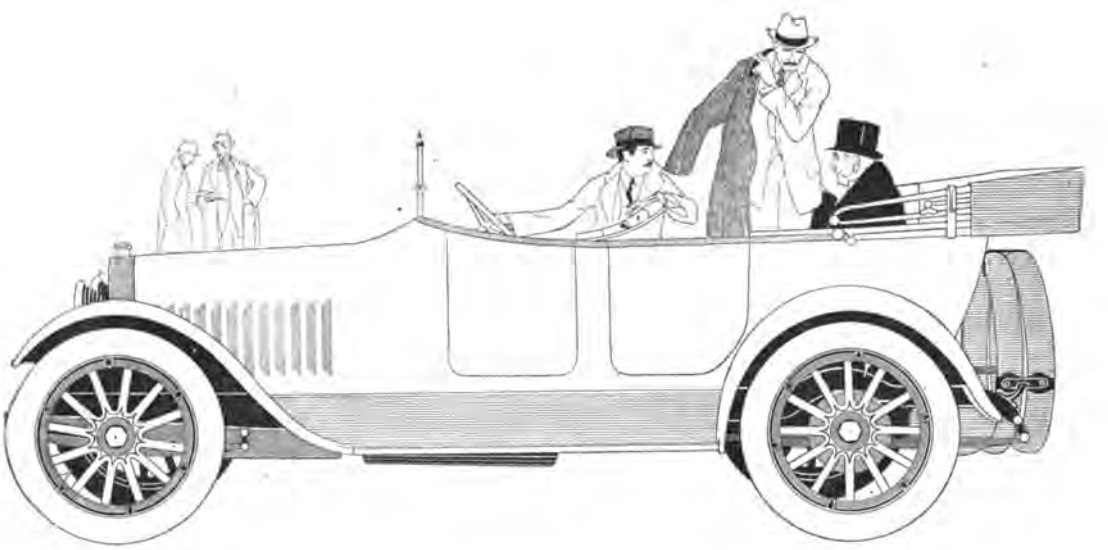
But to do so you must sacrifice that glorious acceleration which motorists prize beyond any other feature of performance.

Chalmers engineers found in their early road and dynamometer tests that this 3400 r. p. m. engine could deliver terriffic power. The might of this small engine was amazing; the temptation to harness supreme power to the control board was enormous.

"This is very interesting," said Hugh Chalmers. "But might isn't everything. We simply can't afford to sacrifice performance to power. Keep her horse-power down. Get long mileage on gas. Make her perform."

So this phenomenal engine's energy was checked down. Bore, stroke, and engine speed remained unchanged. Its

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IN THIS NEW 3400 R. P. M. CHALMERS

velocity still remained 3400 revolutions per minute; better than 56 per second. But now it made every gallon of gas deliver 18 miles of mercurial flight. Mileage had been added to might—and pick-up that passeth all understanding.

Had the trend of gasoline prices been down instead of up when Chalmers engineers were designing this engine, they might have been lured into excessive speed at the expense of all-round performance.

Their zeal to save the owner $150 to $200 per year in fuel brought the incomparable by-products of pick-up and ease of control.

Yet the speed is there—anything up to sixty miles an hour, which is faster than the average rate of speed with which the swiftest trains rush back and forth between New York and Chicago.

$1050 Detroit $1475 in Canada
Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

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57

HEINZ

FIFTY-SEVEN VARIETIES

Foods - Sauces - Relishes - Condiments
Pure - Clean-made - Appetizing

There is more than the raising of seeds, the scientific cultivation of fruits and vegetables and the maintenance of model kitchens in securing the perfection of Heinz products.

There is that pride in making the best—a loyal devotion to the Heinz idea by all the workers in the "Home of the 57."

Heinz excellence comes from enthusiastic, cheerful work and love of achievement as well as from superior materials and facilities.



HEINZ
Chili Sauce

a delightful and appetizing relish. For hot or cold meats of all kinds.



HEINZ
Spaghetti

(A l'Italienne). Cooked ready to serve with rich cheese and a sauce of red-ripe tomatoes, skillfully spiced and seasoned.



HEINZ
CREAM SOUPS

Real cream, fresh, sweet and pure, gives quality to Heinz Cream Soups. Every taste reveals the quality. No meat stock is used. The finest spices grown add flavor. But the real secret of their good taste is the Heinz method of preparation.

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

A rich puree of fresh, ripe tomatoes produces Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup.

CREAM OF PEA SOUP

From fresh green peas, selected and picked over, comes Heinz Cream of Pea Soup.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP

Crisp, white, full-flavored celery is the basis of Heinz Cream of Celery Soup.



HEINZ
Tomato Ketchup

Made from fresh tomatoes ripened on the vines, and filled hot from kettles directly into the bottles. Its flavor is simply perfect.



HEINZ
Baked Beans

have that rich, nutty flavor found only in genuine oven-baked beans, while selected pork and delicious tomato sauce give them the real home-baked quality.

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada



A Heinz Tomato Farm

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THE FRA

DEVOTED·TO·BUSINESS·AND THE·BUSINESS·OF·LIVING

FELIX SHAY
EDITOR
JOHN T. HOYLE
MANAGING EDITOR



TWENTY-FIVE CENTS THE COPY
TWO DOLLARS THE YEAR
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ELBERT HUBBARD · PUBLISHER

Vol. XVI MARCH, NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN No. 6

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From Elbert Hubbard's Friends

Bert Hubbard



I DOUBT if any one person ever received such a collection of letters as have come to me in the last nine months! ❧ ❧

There are about forty thousand of the particular kind I have in mind. These are condoling, sympathetic, advisory, counseling, suggestive, reminiscent. All in all, they have been wonderfully encouraging and helpful ❧

These letters have come from the friends of Elbert Hubbard. They are from every possible class of men and women, in all stages and walks of life: from the boys at Sing Sing, Atlanta, Florence, Joliet, Leavenworth. He always went out of his way to visit these places and to talk to the boys. His philosophy gave them cheer and hope. He understood them ❧

There are letters from working people from all over the world—even Germany! One good German wrote me, among other things, that he had taken his copies of the War Number of *The Philistine* and *Who Lifted the Lid Off of Hell?* to both the postal and the military authorities, lest they be found in his possession and he be taken for a spy.

ELBERT HUBBARD was a friend of the worker. "The reason some people have to work from daylight till dark, and their work is never done, is that some people never work at all." ❧ ❧

Perhaps there are more of the so-called common people among his friends than of any other kind.

But not only did he reach the masses. My file comprises many very personal communications from men and women higher up: those who direct the affairs of Government, of business big and little, of finance; artists, literary lights; actor folks, both known and unknown. They all knew him—even though not personally in many instances, they had come to know him through his writings and lectures.

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Why do I speak of all this? No, I am not flattered. I am not the reason for it. They have meant much to me personally to be sure, but the big thing about them is, they demonstrate the success of Elbert Hubbard's life. To have made an impression on the thinking minds of the world—to have influenced the thought and lives of countless thousands, so that they saw with clearer vision, felt more keenly the great purposes of life, the joy of living, the spirit of brotherhood and love, the sacredness of all work—what a success!

ELBERT HUBBARD was an idealist, and tried to live up to his ideals ❧ "When I speak of success I do not mean it in the sordid sense—the result of a man's work is not the measure of his success. To go down with the ship in storm and tempest is better than to paddle away to Paradise in an orthodox canoe. To have worked is to have succeeded—we leave the results to time. Life is too short to gather the harvest—we can only sow."

I have this motto framed and hanging in my room. Every time I see it I am reminded of my letters. That 's a wonderful lot of letters! One is from a very close friend. He tells me that a syndicate in New York would like to buy Roycroft and that he should take it up with me. Did a man ever have a duty more pronounced! I read the motto on the wall of my room and answered the letter.

MANY of my letters give me advice—mostly good. The biggest men who wrote me, though, did not do this. They knew that to advise a man in something they do not know all about is the most difficult thing in the world. The other day I sought the advice of a big businessman, a friend. I had a problem to solve. He listened carefully to me for an hour. He asked me questions about phases of the problem I had not dwelt upon. He drew me out. He made me think more about that thing than I had ever thought about it before. He explained some parallel instances that he knew of. But all this time he did not advise me. He was too big to do it. He told me when I left him that it was my problem, that I knew more about it than he, and that I must solve it myself. I had already, but I did n't tell him. That man knew me and had regard for me. He knew that he could not solve anything for me—that I had to do it myself.

MANY of my letters are reminiscent. The May (1916) issue of *The Fra* is going to be made up entirely of articles by Elbert Hubbard's friends, telling of the most interesting experience in their acquaintance.

One lady wrote me of a rather interesting incident. She said it was just like Elbert Hubbard, too! He was to lecture in Washington at four-thirty one afternoon. The lady had invited three friends. They were all working for the Government, and Uncle Sam would n't let them off until four-thirty, Elbert Hubbard or not. So the young lady had her nerve with her and sent Elbert Hubbard a note explaining and asking if he might set his watch back, say, twelve minutes, so they could get there and not miss anything. They entered the theater twelve minutes late. On the stage stood Mr. Hubbard, watch in hand, smiling. He recognized them as they took their seats and then began his lecture.

Gillhooley, of Niagara Falls, sent in his subscription to *The Fra* the other day. Incidentally he asked if I minded the time he held a Grand Trunk through-train for fourteen minutes, so my father and I would not get left? Sure, I remember that time! Our train on the Pennsylvania going to Buffalo was twenty minutes late. (When they build that new depot here it won't happen any more.) This meant we would miss our connection at Buffalo. We had reservations on the Grand Trunk train, and the conductor was looking for us. We had wired him that our train was a few minutes late—and could he possibly hold the train? ❧ We had to change depots at Buffalo. The shortest cut was across the tracks and over the back way. The snow was a foot deep and blowing a blizzard. We had luggage. There were three freight-trains in the way that had to be climbed over. On top of one was a man in uniform watching for some one. He saw us and waved his hands, and hustled down to meet us. It was Gillhooley, conductor of the Grand Trunk train. When he pulled out he was fourteen minutes behind his schedule—and his train was crowded, too. ¶ This meant to us that the lecture date was filled. The fourteen minutes was made up. That conductor was human. He might have lost his job for that. Father always remembered him. ¶ My letters have proven many things to me; mainly, that this world has more love and kindness in it than anything else.

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" I speak Truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and dare a little more as I grow older."

FELICITATIONS

Felix Shay

Real Democracy



AT the Calvary Presbyterian Church on aristocratic Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, one may attend an Open Forum each Sunday Night. Speakers of the quality of Ida Tarbell, John Mitchell, Doctor Woods Hutchinson, Professor Zeublin, speak messages that send indignant shivers along the upholstery of the well-padded and prosperous vestrymen who conspicuously compose themselves down front. Such is the price they pay for full pews, painful as it must be.

The night Ida Tarbell talked, East Aurora went in. Mr. Rockefeller's Friend spoke on *Industrial Idealism.* One would not select Miss Tarbell's oratory to woo the birdies from the trees, but she knew her subject! Rant she did not. She had no grudge to mouth. Her attitude was informing, co-operative. She cited actual instances. She described name-and-address factories. She discussed the fourteen, twelve, ten and eight hour day, and what each of these days produced in manufactured goods, happiness for the worker, profits, strikes and futures.

She demonstrated with illuminating data that an eight-hour day in the same factory, with the same employees, produced more goods, of better quality, than a ten-hour day. Does this sound all friendly and family-like? Be not deceived, there were some antiquated old labor-drivers present who sweat through their clothes. Each thought that Ida's sharp tongue was publicly burning the brand on him!

The plan of the Open Forum is to give a half-hour to music by the anxious volunteers; an hour to chin-music by the speaker; then an hour for questions, a battle royal. ¶ An auditorium that seats a thousand people permits of plenty of room for Socialists, Anarchists, Freethinkers, Trades-Union Men, New-Thoughters, Suffragettes, Holy Rollers, Scientists, Schoolteachers, Businessmen, Doctors, Lawyers, and out-and-out argyfiers. They were all there. Doctor Ross, presiding, gave each a chance for one question; did his best to enforce Marquis of Queensberry rules. Minds of all types manifest themselves.

The question must be respectful and the answer sincere. Such questions! Nobody wants to go home when the hour is up.

It 's the nearest thing to REAL DEMOCRACY this country has ever known. Unless I am feeble-minded, here at last is the American Religion; the Religion that will consistently fill the largest Auditorium in any city; the Religion of *I WANT TO KNOW.*

DANIEL SHARP FORD, a citizen of Boston, developed the publication, *Youths' Companion* until it enriched not only the youth of America, but Mr. Ford himself. When he died he left several millions of dollars. Among the bequests mentioned in his Will was a sufficient sum of money to build and finance a structure to be known as Ford Hall. This structure was to serve " For such social or business purposes and for such religious, charitable, or benevolent work as the Boston Baptist Social Union may desire to serve, promote or carry on." Just how this beautiful building on Beacon Hill languished for a work to do I am not informed. But three years after its completion it found George Coleman, or George Coleman found it.

They say in Boston that a century from now the inquiring tourist will pass by Faneuil Hall, " the Cradle of Liberty," to climb the hill to the " Cradle of Fellowship and Fraternity." ❧

I once had the honor to arrange for a gigantic open-air Sunday afternoon meeting in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore. Twelve thousand people

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turned out—and George Coleman held them spellbound for an hour on the subject *Getting Together Essential to Democracy.*

George Coleman may or may not be a Baptist. I have never heard him talk religion. Yet if I were to accept any religion blindly, as the ninety-nine per cent do, I would rather accept George Coleman's recommendation than that of any other man I know. The trouble would be that George would not let me accept it blindly, and then we would have an argument —and then we 'd be in Ford Hall.

Under the Inspirational Leadership of Coleman, that 's what Ford Hall means: an intelligent discussion of ALL subjects, with the best available authority on the Platform and the entire audience participating. I think he calls this genteel intellectual knock-down-and-carry-out of his "the Religion of the Crowd."

¶ I was just about to write that George Coleman's reputation rests high with the Religious People. But why the restriction?

For many years he was an associate of the great shoe-manufacturing establishment of W. H. McElwain and Company, of Boston; he was editor and publisher of a well-known Religious Journal; he was president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World; and he is now the uncommon president of the Boston-Common Council.

Only look into his fine blue eyes, sketch the laughter-wrinkles 'round them and grip his hand and feel his arm across your shoulder and listen to his laugh—which sounds like a hundred boys at a picnic—you 'll never ask for his credentials.

I judge George Coleman had a busy time convincing the " Boston Baptist Union " that the only way to reach the unchurched was to go after them in an unchurchly manner. The old Baptist idea is that wayfarers without the gates must be submersed to be saved. Coleman told them, " They won't stand for the Bath; NOW what are you going to do about it?" Reluctantly they gave him permission and a small appropriation to work out the idea ❧ Ford Hall proper seats fourteen hundred, and the next Sunday Night you are in Boston you will want to go there. The doors open at seven-thirty; but you must needs go early to take your place in line. Ofttimes they turn away a number equal to the admitted audience.

What kind of a show does this man Coleman put on and preside over? Attention, please. He invites three prominent clergymen to discuss from the Ford Hall platform on the same evening, NOT *How Much Good Christianity Has Done for the World?* BUT *Is Christianity a Failure?* For an hour afterwards they stand up before the Ford Hall Sharpshooters, which squad includes every religionist and ex-religionists, and defend their Doctrine. Not in a high and mighty tut-tut Bishop's voice, but as man to man. The Crowd decides who wins the decision. Another time he invites a Catholic Jesuit Priest, Father Thomas I. Gasson, to tell an intensely Socialistic gathering about *The Dangers of Socialism.* The Reverend Father knocks Socialism into a cocked hat, the audience knocks it out again—and the fight is on. Again, Rabbi Samuel Schulman of New York tells the assemblage *What the Jew Has Done for the World.* An Old Soldier, who did n't quite understand the Rabbi's talk, mentioned that he knew all the Jews in the Union Army, and that he could lick any one of them! The audience helped the Vet. out through the side-door without bodily injury. BECAUSE—we must treat that man courteously who will debate with us, for the benefit of all, the subject he holds near his heart.

¶ That was the weakness of the old Lyceum. People came to listen or not, and went away perhaps unmoved. Their ears were not sharpened for the speaker's message, because they did not expect to thrash out the subject with him when his formal address was finished. Moreover, the Old Lyceum presented orators, and orators are all right till they make a business of it. Then some one is likely to punish them by appointing them Secretary of State.

NOW for a few cramped figures and a suggestion: Practically any city in America with a population of over four thousand has ten churches. Let that be the unit. The average wage of the average Minister is, let us say, eight hundred dollars. The average investment in Church Property is ten thousand dollars. Combined, this gives a salary of eight thousand dollars and an investment of one hundred thousand dollars. With this one hundred thousand dollars converted into cash by selling the churches for old lumber, auctioning off the Real Estate, a wonderful Auditorium could be built that would seat all the Congregations of all the Ten Churches. With all the ten Ministers discharged, and positions

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found for them where their education would at least enable them to earn the munificent salary of one thousand three hundred dollars a year, eight thousand dollars working capital would be available. With this eight thousand dollars a year, a joint committee could secure one speaker a week for fifty-two weeks: big men, informed men, vital men. These speakers would not be under the thumb of the half-dozen skinflint supporters of any particular Church. They would say what they pleased. Of necessity, they would say something worth while. The meeting would be held on Sunday Evening. Sunday Morning would be given over to Father romping with the Kids; or sleeping 'till noon to rest his weary bones; or playing golf, or goin' fishin'.

There would be the entire country to draw from for Speakers.

The Congregation could vote in advance on whom they wanted to address them!

Naturally enough, no one Doctrine would be preached! With an additional hour after the Weekly Sunday Night Talk for Questions—can you imagine the mental expansion?

Fish-Fries, Chicken-Dinners and Strawberry-Festivals would lose their spiritual potency ❧

This would be a real FORWARD movement.

¶ But I suppose the taste for Canned Doctrine is not to be tempted with Fresh Fruit?

I hasten to state that this latter suggestion is NOT George Coleman's. It is a simple thing, but mine own. I do not want George to experience any additional difficulty in getting the Appropriation for next year's Meetings ❧

George Coleman now gives all his time to this Open Forum work, without pay; with eight years of success, wonderful success, behind his effort. Yet—I seem to read between the lines of his recent book, *Democracy in the Making* (Little Brown and Company, Boston) that the old New England Hard Shells every now and then think he ought to incorporate something "Devotional" into his exercises; as though the Manufacturing of Thinking Minds was not the highest type of Devotion.

I believe in the last little while, George *has* incorporated some sort of prayer into the forepart of the Ford Hall meeting—and when he finishes the Audience APPLAUDS. And why not, if it 's a sensible prayer? Ali Baba had a prayer once upon a time: "O God, help me to win, but if in Thy inscrutable wisdom Thou wishest me not to win, then, O, God, make me a cheerful loser." ¶ Now would n't you applaud that prayer?

Well, I 've wandered: On the way back from the Tarbell meeting I said to Deacon Buffum, "That meeting reminds me, Deacon, of George Coleman." He enthusiastically commented, "Yep."

The next day I discovered that George Coleman *had* established that Buffalo Forum; that certain Boston People had contributed a "Foreign Mission Fund" to help him carry his Ford Hall work into Darkest America. I later learned that a Forum had been opened by Coleman in Baltimore. I also learned from New Orleans that a Coleman Forum is to be established there. From my heart I wish these Forums well.

George Coleman has nothing to sell, and he 's doing a real man's work as a real man will!

A Challenge!

WITH all necessary modesty, East Aurora wishes to issue a challenge to Cities, Towns, Boroughs, etc., within the confines of the United States, of a Population of more than four thousand, to wit:

That East Aurora has a MORE disreputable, unrepresentative Railroad-Station than any other City, Town, Borough, etc. in America ❧

The conditions are such and so:

A. All those who enter a Railroad-Station in this contest, to compete with the East Aurora Bummery, must send us a photograph of said Railroad-Station, giving Name of Town.

B. Surface dirt, and refuse, though to be desired, shall not recommend themselves to the Judges as against antiquity, lack of paint, pot-stoves, nailed-down windows, spitboxes, and a general air of unrefinement and disrespect to the Community.

C. An Exhibit of all photographs entered in this contest will be given at the Great Convention of The Roycrofters meeting in East Aurora in July, Nineteen Hundred Sixteen ❧

D. A Special Insert will be printed in an early issue of *The Fra,* picturing unquestionably unworthy Contestants.

E. No Station shall be barred from this Contest because it happens to be on some other Railroad than the Pennsylvania Railroad.

F. The demerits of the various Railroad-Stations shall be passed on by three well-known Neutral Judges.

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G. A prize of Twelve Large-Sized Roycroft Mottoes for Framing will be given to each person who sends us the Photograph of an Undesirable Railroad-Station, willy-nilly ❧ H. The Winner of the Contest (which we frankly believe will be the East Aurora Station as entered by Ali Baba; though the Cleveland Union and the Buffalo Central should be Red-Hot contenders for Honors) will receive a very generous Roycroft Goodie-Box crammed to the lid with delectables from the Roycroft Kitchens. Also, a Leather-Bound Copy of Elbert Hubbard's *Essay on Silence* ❧ Please address all answers to the R. R. Station Challenge, including Photographs, specifications, detailed descriptions, to THE RED ONE.

Pushing the Pendulum

THOMAS JEFFERSON once said, " That country is governed best that is governed least." Evidently red-headed Thomas had been reading a Book of Blue Laws, or else had but returned from a Meeting of the W. C. T. U.

Aye, but he was right! Though he might have added, " Laws may not be enforced without the consent of the governed! "

Every Community breeds its batch of Busybodies! The destiny of a Busybody is to first inherit money—or to get some one to put up for him or her. Then to let his or her own Home, or Business, or Profession, go hang, while they go out and Reform the World! ❧ No Enlightened Person pays too much attention to a cantankerous, caterwauling Busybody —except defensively!

These people become obsessed! They believe they have a mission, to prove it on us! They go on a virtuous tear, and preach and shout, dance up and down! Waw-waw! Waw-waw! Waw-waw! Presently every looney person within ten miles is keeping step, and vibrating to their Tom-Tom! That 's " Reform."

Of course it is really insanity. Sometimes it 's mild, and sometimes it is n't. Sometimes it seriously interferes with peaceful, sinful folk like you and me, who timorously suggest that Reformers should be reformed FIRST!

Get the look of " Hell and Damnation " in the faces of John Knox and John Wesley; you will better understand the Reformers. These egomaniacs were psychopaths in the seventh stage. See the fanatical, flaggelant visages of the Pilgrim Fathers to grasp why they wore Wool Underwear, why they were Kill-Joys! ❧ " Thou shalt not laugh on Sunday."

" Thou shalt not kiss thy wife on Sunday."

" Thou shalt not dance the dance wherein the Female of the Species cometh close to thee! "

I have laid down with Thieves and got up with my Watch; I have laid down with Y. M. C. A. Secretaries and got up with the feeling that these spilogale had soused my unhypocritical spirit with the musteline of sanctimony.

A Human Being can not be so very bad or so very good after all; their limitations beset them at every step! If they are to be better they must be educated, and not legislated ❧ Moreover, A man may break nine of the Ten Commandments, and still be worthy of Salvage; but God instruct that Saint who would rescue from the Shallows of his own narrow and tortuous nature the Soul of a Reformer ❧

THE best that a Reformer ever accomplishes is to lead down the Road of Least Resistance; he discovers which way we want to go, and then he rushes out in front and yellslikehell, " Here we come! "

Of course, now and then he gets badly fooled. Sometimes we turn an unexpected corner and shake him; and sometimes, out of patience we hustle him off to the Booby-Hutch!

A Reformer is too prone to interpret Remorse for Religion. We go on a jag today, and tomorrow we swear off for a hundred years—or until the next time at least! This Summer we fall in love, and the " Fall " so bruises us we cuss out all the women; and then some Grass Widow comes along! This year it shall be War, Red War, and damned be he who first cries, " Hold, Enough! " But next year—Ah! Well! Then the Bills fall due; it will be Peace and Plenty and the Full Dinner-Pail until—another madman Reformer breaks loose!

There are but two kinds of Reformers: Those who are plain crazy; and the Paid Ones, like Billy Sunday and the hired managers of the Purity Leagues, and Anti-Pleasure Societies who are crazy like a fox.

Even so, they can not reform us permanently! The pendulum will continue to swing, to and fro. The Gay Old World will continue to toot its toots, to consecrate its sirens, swig its swigs, and sin its sprightly sins, when the last Reformer with the dryasdust taste still in his mouth repenteth underground.

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"Seeds that Grow"

LAST night the daylight lingered until near half-past six o'clock. This morn, up betimes, I leaned from the window to fill my lungs with ozone. There was the snow shivering in the corners, the smell of Spring in the air. Into my Weskit with haste, as Mr. Pepys would say; thence to the desk to indite a note to Neighbor Burpee with the timely request that he address to me a Seed Catalog. The garden must have an early start.

The first three words were written—"My dear Atlee:—" when suddenly the Spring and Sunshine went out of the day. I remembered W. Atlee Burpee was dead. Died a month before Christmas. Died to complete the sorrow of Nineteen Hundred Fifteen.

W. Atlee Burpee, Master of Fordhook, gentle and lovable, with a character as rich as the soil is rich, a laborer in the vineyard, whose reward was Work Well Done, is Dead.

He grew Seeds, not to sell, but to grow again. His business became worldwide in its importance. Yet he never considered it a business, but a vocation! He wanted no one to pay for his seeds unless they would grow, and then only what was just and fair!

LAST July he motored to East Aurora. Asked at the Inn could we accommodate "two loads" of the Burpees. We could—Bless them! Said he "just happened to be in the neighborhood." Told us he wanted his two fine boys to see Roycroft! Wanted to know was there anything he could do—!

That desire to do for others, to help some one, was the genuine heart-to-heart Atlee Burpee spirit. 'T would be too great a loss for the world to have it taken away! God wills it shall be always with us; in ten million gardens it will bloom again this Summer!

Impossible it is to believe Atlee Burpee dead! Tanned by the sun, strong and sturdy, clear-eyed, disease could not touch *him*.

I believe the good God must have needed his help in the work of transplanting the abundant Youth of the World from Earth to Heaven. He must have needed Burpee to help Him give the dead soldier-boys a frèsh start up above. I believe God just needed him and called him. This I *know!* Paradise and Elysian Fields will be better for Burpee's being there!

De Movies

EONS ago, at a Y. M. C. A. Star Course, we saw our first "Movie." It was the Black Diamond Express in full flight. Behind the sheet, which was suspended from the rafters, the operator's assistant rhythmically rattled glass in a tin dish-pan and blew a hoarse whistle to add to the realism. When the Locomotive turned the sharp curve and headed toward the audience, the corpulent Corresponding Secretary of the Ladies' Auxiliary, who had the aisle-seat in the Front Row, waved her arms, screamed, and sat down emphatically on the floor. All of us ducked. In the rear there was a concerted movement toward the door.

Say, ten years passed before we saw our next Movie—and then an interval of five years, before we again patronized the great unventilated Sport. Of course many chance acquaintances had told us what we missed, of the wonderful improvements made!

Along in Nineteen Hundred Twelve we happened to be in Sebastopol. There in the park at night, for a trifling sum one may sit in the open, smoke and watch the Movies. We considered it a happy occasion, one sure to be enlightening—so found a comfortable seat. The Movies started. Behold Monsieur, the Master of the House, stealthily comes up behind Hortense the Cook and gives her a sly and amorous smack on the cheek. Immediately the virtuous wench slaps him in the eye with a generous Gooseberry-Tart. Monsieur falls out the Kitchen-Window and hits in a Push-Cart, which same detaches itself from its Chauffeur, after spilling him, and with Monsieur flat on his back and his legs pointed skyward, runs down a Policeman!

Then the CHASE!

On the Barbarous Russians, we philosophized: They are still in that era of Moving-Picture Development where the time-tried CHASE appears to be funny! We left.

TWO months elapse. Scene changes: Athens, Greece; Public Park; Movies Again. Title, *Hurled From Home.*

CAST

A Wicked Old Father, with a Lamb's-Wool Wig that is altogether too tufty, the glue of which runs down his ears when he warms up.

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¶ *An Ingenue Daughter* (Salary, $100,000 a year), who aspired to be Saint Cecelia and who accomplished Gaby Deslys.

A Doe-Eyed, Dough-Faced Hero of Uncertain Sex, with soft turned-back cuffs, curls that clung and were tossed away; a weak mouth; thin in the back of the neck.

Apparently the Tufty Old Top has been surprised with an Unofficial Heir. ❧ He does a can-can (registering *Rage*). The High-Priced daughter comes well down Stage and paroxysmally used her $100,000 eyes at least $75,000 worth—right before the audience ❧ Not daunted, nor dociled, the old Glue Boy slaps the Rag Baby into her arms and gives her the Bums'-Rush out through the Colonial Portico and out and out—!

It snows and blows! (Who ever heard of a miscellaneous baby turning up in June? Must be January to get the right stage-setting!) Does the Outcast call a Taxi and go 'round to talk it over with her college chum, Kitty? Or skip in at the Corner Drugstore to 'phone Reginald, the Father of her Che-ild? Not she! She teeters down the steps and stops (registering *Bewilderment*); she sways twenty feet and stops again (registering *Remorse*); she sidles and slips along half a block, and once more stops (registering *Despair*). She staggers, gropes, sways, and STOPS (registering *Self-Destruction!*). AND IN THE MEANTIME! ❧ Up slides Pussy-Foot, the Villain, who somehow lacks the virility to carry conviction—up he scouts before the mansion and *stops* (registering *Indecision*). He advances, assumes the Debutante's Slump and stops (registering *a Father's Joy in his First Born*). He pulls the bell—and turns full face for the machine to catch him clasping and unclasping his hands, devotionally, like a Young Nun!

We pay our Beer-Check and flee!

THE *World's Almanac* gives sixteen thousand Movie-Picture Theaters in the United States. Nine hundred of these are in New York—other cities in proportion.

Each day in the United States something like seven million people attend Movie-Picture Shows, an average of more than twenty Shows a year for each person of the one hundred million population. More than one-seventh of this tremendous audience is children ❧ I give you these figures that you may estimate the influence of the Movies for good or bad, and judge the responsibility that rests with, say, half a dozen Film Firms!!

The Power of the Newspaper is pitiable compared to that of this Stalwart Barbarian who teaches with PICTURES: a language understood by the Wise and Foolish, the Young, the Lazy and Impressionable, the Vain, the Vicious; those who read; those who can not read; those who can read but *DON'T!*

I yield the Movie-Picture Interests wonderful Mechanical Improvements—many of them. The jiggle and glitter that tired the eyes is gone; the Pictures show true and clear. I yield them many clever discoveries for sustaining the action of the Story told; transferring the Scene from Here to There to Somewhere else—! I yield them marvelous and imaginative " scenery "—almost uncanny ability to utilize anything and everything to serve as a Movie Background. Anything else? Yes. Astonishing " effects "; destruction of the Woolworth Building; Liner Sunk at Sea; Earthquakes; Railroad Wrecks, etc. But these latter stunts are out-and-out Sensation! Heart Headline Stuff! Anything else? No-o-o!

I ACCUSE the Moving-Picture Interests of using every worn-out Stage Trick since Euripides' time; of press-agenting with loud-mouthed lithographs, a myriad of ancient, outworn, debilitating plays, long since rejected by the sorriest stock companys.

I accuse the Movies of populating the hallowed halls of Bertha M. Clay, Laura Jean Libby, Archibald Clavering Gunter, E. D. E. N. Southworth, The Duchess, Charlotte M. Braeme, Old Cap Collier, the *Family Story Paper* and the *Fireside Companion!* Of supplanting the Yellow-Back Novel in the affections of Idle Minds—supplanting it without bettering! ❧ I accuse them of ransacking the tomb of Corse Payton, and the ten-twenty-thirty-cent Drama of Yesteryear and dragging into the unkind light such phrases as: " I will nev-ah, nev-ah see you agen! " " Me-Gawd, she 's dead! " " She loves meh—loves meh! "—together with other such frumperies and fooleries.

I accuse them of a misuse of the symbolic character-creations: Youth, Passion, Beauty, Virtue, Sin; and contorting childish ideals with their misanthropic misconceptions!

I accuse them of presenting continued, come-on money-getters of no merit, to lure patronage, instead of to *deserve* patronage; namely,

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"The Mystery of the Scarlet Demijohn"—"The Umteen Episodes of Eliza on the Ice."

¶ I accuse them of grafting on the Legitimate Stage, inveigling Actors and Actresses into the Film Plays, NOT for the value of their ART, but for the value of their NAMES. Oftentimes a Famous Legitimate Actor or Actress will give a very indifferent Movie Performance.

I accuse them of headlining beautiful little la-la girls for the "great" parts of their Dramas; because a pretty face "goes" in Swamptown—of foisting on us the most nauseating lot of round-eyed, perfumed he-lady heroes. Street types, most of them!

I accuse their much-advertised Stage-Managers of securing their ideas from the Stage Carpenter and Electrician and from the Advance Pageant in Barnum's Circus—and of CREATING *NOTHING!* Parades, Armies, Battles, Paine's Fireworks, the Mob Attacks the Factory, Photographic Horse-Play— Marvelous! Stupendous!! But when it comes to presenting quiet Drama effectively, they simply are not *there.* They oppress us with the most useless lot of scowls and eye-turnings, and facial contortions and explanatory gestures and starts and STOPS—with those subtle, enlightening printed messages in between!

I accuse the Movie-Picture promoters of lacking originality, of slurring their opportunity, of want of courage and character, of borrowing and pandering, and of talking *down* to their Audience, when they should talk *up!* Moreover, let their PREPAREDNESS Propaganda go on and we shall feel called upon to accuse them of "Yellow Journalism."

NOW please don't jump at me—it 's the Truth, you know, and the Truth must be respected! I have never written a Scenario, I have never had one rejected, I have none in my Trunk at Home, so I may speak without hope of subsidy or threat of exclusion.

I am not hostile to the Movies—but it is too potential an institution to continue to slobber compliments on the present-day trash and truck!

Judgment must be passed, not on the one or two "features" that entertain New York and Chicago—but on the thousand and one driveling, piffling plays that are passed out to the small-town theaters!

I have visited fourscore such theaters all over the United States in the past twelvemonth—and eighty-five per cent of the stuff I saw shown was ROT—unqualified ROT! If possible, the Players were worse than the play!

A week or so ago, I saw Emily Stevens, that most charming and skilled actress, in an abominable film-play. She was "supported" by something with a wrist-watch that if Ali Baba ever saw he 'd run a pitchfork into it on moral grounds. Also, a rummy old head-monk with a strawberry-nose who walked like the Griffin in Alice in Wonderland. I hurriedly left Emily to her fate, and her fee!

In Buffalo's Hippodrome I saw eleven minutes of a Play; it was "Shenandoah" at its worst, only worse! That quasi-patriotic audience paid their dimes and quarters and sat and watched it for two mortal hours! The Flag was waved!—the girls wore hoop-skirts!—Blue and Gray Uniforms!—Spies!—Captives! Humorous piccaninnies! Lovely Old Grandmothers! Generals Lee and Jackson! Southern girl loves Yankee soldier! Irate father with gun! Oh-h-h—Lord!!

NOW I ask you: Will the American Public continue to pay to see Sweet Mary Dishwasher, assisted by "One of Those Things," interpreting Philpot McSorley's Immortal Drama, "From Passion's Arms She Flees"? U-go Munsterberg, and the inspired magazine articles to the contrary, we wish to think NOT! Somewhere in the Movie Business there is a younger son or sons who will force a Radical Departure—and actually *create* a Moving-Picture Drama. Now we have clumsy adaptations. They will revolutionize the "art," as the Barbizon painters and Whistler in their time revolutionized their Art; as Aubrey Beardsley revolutionized the art of Illustration; for that matter, as the simplicity of Granville Barker is revolutionizing the Legitimate Stage!

The New Era in the Movies will give us Intelligent, not mawkish, saccharine plays. The acting will be NATURALNESS itself!—and the essentials will be Human, Sympathetic, Uplifting!

UNLESS the Movie men clean up and put their house in order, it will not be a National Board of Censorship they 'll need fear, but the Censorship of American Parents and Property-Holders and Selectmen, who will find the Movie a menace to Youth, an incentive to Ignorance!

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Evans—!

THEN Captain Charles Edgar Clark sailed the *Oregon* around the Horn in '98. Not Evans—Clark! We apologize to Everybody! Please receive your Apology from the Gentlemanly Ushers as you pass out the door!

¶ Mr. Felix must have been drinking bilgewater, or skimming the turpentine off the white lead to have had it otherwise. But 'e did! In the January *Fra* he got so excited over an anti-Preparedness article, he rushed Robley D. Evans to the bridge of the *Oregon* to ward off the woodyrooses! No sooner was "Fighting Bob" ensconced there than the highly intelligent readers of *The Fra* trained their long-range guns on him, and knocked him off —POP! Likewise, plump, flump and squdge!

¶ Now, Felix has worn enough tight sailor pants and flat hats, and consumed sufficient slumgullion and sinkers, and holystoned enough square miles of deck to know his Navy "Who's Who." But with two Presidential candidates shooting off all their vocabularistic ammunition at one time, with the Campaign Organizers outfitting all the Young Voters in khaki, with Preparedness for the great Political War of Nineteen Hundred Sixteen a-ripping, ramping, raging, it's no wonder a peaceful Irisher got his dates mixed.

¶ Debutantes, International Correspondence Schools Students, College Profs, Adventurers, Bright Young Men, Mothers of Families, Indignant Actuaries, Omnivorous Readers, all put Felix right! Scaly old sea-dogs who had fought with Captain Clark at the bombardment of Fort Morgan in '64 insisted that Clark's reputation had been insidiously lambasted— "Y-N-L did you give the honor to Gimpy?" —intimated that Evans had paid profane dollars for this undeserved publicity!

Some hazardous individuals even defended the *Oregon:* insisted that in Battle with the *Queen Elizabeth* type she *would* be more effective than a Swiss Cheese! But one or two also argued for the *Constellation*—and we seem to recall that a commendatory word was said for the *Bon Homme Richard!*

The wave that flushed out our scuttle-butts came aboard when Mr. Pro Bono Publico, the Editorial Man of the Fall River *Bladder,* threw his enthusiasm into the troubled waters. When he hit the briny, he opened up his muffler and his Encyclopedia and gave us brief biographies of Clark and Evans and the Log of the *Oregon* in the guise of a Preachment on Accuracy. Sixteen inches, double column, he contributed on his Editorial Page—which, of course, produced a profitable number of subscriptions for *The Fra.*

All in all, the First Class in American History acquitted itself fairly well. Even the effort of the Inkwell Mariner of Fall River was not wasted—as advertising space in the *Bladder* must be worth *something?*

FOR those in the Class who failed to detect the—ah—discrepancy, permit us to state again that Robley D. Evans *did not* sail the *Oregon* around the Horn.

That distinction belongs to Captain Charles Edgar Clark, the man who advised Washington not to hamper him with Orders.

But, ah, my friends, you will yield that even though Robley D. Evans never trod the *Oregon's* deck he will always be reverently remembered for having phrased and spoken these inspiring and immortal sentiments:

"Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying."
"Don't give up the ship."
"We have not yet started to fight."
"We have met the enemy and they are ours."
"England expects every man to do his duty."

Now before any one questions the authenticity of these stirring quotations, before any one writes the Editor an instructive letter, let him first stand in his place, and correctly sing the *second* verse of *The Star-Spangled Banner!*

L' ENVOI

(Poem by BramleyKite)

BOB EVANS, he of fighting fame,
Went to church at Notre Dame.
The usher placed him in a pew
From which he had a decent view;
He was not seated long alone
Before a man with lofty tone
Entered and as he gazed at Bob
Gasped, as though about to sob.
He took a card and on it wrote,
Then passed to Bob this Sunday note,
Which read, "I pay two thousand gold
For rent of pew, you sailor bold."
Bob read and smiled, took out a card,
And wrote this sentence good and hard:
"You look it, there are lots of such
But you have paid too G— D— much!"

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The Siege of Berlin

Translated by Alex. M. Thompson From the French of Alphonse Daudet



WE were walking up the Champs Elysees with Doctor Vermenil, asking the shell-pierced walls and mitraille-broken pavementsthe history of the Siege of Paris, when, just before we reached the Rond Point of the Etoile, the doctor, pointing to one of the great corner houses so pompously grouped round the Arc de Triomphe, asked me to look at four closed windows overlooking a balcony.

"In the first days of August, that terrible month so full of storms and disasters," he said, "I was called there to a case of sudden apoplexy. It was the home of Colonel Jouve, a cuirassier of the First Empire, an old man infatuated with Glory and Patriotism, who since the outbreak of war had come to live in the Champs Elysees, in an apartment with a balcony—guess why. That he might witness the triumphal return of our troops! Poor old man! News of the battle of Wissembourg reached him one day as he rose from dinner. When he saw the name of Napoleon at the foot of that bulletin of defeat he had fallen, thunderstruck.

"I found the old cuirassier lying at full length on the carpet of his room, with bleeding face and lifeless, as if he had received a blow on the head from a club. Erect, he must have been very tall; lying down, he looked tremendous. He had noble features, superb teeth, silvery locks, and bore his eighty years as if they had been sixty. By his side, in tears, knelt his granddaughter. She was like him. To see them side by side suggested two beautiful Greek medals struck from the same stamp; but one was old, earthy, with outlines rather blurred; the other resplendent and clean-cut, with all the luster and velvetiness of a new impression

THE child's grief affected me. Her father, like her grandfather, was a soldier, an officer of Macmahon's staff, and the sight of this old man stretched out before her eyes awakened in her mind another picture no less terrible. I did my best to reassure her, but at heart I had little hope. It was a case of severe hemiplegia; and at eighty, recovery is not likely. As a matter of fact, for three days the patient remained in the same state of immobility and stupor. Meantime, Paris received news of the battle of Reichsoffen. You remember how strangely it came? Until night we all believed in a great victory—twenty thousand Prussians killed, the Crown Prince taken prisoner. By some inconceivable miracle, some magnetic current, an echo of the nation's joy must have reached my deaf and dumb patient in the limbo of his paralysis; at any rate, when I approached his bedside that evening I found him transformed. His eyes were almost clear, his speech less thick. He had the strength to smile, and stammered twice, 'Vic-to-ry!' 'Yes, Colonel, a great victory.' And as I related the details of Macmahon's fine success I saw his features relax, his countenance clear. On my way out I found the granddaughter waiting, pale, beside the door. She was sobbing. 'Why, he is saved,' I said, taking her hands

"The poor girl had scarce the courage to reply. The real story of Reichsoffen had just been placarded: Macmahon was in full retreat, the whole army cut to pieces! We looked at each other in dismay. She, thinking of her father, was heartbroken. I, thinking of her grandfather, trembled. This fresh shock would surely kill him. Yet what should we do? Leave him his joy, the illusions which had revived him? In that case we should have to lie.

"'Well,' said the heroic girl, drying her eyes, 'I will lie to him'; and, beaming, she went back to the old man's room.

IT was a hard task that she had undertaken. It was not very difficult at first. The old man's head was weak, and he was deceived as easily as a child. But with health his ideas grew clearer. He had to be kept informed of army movements; military bulletins had to be drawn up. It was truly pitiful to see the pretty girl poring night and day over a map of Germany, pinning flags, striving to combine a glorious campaign! Bazaine on Berlin, Froissart in Bavaria, Macmahon on the Baltic. For all this she consulted me, and I helped as well

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as I could; but the grandfather himself was the most useful in directing this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so often during the First Empire! He knew every stroke beforehand. 'This is the way they will go,' he would say. 'This is what they will do.' And his guesses were always realized, which did not fail to make him very proud.

"Unfortunately, though we took cities and won battles, we could not move fast enough for him. He was insatiable, this old man! Every day as I arrived I heard of a new feat of arms. ¶ 'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' the young girl would say as she greeted me with a distressed smile; and through the door a joyful voice would cry: 'It moves! It moves! In another week we shall be in Berlin!'

"At that moment the Prussians were only a week from Paris. At first we asked ourselves whether it might not be better to convey him into the country; but, once outside, the state of France would have told him all, and I thought him still too feeble, too benumbed by his great shock, to know the truth. Finally it was decided to stay.

"On the first day of the investment I mounted their stairs, I remember, very agitated, with that anguish in the heart imposed on us all by the closed gates of Paris, the battle under the walls, the suburbs turned to frontiers. I found the old fellow sitting up in bed, jubilant and proud.

"'Well,' he said, 'this siege has commenced, then?'

"I looked at him, astonished. 'What, Colonel, you know——?'

"His grandchild turned to me: 'Oh, yes, doctor. It 's great news. The siege of Berlin has begun.'

"She said this as she plied her needle, with a sedate and quiet little air. . . . How should he suspect? He could not hear the cannon of the forts. This unhappy Paris, so sinister and overturned, he could not see it. All he could discover from his bed was one side of the Arc de Triomphe, and, in his room, around him, old curiosities from the days of the First Empire well fitted to feed his illusions—portraits of marshals, engravings of battles, the King of Rome in baby clothes; then great pier-tables, very stiff, ornamented with copper trophies, loaded with Imperial relics, medals, bronzes, a rock of Saint Helena under a globe, miniatures representing the same becurled lady, in ball dress, in a yellow frock with shoulder-of-mutton sleeves, and clear eyes. And all this—pier-tables, King of Rome, marshals, yellow ladies with short waists and high girdles, this cramped stiffness which was the grace of Eighteen Hundred Six—it was this atmosphere of victories and conquests that induced the good colonel even more than anything we could say to believe so naively in the siege of Berlin.

FROM this day our military operations became greatly simplified. To take Berlin was just a matter of patience. From time to time, when the old gentleman became too weary, we read him a letter from his son—imaginary, of course, for nothing entered Paris, and the aide-de-camp to Macmahon had, since Sedan, been conveyed to a German fortress

"Conceive that poor child's despair, with no news of her father, knowing that he was a prisoner, deprived of everything, sick, perhaps, and obliged to make him write cheerful letters, rather short, with the brevity of a soldier in the field, ever advancing in the conquered country. Sometimes she had not the heart for these letters, and then weeks passed without news. But the old man would grow restless and could not sleep. Then quickly a letter would arrive from Germany, and she would read it gaily at his bedside, repressing her tears. The Colonel listened religiously, smiled with a wise air, approved, criticized, explained the ambiguous passages. But his finest efforts were the replies he sent his son. 'Never forget that you are a Frenchman,' he would say. 'Be generous to these poor people. Do not make the invasion too oppressive.' Then followed endless suggestions, delightful twaddle as to the right observance of property and courtesy to women, a whole military code for the guidance of these conquerors. He mixed up with it some reflections upon politics in general, the conditions of peace which must be imposed upon the vanquished. I must add that, as regards the last subject, his demands were not severe. 'A war indemnity, only that; what good would it do to seize their provinces? One can't make France out of bits of Germany!'

"He dictated with a steady voice, and there was so much candor, such patriotic faith, that it was impossible to listen to him unmoved

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AND all the while the siege was progressing —not, alas, that of Berlin. It was a time of severe cold, of bombardment, of epidemics and famine. But, thanks to our cares, our efforts, and all those proofs of indefatigable tenderness which were multiplied about him, the old man's serenity was never troubled. To the very end I was able to obtain white bread and fresh meat for him. Of course, there was none for any one else, and you can not imagine anything more touching than the breakfasts of which he partook with such innocent egotism, sitting up in bed, fresh and smiling, his napkin under his chin, the granddaughter ever at his side, her pale face revealing the privation she had suffered. She guided his hands, compelled him to drink, aided him as he ate the good things saved especially for him. Enlivened by his meal, enjoying the comfort of his warm chamber while the cold winter wind blew about his windows, the old cuirassier would recall his campaigns in the north and relate to us for the hundredth time the tale of that mournful retreat from Moscow. 'Do you know what that means, child? We ate horseflesh!' I should think she did understand perfectly. She had been eating no other meat for two months. From day to day, as convalescence approached, the patient began to make our task a more difficult one. That lethargy of all his senses, of all his limbs, had aided us up to this time, but was beginning to leave him. Those terrible volleys from the Porte Maillot had repeatedly made him start suddenly, his ear as alert as a hound's. We were obliged to invent a final victory for Bazaine before Berlin, and to explain that the salutes in front of Les Invalides were in honor of the event. Another day, when we had pushed his bed close to the window—I think it was the Thursday the battle of Buzenval occurred—he saw the National Guard quite distinctly as it formed in front of the Avenue de la Grande Armee.

"'What troops are those?' asked our Colonel; and we heard him mutter to himself: 'Badly drilled; badly drilled!'

NOTHING came of this incident, but we realized that it now behooved us to take greater precautions than before. Unfortunately we were not cautious enough.

"One evening on my arrival the child came to me, her face full of anxiety.

"'Tomorrow they enter,' she said.

"Was the door of the grandfather's room ajar? I remember, and have often thought in recalling that evening, that his features wore an unusual expression. It is very likely that he had heard us. But we were speaking of the Prussians, and he was thinking of the French army and of that triumphal entry he had been expecting for many a day—Macmahon descending the avenue to martial music, along a path strewn with flowers, his son at the marshal's side, and there upon the balcony, the old warrior himself in full uniform, as upon the field of Lutzen, saluting the tattered flags and our eagles black with powder.

"Poor Father Jouve! Doubtless he fancied that in our anxiety to spare him the excitement of so great an event we would not permit him to assist at that entry of our troops. That is why he took care to say nothing to any one; but the following day, at the hour when the Prussians advanced timidly up the long avenue leading from the Porte Maillot to the Tuileries, an upper window opened softly, and the Colonel himself appeared upon the balcony, wearing his helmet and his long cavalry sword. I still ask myself what tremendous effort of his will had put him on his feet again, and in all his war trappings. But one fact is certain. There he stood upon the balcony, amazed to find the avenue so wide and still, the blinds of the houses closed, and Paris itself as gloomy as a vast lazaretto, flags everywhere, but, strangely enough, only white flags with red crosses, and no one to meet our soldiers.

FOR a moment he must have believed he had made a mistake. But no! yonder, behind the Arc de Triomphe issued an indistinct rattle; a black line advanced steadily into the morning light. Then by degrees the tops of helmets could be seen flashing in the sunlight, and the drums of Jena began to beat. Then beneath the Arc de l'Etoile, emphasized by the rhythmic tramp of the regiments and the clashing of sabers, resounded the strains of Schubert's triumphal march.

"Then through the dismal silence was heard an awful cry: 'To arms! To arms! The Prussians!' And the four Uhlans of the advance guard, looking toward the balcony above, could see the majestic figure of an old man reeling, his arms outstretched. He fell heavily. Colonel Jouve was dead."

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Illiteracy

Cora Wilson Stewart, President Kentucky Illiteracy Commission



I WAS glad when President Wilson vetoed the immigration bill. The United States of America is a place where illiterates should meet with instruction, not exclusion. And, not only should instruction be provided and proffered, but, if necessary, it should be pressed upon them, immigrants and natives alike.

What right has a nation which has liberty as its watchword to close its eyes to the fact that five and a half millions of its people are enslaved? What right has the Government to ignore their need while it relieves cattle of ticks, cotton of weevils, hogs of cholera, and does many other things no more needful, if as much so, as redeeming its people from illiteracy? This nation has no greater educational, social, economic or religious problem than that of emancipating its army of illiterates. When shall it begin to strike the shackles from these unfortunates? It has already begun. At least, the illiterates have begun the clamor for their opportunity.

IN Kentucky in the Fall of Nineteen Hundred Eleven we started to wipe out illiteracy. How many illiterates we had and how Kentucky ranked among the States is nobody's business but our own and the Census Bureau's. But, one illiterate in a State is one too many, and Kentucky had a plural number.

In Rowan County, where hills are high, roads rough and rugged, and streams unbridged, the experiment of teaching grown-up men and women in rural sections was first tried out. The writer was superintendent of schools of that county, and it was no unusual thing for a mother to come with a letter from a far-away daughter to be read and answered, or for a man to want a business letter written concerning transactions involving sale or purchase of timber, grain or hides. For years I wrote letters for illiterate men and women when I ought to have been teaching them to read and write. Finally I really heard their call, and then we opened the moonlight schools and let them have a chance to learn to read and write for themselves. With the aid of a patriotic corps of teachers, we opened the public schools to them for a limited session at night, choosing that time when the moon shone brightly, that its rays might entice them from their homes and, at the same time, might light them over the roads to the schools.

They flocked into these schools. Weariness, distance, proved no hindrance. With some it was the first chance in a lifetime; with others it was, as one old man expressed it, "a second chanst," and they were determined not to lose it, lest a third should never come. They set the day schools an example, surpassing them in attendance, enthusiasm, discipline and results. Many learned to write the first evening the thing which they had craved for years to write—their names—but the dullard required two evenings to accomplish this feat. Within eight or ten evenings they were writing letters to loved ones, telling them of the new institution, the moonlight school. Men aged forty and fifty learned to write a legible letter in seven evenings, not strictly correct as to orthography, of course; while those sixty, seventy, eighty and ninety years of age required a little more time, adding two or three evenings for each additional decade. While these statements may upset some educational theories, the most radical follower of tradition will admit that when a fact disputes a theory, it is time to discard the theory. It must be remembered, too, that these were mountain folk, and few have minds as keen as these pure Anglo-Saxon people, who breathe none but pure air, go to bed early and rise with the lark, live wholesome lives, and keep their minds fresh and ready to devour books when the chance comes. Then, we had methods, too, and methods count next to minds in education.

¶ Twenty-five other counties began the fight on illiteracy, and Kentucky saw that the movement had come to stay until these people were set free; so the State took the work over, placing it, by legislative enactment, under the direction of an Illiteracy Commission, whose business it is to fight illiteracy as actively as the Forestry Commission fights fire. Now Kentucky has moonlight schools everywhere.

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Our Greatest Economic Need

B. C. Forbes



AMERICANS are spendthrifts ❧ Their eagerness to make money is exceeded only by their mania for spending it.

Now, a dollar saved is not a dollar gained. It is more.

Queer arithmetic? ❧ No. The spirit, the sentiment, the inspiration that prompts the saving of the dollar is of infinite value. It means that a thinking-cap has been worn, that stock-taking has been carried out, and that right conclusions have been reached.

Of all material blessings, the United States has most need to pray for the dawn of an era of thrift. Acute poverty is a thousand-sided curse. The mortal enmeshed in the coils of debt can not face the world with stout heart and unflinching eye. He can only look down, not up ❧ ❧

Extravagance and its children, poverty and debt, sap the life of a people.

That nation whose savings have been invested in the industries and properties of another land holds the sword over the head of its debtor ❧ America has been sending abroad every week two million dollars in dividends and interest, half of which, through prudence, could have been kept at home and used for the upbuilding of our own wealth. But, fired with the confidence, the enthusiasm, the strength and the recklessness of youth, Americans have spent their money lavishly, extravagantly, thoughtlessly, with never a care for tomorrow. ¶ The need for tightening rein becomes pressing. If we are to attain the highest possible place among nations, we must stop squandering our resources and our strength and must husband both. Internationally, as individually, the borrower is at the mercy of the lender. The nation, like the individual, that can not pay one hundred cents on the dollar is doomed to lose caste.

TO talk thrift in a land so rich as America is to incur ridicule. Can we not boast of the wealthiest people on earth? Is our country not overflowing with all that goes to make up fortunes? ❧ Are we not advancing at a rate history has never before known? Are we not the most envied of peoples? True, all true. But even the most sumptuous of fortunes may be dissipated, the greatest strength destroyed, the brightest of prospects blighted by long-continued imprudence.

Speaking only from the financial point of view —leaving out the wider and deeper considerations, political and ethical—there is special need at this juncture for thrift on the part of Americans ❧ ❧

How much capital, think you, have our great railroad, traction, industrial, mining and mercantile corporations sought to borrow each year from the public? Not one thousand millions, but some two thousand millions! Try to grasp the figures—$2,000,000,000.

From every man, woman and child in the United States our corporations have been applying for capital at the rate of twenty dollars a year. Forty cents each week they want from every adult and child under the Stars and Stripes.

American companies have been borrowing two dollars for every one dollar asked by British concerns. They have, to put the position differently, floated as many new securities as Great Britain and France combined ❧ ❧

IF our national progress is not to be unduly retarded, this staggering sum must now be supplied almost wholly at home, for war-racked Europe will be a borrower rather than a lender for years to come.

Now, this money must first be saved before it can be supplied. Capital does not mysteriously spring into existence. It has to be made. If nobody practises economy, if everybody spends every cent he makes, whence can come new capital for exploiting our resources, for enriching the country with railroads, for building factories, digging canals, opening mines? Unless you have some money to invest, is it not plain that you can not make investments? ¶ The thrifty investors are the salt of a nation. America has crying need for a million more of them. If we are to lead the world, we must rear investors—savers of money.

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The Days That Are To Be

John Addington Symonds

These things shall be! a loftier race than e'er the
world has known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls, and light of
science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong, to spill no
drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm on earth,
and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land, unharmed shall
live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb the pulse of
one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mold and mightier
music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song, when all the earth
is paradise.

These things—they are no dreams—shall be for
happier men when we are gone.
These golden days for them shall dawn transcend-
ing aught we gaze upon.

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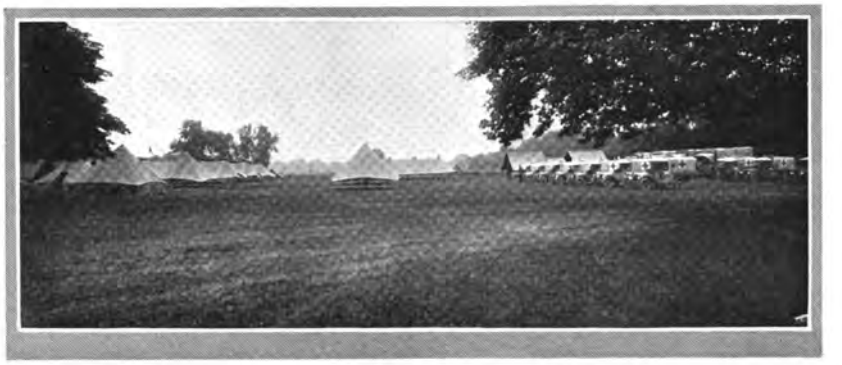
AMERICAN AMBULANCE : AT : PARIS













AMERICAN AMBULANCE FIELD HOSPITAL AND HOW THE WOUNDED ARE BROUGHT TO PARIS





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PLEASE NOTE THE ONE-LEGGED MEN; AND THE CEREMONIES OF PRESENTING THE LEGION OF HONOR MEDAL TO THE HEROES









NOTE—THESE UNPUBLISHED PICTURES HAVE BEEN LOANED TO "THE FRA" BY PEOPLE WHO ARE SINCERELY INTERESTED IN THE WONDERFUL WORK DONE, AND BEING DONE FOR THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS BY THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE AT PARIS

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WOUNDED FRENCH, ITALIAN, RUSSIAN AND BRITISH SOLDIERS



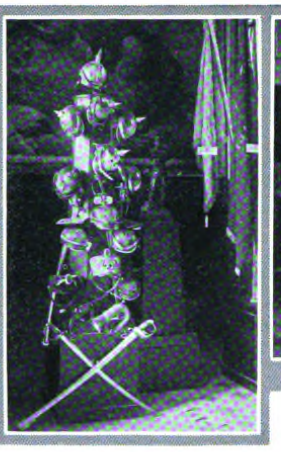




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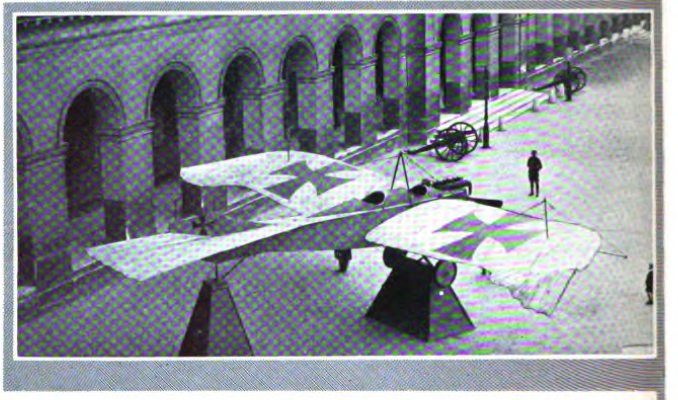
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TROPHIES CAPTURED
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Respectability

Ernest Crosby

Have you always been respected by your neighbors?

Do they ask your advice on all important matters?

Do they all speak well of you, and point you out as a leading citizen and a pillar of society?

Has no one ever said that you were beside yourself,

Or called you crazy, or a crank, or a pestilent fellow?

Have you never been accused of associating with publicans and sinners, or of stirring up the people, or of turning the world upside down?

In short, are you thoroughly respectable?

Then beware! you are on the downward road; you are in bad company.

Mend your ways, or you can claim no kinship with the saints and heroes which were before you.

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Politics as a Business

Frank H. Collins



PROBABLY at no other period in the history of the United States of America, has the subject of Politics been so much in evidence as it is at the present ❧ ❧ From all sections of the country may be heard the voice of the people loudly protesting against the present Political Spoils System. They are beginning to realize that they are the people who have been oppressed, and have risen in all their power, led by able men, who are true statesmen and not politicians.

The citizens of the United States are waking up and acknowledging that the fault of this present condition is no one's but their own. The "Hindrances of Good Citizenship," as expressed by the Right Honorable James Bryce of England, are Indolence, Private Self-Interest and Party Spirit. These three hindrances account for the political situation today. ¶ Some men were so indolent and unconcerned that they never had the slightest conception that they themselves were a part of the government system. They never even used their right of franchise ❧ Any man who is legally qualified, and does not use his right of franchise under possible conditions, should be severely censured by his fellowmen and ridiculed as a citizen of the United States ❧ Some men were so engulfed in their Private Self-Interest that they saw nothing else in the world. They had no other interest. Nothing attracted them but their own. They did not realize that the Government of the United States was their own. They did not realize that if the Government of their country was not operated rightly, their own business could not prosper forever.

Party spirit is becoming a spirit of the past. We see men leaving one party and joining another without regard for spirit, but more intent on policies.

Individualism is on the wane. One of our first Presidents expressed himself thus: "Every man for himself and the Nation will prosper." He might have thought that true with the then-existing conditions, but no matter what the state of affairs may be, that policy will not adhere. Individualism is one of the subheadings of the three main causes expressed above. Men working for themselves have paid no attention to the workings of the Government, thereby allowing these so-called Politicians to work into and corrupt the system.

Organization is necessary to any form of activity, but that organization must have harmony to succeed. Harmony is one of the main assets in any form of business. We hear the Political Machine criticized. It is not the machine itself that is criticized, but rather the material of which the machine is constructed. The machine is organization. If the parts thereof are not so fitted as to have the machine operate well, then we must change the parts. Every successful form of Government in the world's history has had organization, which is in machine form. Every successful form of business has had organization, which is in machine form. For men to work together in any form of activity, they must work as a machine, with every man as a part thereof. The policy of Individualism is strictly contrary to the policy of Organization.

And so it is that the people of this country now realize these conditions more than ever before and are taking long steps toward their betterment ❧ ❧

THE Politician, as he stands today, has become known as a man who makes Politics his business—the same as a manufacturer who makes manufacturing his business; the lawyer who practises law as a business; the banker who makes banking his business, etc. And so Politics has become a regular form of business, the same as any other ❧ ❧

Now comes the reconstruction period. In the new patriotic spirit the people are now manifesting, no man should be elected or appointed to an office in the governmental system, who does not desire that office from a patriotic sense *only*. All financial and pecuniary gains should be cast aside.

Most positions, except those of honorable mention, pay a compensation for the work and labor attached thereto; but aside from such a

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salary, there should be no other revenue. In the lower offices, the ordinary businessman can attend to both his own business and public office at the same time without impairing either one.

Another great step towards the perfection of our Political System is the qualification of all voters. This subject is being agitated in many sections of the country, and really seems to be the only solution of the Woman Suffrage problem. The people need the business man and woman to take an active part in our Government.

The trouble has been that the business element have been so narrow-minded that they have not thought of any other form of life's activities except their own personal business. That same fault applies to the American people as a whole. They have been so engrossed in the mad race for wealth, and have been traveling and living at such a high rate of speed, that they have overlooked important national questions. Our Government should be a business operated for the benefit, protection and gain of the people as a whole, and not for the benefit, protection and gain of any certain individuals or organizations.

What the people want, and need now, are statesmen, not politicians; leaders, not bosses; statesmen and leaders who are men among men, and in whom the people can safely put their trust. There are many grave and important measures facing this country at the present time, and the people must have true, honest and upright men to negotiate these measures for them—men whose actions are guided by the Square Deal, which is the modern name for the Golden Rule.

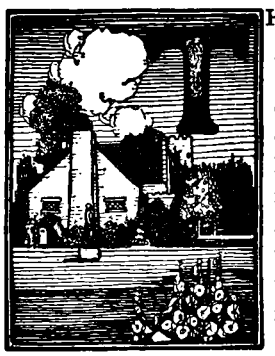
The words, " politics " and " politicians," will probably live, but " Politics as a Business " must surely die.

The sentiments of the great and noble Abraham Lincoln, the Man of the People, as expressed in his famous Gettysburg address, that " This Nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal," should be the rule and guide of our public spirit. With this new awakening of patriotic enthusiasm, which has long been lying dormant, the citizens of the United States of America will proclaim the fact that " Government of the People, for the People and by the People shall not perish from the earth."

The Nature Way

Mabel Powers

Miss Mabel Powers, who has been closely associated with Mrs. Winifred Sackville Stoner for several years, was retained by the New York " Press " to give a complete description of Mrs. Stoner's wonderful system of child-training. Mrs. Stoner herself declares, " No one is better qualified to write or speak on my views of natural education than Mabel Powers." ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧



THE FRA has ever been jealous of the rights of mothers and children. No movement of the day was followed with keener interest by Elbert and Alice Hubbard than the Natural Education movement ❧ It met their unqualified approval. They saw in it schools that prepare for life, mothers that are individuals, and a super race.

It was the writer's privilege to introduce Winifred Sackville Stoner and her Natural Education to the Hubbards. But a few days before Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard started on their last little journey, some time was spent in discussing the growth of the movement. Elbert Hubbard said of Mrs. Stoner's book: " I moused over *Natural Education* the better part of two days and enjoyed the mousing immensely, simply because I found mirrored in the book my own best thoughts on the subject of education. It is very hard for us to learn the simple, and the obvious is the last thing that we detect. I wish every parent and every potential parent would read this wonderful commonsense book on natural education."

¶ Bernard Shaw says, " No one knows the way a child should go. He should go his own way." Recently we have discovered that the child's way is the Nature way.

Whenever we hit the Nature trail, journeying is a delight. The Nature way is the easy way. Life is joyous and spontaneous on this road. We travel hopefully. The charm and zest of

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discovery is at every turn. Every day is a wonder day on the Nature trail.

Mother Nature is our wisest teacher. We ever go back to her to learn. Fourteen years ago, a wise and beautiful young mother went to Mother Nature to learn how to teach her baby. This mother is now showing thousands of mothers the Nature way.

The movement for a more natural education set in motion by Winifred Sackville Stoner has swept from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf. It took New York by storm last Spring, then swept west to Madison, Wisconsin, along the Canadian Pacific, down the Coast, and back to Chicago and New York. A few Southern cities, and cultured, self-sufficient Boston, alone remain to be conquered.

Natural Education packed the largest theaters and most distinguished auditoriums of every large city between New York and San Francisco. It took the leading universities off their pedagogical stilts and got them down on all-fours playing and living with children. It drew the largest crowds of the season at the Exposition. Why? Because the little child is the greatest thing in the world. All the world loves a child. It is the vulnerable spot in this self-seeking, money-mad, war-made race ❧ People actually stopped sightseeing, going to the movies, playing golf and whist, crying for preparedness, to learn how to make children happy and also prize-winners. Child-craft may yet outcraft the other crafts—even war-craft. By Nineteen Hundred Twenty-one Congress may appropriate two billions for training children to live—if perchance there are any.

NATURAL Education not only develops children into prize-winners, but produces prize-winner mothers. And this means a race of prize-winners. It is the greatest movement for enlightened motherhood the world has yet known. It is in line with the universal law of growth and change. The Natural-Education mother never knows the bitterness of being outgrown by her child. She grows with him. It is a question of mother keeping up with kiddy. Natural-Education mothers do not go to seed ❧ ❧

Mrs. Stoner has rediscovered the natural mother by becoming one herself. S. S. McClure says she has made the "greatest discovery of the age," yet Mrs. Stoner claims nothing new. She says she has simply adapted new tools to old ideas. She is, however, a genius at making over two old ideas into a new one.

Spencer, Froebel, John Stuart Mill, and Karl Witte contributed to Natural Education ❧ William James also had a hand in it.

Mrs. Stoner observed that old mother cat does not turn her child over to a grandmother cat or cousin to bring up; that no mother lioness consents to a sister or aunt taking a hand in rearing her baby; neither does the natural mother turn her baby over to nurses, relatives or paid instructors. The animal or primitive mother trains her baby herself. She teaches him all things needful to make him self-existent and at home with his environment—and she begins her training at once ❧ She accomplishes it by making play of every-day activities ❧ ❧

The mother is Nature's kindergarten teacher. She should open her kindergarten at four days—not four years. Child and mother begin at once to play to a purpose. There are no set rules or tasks. The Natural-Education mother takes advantage of the child's natural love of color, rhythmic motion, pretension and make-believe, friendly contest, constructive and creative power, the desire to help and serve, and turns these tendencies into worth-while activities. Lessons are not formal exercises, to be taken at set times of certain days of certain months. They are a part of the every-day life.

Every activity is given a physical, mental and spiritual value. For a child is a trinity and must be developed on all planes ❧ Child and mother play to make the body strong and supple, also to make the mind keen and active. Mrs. Stoner has invented countless games to store the memory with useful facts. All games must be shared. Others must be made happy. Service is constantly emphasized.

Rousseau, and others of his school, would lead the child forth in Nature and let him grow. "Exercise the body, encourage out-of-door sports, but pay little attention to the intellect and morals, during the early years. By doing nothing in the beginning, you have a prodigy in the end."

But Mrs. Stoner has put one over the "weed theorists," for she has turned out a highly efficient child-product that measures physically, mentally and spiritually plus. She has a

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beautiful living exponent of her theory, that a splendid body, fine mind and beautiful spirit are not incompatible in child development. The weed theorists can not point to one super-child.

NATURAL education is environmental education ❧ ❧
It is education from the cradle to the grave ❧
It makes the mother the center of the educational life.
It lays well the foundation-stones, observation, intense interest, concentration, imitation, exploration.
It develops the imaginative and creative faculty above all others.
It teaches self-control and the joy of service.
It turns work into play—pleasurable activity.
It keeps the fairies—love, sympathy, good-cheer—in the home and school.
It fills the mind with beautiful thoughts the first twelve years—the memory age—so that when the age of reason begins, there is something to reason with.
It establishes habits of right thinking before wrong ones are formed.
It encourages expression, not repression ❧
It does not have fifteen-minute periods for numbers or history, but fifteen minutes for what the child wants.
It teaches spelling, reading, punctuation, and good English via typewriter.
It takes no vacations. We do not stop weeding and watering our plants for three months. Why let children's minds be choked with weeds of idleness? It produces individuals. Children are hand-crafted, not machine-turned. Natural Education is not for the favored few, but can be used in degree by any average intelligent mother. There are three kinds of mothers, however, whom Natural Education is not for: the sweatshop mother; the low-bred mother who spawns her offspring without thought of obligation; and the indolent, selfish, self-centered mother.
Mrs. Stoner has now, in her Natural-Education gallery, pictures of four hundred eighty-three children being trained a la Natural Education, all of whom are unusual. There are many other children whose health and general efficiency have been greatly increased.
Wherein Mrs. Stoner differs from Montessori, her suggestions for the sense-training of the baby, development of the walking and talking child, methods of discipline, etc., we are not able to discuss in this article.

Everybody's Business

Charles L. MacGregor



RESPONSE to *Everybody's Business*, hundreds of letters, strikingly varied, from all over the United States, proves the "long-felt want." ❧ One salesman wrote to The Roycrofters: "I have not missed a number of your New *Fra*, and beg to say it is almost as popular with us traveling men as was *The Philistine*—'The Drummer's Bible.' I have been paying premiums on a life-insurance policy for eleven years, but never understood or fully appreciated what it means until I read *Everybody's Business*."
Says Emil Oberhoffer, classed by Ignace Paderewski among the world's six greatest directors, Conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra: "*Everybody's Business* shows that you know your business, have given careful thought to it, and proves you have something to say. It is well put together and is causing considerable talk. Certainly, you have thought and worked on this. Some of my work I have thought thirty years. When any one says I do not know my business, it does not make me mad. Criticized by some twelve-dollar-a-week man, it saddens me to see that he is such a silly ass."
A number of the old-line life-insurance companies have applied for permission to reproduce *Everybody's Business*. An official of one such company writes: "You have given very forcible explanation of all branches of life-insurance in this one simple article. This article was read before the convention of our agents which has just closed, as an illustration of how a man technically educated in business may state the benefits of the business without the use of technical language."
Asked why this sort of thing had never

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happened before, one editor, who has featured each instalment in his metropolitan daily, said it was because life-insurance men as a class were too selfish to be willing to give others the benefit of their ideas, and that, when they thought up anything, it was always and only as a means of producing more business and added money for themselves. Another able editor who knows his public, as all able editors must, writes: " The public generally is woefully ignorant of the really great advantages of insurance, and, in fact, is inclined to look upon insurance in about the same way it views the railroad companies—that is, as, somehow or other, a species of graft upon the body politic. The average insurance-agent, I am afraid, helps keep alive the pernicious thought."

¶ Unfortunately, " the average insurance-agent " who " helps keep alive the pernicious thought " does not know any better. He does not know any better because he has not been taught. He has not been taught because nobody in particular feels responsible for him. Interest in him starts, and usually stops, with the " business " he brings in. The business he brings in depends upon his personal character and individual methods. His character and methods determine the class of purchaser he can successfully approach ; also, the value, quality and permanence of his production. That life companies reporting to New York State, 1883 to 1912, experienced a *" terminated "* business of over 64 per cent of their total issue during that 29-year period is eloquent of the fact that there was probably something radically wrong with the " salesmanship " of the average agent who wrote the business

THE business of life-insurance has been operated too much at cross-purposes, at the expense of the policyholders. Way back in 1874, Orlow W. Chapman, then Superintendent of Insurance for New York, stated: " The bane of life-insurance has been its jealousies. Attacks and counter-attacks, charges and counter-charges have been made, till very many of the great insuring public have lost confidence in, and become suspicious of, the system. Every baseless insinuation injures, not simply the company attacked, but every other. Besides, it is a boomerang—as liable to hit the unskilled user as the object aimed at. Life-insurance companies should close the ranks, stop bickering and attend to legitimate business. They must insist upon it, that agents promise only what can be performed, and performance should promptly follow the requirements of the promise."

This demand for unity, nearly half a century old, remains unsatisfied. Among sales-forces, as well as in other departments, executive, legal, etc., it is necessary that the great institution of life-insurance eliminate all burdens and become able to say, " Life-insurance *is* a Business."

Happily, the day of the barnstormer and one-night-stand artist in the sale of life-insurance is passing. Wallingford and Blackie are being forced into fields of quicker returns and larger possibilities by a business which is realizing that the policyholder is its first concern and that it is not possible to serve the public—the policyholders present and future—with such servants in the house. Life-insurance takes counsel of stable business in other lines. Where is the successful, legitimate merchandiser who is always hunting new customers and fresh territory?

What wholesaler thrives who loads his retailers' shelves with stocks they can not sell or with more than they can afford? In what way does a traveling salesman profit his employer who sends in large orders for goods it is impossible to deliver, on which the house is out the expense of packing and transportation, plus the cost of sending after the refused shipment and bringing it back?

How long could an angel of commerce last who, just because he could make a man sign, sold quantities of thin, summer underwear and Panama hats at the North Pole?

The life-insurance salesman (is there not significance in the fact that he is seldom, if ever, even referred to as a salesman?) must be taught to avoid what is so very ridiculous on the part of the unthinking drummer who puts one over on both house and customer to make a good " showing." He must learn to look for real results, actual dollars-and-cents profit, from delivered, paid-for goods, sold at a price and in a manner demanded by their quality and worth. Not applicants, nor yet policy-*buyers* who will accept delivery and pay the first-year premium, but policy-*holders* are what he must seek and develop.

The only thing of any real value to him is what proves profitable to his company, and what is

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best for the policyholder is undeniably most desirable for the agent and for the company, since Mr. Policyholder Jones pays all the freight

ONE life-insurance company has, for years, maintained a school, where students are paid a reasonable salary while taking courses, after which they are assigned to departments for which they have prepared and are best suited. This system has proved a splendid investment, resulting in a loyal, efficient and constant organization.

Another great company now operates a correspondence course of instruction for salesmen—using it as a special inducement, in its advertising for agents, for men and women to join its forces. One other large company offers correspondence-course teaching to its representatives. If more than these three, out of the 258 officially listed old-line life companies of the United States, are endeavoring to train their sales-forces, it is apparently being done surreptitiously.

Edward A. Woods, President National Association of Life Underwriters, declares: "The selling end of perhaps the most systematic business in the world is admittedly the most unsystematic and inefficient. This does not need proof, because it will be generally admitted, particularly at a time when there is a demand for better salesmanship methods on the part of every class of salesmen, including life-insurance men. Life-insurance companies are annually making investments, in constantly shifting agency forces, of sums aggregating millions yearly, that may be made more efficiently and less expensively. A larger number of more responsible, intelligent and efficient agents can be created who will be of vastly greater use to the companies; who can aid in reducing mortality by feeling more responsibility in recommendation of risks, and be more intelligently able to do so; in abating policy loans and lapses, and in rendering in every direction greater service to policyholders; in opposing everything that affects their interests adversely, such as ill-considered legislation and excessive taxation; and in being, in fact as well as in name, better representatives. The marketing, not making, of life-insurance is its chief expense. Of nearly $170,000,000 of management expenses last year (1914), from one-half to two-thirds—between $100,000,000 and $125,000,000—were incurred in the acquisition of business. This is the chief, if not the only, difficulty in the way of further extension of our operations." President Woods announces that, following several years' efforts on the part of his Association, in co-operation, the Carnegie Institute of Technology will open "a Bureau of Salesmanship Research for the promotion of efficiency in the selection and training of salesmen."

WITH this announcement, foretelling so much of eventual benefit, President Woods joins the "heralds and prophets of a new age" of salesmanship, individual thrift and intelligence. Says the Minneapolis *Tribune* editorially, "Within the slender space of two years, American legislators have ceased to think in national terms and, for the first time, perhaps, in history, have begun to think internationally."

American *citizens,* too, must begin to think internationally. Men and women of the United States must needs be careful to read aright that most significant world-reconstruction message, trench-etched, with the outraged blood of her choicest, on agonized Europe's face, indelibly engraved with the sacrificial lives of innumerable sons of man—"Ye must be born again!"

Americans must be born again economically in order to stand under the financial responsibility of ministering to a maimed, starving, bankrupt world. How hardly shall America's more than twenty-two million families, with their pitiful less than one thousand dollars per family of guaranteed life-insurance protection, yield succor to their stricken neighbors! Wives and mothers, potential widows and bereft, with war-preparedness frenzy in our midst, your indifference and opposition, because of sentimental, selfish or unselfish reasons, as the case may be, are the greatest obstacle to this nation's adequate protection and preparedness—preparedness of a sort that really serves! Study *Everybody's Business,* in its vital relation to your own hearth and offspring. Send your "peace telegrams" to willing husbands and sons who, but for your objections, would be systematically maintaining life-insurance estates of inestimable worth to yourselves, far more representative of their personal survival values.

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" Del's "

Interesting Reminiscences of Charles Delmonico by Deshler Welch



FOR many years I enjoyed a delightful acquaintance with the late Charles Delmonico, who was undoubtedly the most popular of all that illustrious family of caterers who made the restaurant bearing their name the most extensively known of its kind in the world. There are many other restaurants today that are widely advertised and live on the publicity of social fads and functions, but Delmonico's has been a standard trademark of the city of New York. I don't see that it has lost a whit of its excellence. During a tour in Europe, largely an inspection of hotel management and various associations of " hoteliers," waiters' schools, etc., I was frequently confronted with inquiries concerning " Delmonico's," and declarations of its supremity.

¶ After the senior Delmonico had passed on, and the Fourteenth Street house was moved to Twenty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, young Charles Delmonico succeeded his uncle as *maitre d'hotel,* and while he was not such a master in the art of cookery, nor looked after kitchen details with so much clever scrutiny, he was however a better business-promoter, and was a very popular factor in creating a paying social activity. He held on to the time-honored traditions of the house, and preserved with a nicety the singular elements that kept its patronage first-class. It was the club of clubs; it was the clearing-house for clubmen. There was always a satisfaction in the feeling that whatever might be the *piece de resistance* on the table—whether a service of whisky and soda on " the men's side " or a canape Lorenzo in the general restaurant—you were having the " best ever," and everything was absolutely correct in service and public elegance. Never at any time were the prices so exorbitant as they are in these days at many big and shoddy places, in all the big cities. I used frequently to breakfast at Delmonico's on eggs, rolls and coffee, for fifty cents, and each one of these articles was served in such perfection that one felt it a joyous privilege to sit at the little table by a window that had a commanding view of the finest avenue in the world ❧ ❧

WHEN once you became a frequenter, its interesting glamour was heightened by gradually becoming acquainted with the faces of people more or less distinguished in all walks of life. In no other one place in this country or Europe could the assemblage have so obtained in its notabilia. I have seen at one time statesmen of several countries, world-wide-known actors, diplomats, literary men, critics and the best known representatives of music, art and money—for I regard the accumulation of the latter as a high and mighty art. That was during the latter Eighties, when that really great cook Alexander Filippini had charge of the kitchen, where he marshaled his forces and drilled them with Napoleonic accomplishment in the *batterie de cuisine.* I met Filippini several times then, while I was under the guidance of " Charley " Delmonico in exploring the wonderful studies of preparation. He was a personal friend of many eminent people who visited Delmonico's: John Hay, Gordon Bennett, Chauncey Depew, Cleveland, the Belmonts, Vanderbilts, Whitneys, Oelrichs, and hundreds of others known as good raconteurs and bon-vivants. Many famous dishes served at " Del's " are named after well-known frequenters. " Lobster Newberg," for instance, was named after an old gentleman by the name of Wenberg who had concocted the condimental idea; but subsequently, not caring about the notoriety, it was changed by reversing the letters of the first syllable. " Billy Deutsch Ragout " was named after the once-famous gentleman gambler who became suddenly notorious by " breaking the bank " of Monte Carlo, the first time such a thing had occurred through an American player. I knew " Billy " very well, a fascinating and extremely handsome fellow, once the manager for Mr. and Mrs. William Florence. Toward Billy's pathetic end he became consumptive, and his stomach went back on him to such an extent that he was only able to eat a little stewed beef, barely cooked a minute, which he seasoned a bit, and Delmonico served it so deliciously that many

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people called for it ❧ When Li Hung Chang made his notable visit to America he expressly desired to see Delmonico's. He left with Filippini a recipe for cooking eggs which is still in the cook's repertoire under the celebrated name of the Chinaman. Another dish that Delmonico still serves is a "Colonel O'Brien." It is an omelet with a wonderful sauce in which sausage, sherry and mushrooms figure. Another, called "Terrine of Smelts a la McK. Twombly," is simply irresistible. A lot of dishes served are gallantly named after well-known society women who are good connoisseurs: a chicken saute by Mrs. Doubleday, a grenadine of the same by Mrs. Astor, a tartine of squab by Miss Griscom, a lobster-salad by Mrs. Allen Rae, and other dishes the house has really glorified, originally suggested by Mesdames Potter, Hobart, Bigelow, Curtis, Page and Patti.

LATE one Winter's afternoon I was sitting in the old cafe on the Broadway side. The building faced also on Twenty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue. Charles Delmonico came into the room and looked about with a bored expression. I beckoned him to come over to my table. He took the seat opposite and said wearily, in answer to my question, "Yes, I am bored, tired—and hungry!"

Of course I smiled questioningly. Delmonico hungry! ❧ ❧

"You may laugh," said he; "but I tell you if you lived in a restaurant all the time and had to eat, think and sleep food, you would get that tired feeling which means loss of appetite when you seriously need something in your stomach. I should like something I could eat with the zest you fellows all seem to have. Tell me where I can go and get something different, and I 'll give you a cookie."

I said, "Did you ever eat a genuine Mexican Chicken Tamale?"

He looked at me imploringly and wistfully. "No, I never did. I tell you truly. It is a horrible truth that I, Delmonico, never ate a—what 's that you said?"

"A hot tamale: a good fat one with chicken breast in it, all rolled in chopped olives, mushrooms and paprika-sauce with Chile tomato, and covered with cornmeal spread on corn-husks, and ——"

"Say that all over again, Welch," said he. "Let me write part of it down—all that about the corn-husks; I could chew anything sounding as good as that. Let 's get Billy Deutsch, Russell Henderson, Gus Thomas and Charlie Frohman, they 're all jaded—want something new, you know.

"Why have n't I thought of corn-husks before? But, seriously, you can scarcely conceive how the food of my own kitchen now palls upon me, and I am quite well aware, don't you know, that there is none better. Of course, I am more permeated than any of my blase patrons can possibly be, yet I have had some curious things happen here, showing that whatever the degree of excellence might be in any one line of supplies, either in the gustatory delights or in mental amusement, one must have an occasional change. Home cooking is not so tiresome, for reasons many of which are truly psychological, in which the elements of personal marketing, prices, household pride, youth and zest of children around you and the domestic love that pervades all are to be largely considered in your analysis of 'the reason why.' Potter Palmer, proprietor of the Palmer House in Chicago, told me an amusing story of General Grant's arrival there on his return from his historic trip around the world. A great reception had been prepared in honor of the event. Previous to the dinner, the General buttonholed Palmer and said, 'Look here, I 'm dead hungry. I 'm almost starved. I am tired of hotel food and fixings; I want a plain home dish—I want some corn-beef and cabbage!' 'You shall have it at once,' said Palmer, and he took the General down into the basement and sat him at a clean deal table in a private room. Grant took off his heavy coat and vest, and Palmer personally brought to him a dish of steaming corn-beef and cabbage and some hot boiled potatoes in their jackets still white with the pounds of salt they had been boiled in. The General gave a great grunt of satisfaction and sat down to it exclaiming, 'Damn it, this is the first decent thing I 've had to eat in months,' and he fell to with an appetite that I 'd like to find for something this very moment."

"But what was that about the potatoes boiled in salt?" I asked.

"There is only one way to boil a potato," answered Delmonico, "if you wish to eat it that way. Tell your Bridget to put a couple of pounds of salt in the pot for half a peck, and then, if she knows her business in the rest of

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it, you will have a revelation—gracious, I believe I am wanting one now! Where 's that hot-tamale place? "

Late that night Henderson and I stopped in a Mexican restaurant on Twenty-eighth Street. Sitting at a little table in a far-off corner was Charley Delmonico, at work on his second big tamale, with a beatific expression on his handsome countenance. He was just calling for another bottle of Ehret when he spied us. " Boys, you 've saved my life; now I know where I can get something good to eat! "

ON another occasion Delmonico said to me: " There is no way of better determining the efficiency of a cuisine than by the making and service of salads. They must be absolutely true, or else you might as well close up your shop before you open it.

" It is a crime to make a salad out of rancid or counterfeit olive-oil, of course, but there are many criminals. Let me taste the table oil used at any hotel or restaurant, and I can come pretty near sizing up the fellow who runs the establishment. You have heard the story of D'Albignac of Limousin? He was a Frenchman who made his fortune in London through his skill in mixing salads. He was known as ' the fashionable salad-maker,' and traveled from house to house in his gig with a servant, who carried the tools of his trade, even to the hard-boiled eggs, and of course the oil. He had a mahogany box made for this purpose, in which he carried a stock of ingredients—soy, caviare, truffles, anchovy paste, ketchups and gravies. Finally, he had cases especially made to supply demands of various people, arranged like a medicine-chest. He accumulated a fortune and retired into his native place in France. Alexandre Dumas was also noted for his craze in salad-making (a salad for which he was famous is served here) and in general cookery, and frequently on being invited to dine at a friend's house would accept only on condition that he be permitted to cook one of the dishes. He invariably carried with him his private box of condiments. I have an erratic friend right here in New York who is a bit of a connoisseur and who poses as one, who carries in his vest-pockets miniature condiment-bottles containing such things as paprika, curry, and kitchen bouquet. He creates many surprises at a dinner-table, and let me tell you no matter how stupidly the function may start in, George generally gets it into a social festivity before it finishes. Strange, is it not, that most all great men, poets, philosophers, writers, actors and soldiers have had a strange penchant for cookery? Thackeray's love for it made the Marseilles ' bouillabaise ' famous. Sydney Smith, the great wit and bon-vivant, immortalized a winter salad by his verses. Eggs, a la Meyerbeer, speak for themselves. Napoleon's ' chicken Marengo ' is the best-known dish in the world."

SO far as names go, those were the palmy days of the Twenty-sixth Street house. When I first met Delmonico, and I was an ambitious newspaper-man just come to town, he pointed out to me one evening some twenty people known throughout the country, representing various walks of life. I made a list of them at the time. " Society " was headed by Ward McCallister, who had recently eliminated the names of hundreds of would-be " social leaders " and reduced the ranks of those really eligible for the first set in the metropolis to " four hundred." Then there was lovable " Tom " Howard, leader of the " cotillions." Among the " men about town " were Colonel Tom P. Ochiltree, noted for his tutelary perspicacity and caustic observations, Fred Gebhardt, " Jack " Miley, an Irishman out of *Tom O'Malley,* who was forever scouting any good idea reflecting New York's social life, Barton Key, with " Commodore " Charles A. Cheever, Bob Murray—the Chafing-Dish expert—Napoleon Sarony, Henry Carleton, Arthur Wallack, Charles Frohman. Sitting at one table on the occasion named were Colonel Henry Watterson, " Larry " Jerome, Steele Mackaye, " Ted " Henley and Maurice Barrymore Among the regular " actor " patrons were Osmond Tearle, Gerald Eyre, Charles Coghlan, E. H. Sothern. Of course " Del's " was a great resort for members of the Larchmont and the New York Yacht Clubs. E. G. Gerry was commodore of the former then, and sitting with him were Secretary Oddie, Russell Henderson, and Messrs. Munro and Monroe of the Larchmont In the ladies' cafe at that moment were Lilly Langtry, with Henrietta Hodgson, who eventually became Mrs. Henry Labouchere; the conspicuous Baroness Blanc, Rose Coghlan and Annie Robe. But the ladies were not all at the same table—by a good deal!

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Little Journey to the Home of Elizabeth B. Browning

Elbert Hubbard



WRITERS of biography usually begin their preachments with the rather startling statement, "The subject of this memoir was born"——Here follows a date, the name of the place and a cheerful little Mrs. Gamp anecdote: this as preliminary to "launching forth." It was the merry Andrew Lang, I believe, who filed a general protest against these machine-made biographies, pleading that it was perfectly safe to assume the man was born; and as for the time and place it mattered little. But the merry man was wrong, for Time and Place are often masters of Fate.

For myself, I rather like the good old-fashioned way of beginning at the beginning. But I will not tell where and when Elizabeth was born, for I do not know. And I am quite sure that her husband did not know. The encyclopedias waver between London and Herefordshire, just according as the writers felt in their hearts that genius should be produced in town or country. One man, with opinions well ossified on this subject, having been challenged for his statement that Mrs. Browning was born at Hope End, rushed into print in a letter to the *Gazette* with the countercheck quarrelsome to the effect, "You might as well expect throstles to build nests on Fleet Street 'buses, as for folks of genius to be born in a big city." As apology for the man's ardor I will explain that he was a believer in the Religion of the East and held that spirits choose their own time and place for materialization.

Mrs. Ritchie, authorized by Mr. Browning, declared Burn Hill, Durham, the place, and March Sixth, Eighteen Hundred Nine, the time. In reply, John H. Ingram brings forth a copy of the Tyne *Mercury* for March Fourteenth, Eighteen Hundred Nine, and points to this: "In London, the wife of Edward M. Barrett, of a daughter."

Mr. Browning then comes forward with a fact that derricks can not budge, that is, "Newspapers have ever had small regard for truth." Then he adds, "My wife was born March Sixth, Eighteen Hundred Six, at Carlton Hall, Durham, the residence of her father's brother." One might ha' thought that this would be the end on 't, but it was n't, for Mr. Ingram came out with this sharp rejoinder: "Carlton Hall was not in Durham, but in Yorkshire. And I am authoritatively informed that it did not become the residence of S. Moulton Barrett until some time after Eighteen Hundred Ten. Mr. Browning's latest suggestions in this matter can not be accepted. In Eighteen Hundred Six, Edward Barrett, not yet twenty years of age, is scarcely likely to have already been the father of the two children assigned to him." And there the matter rests. Having told this much I shall proceed to launch forth.

The earlier years of Elizabeth Barrett's life were spent at Hope End, near Ledbury, Herefordshire. I visited the place and thereby added not only one day, but several to my life, for Ali counts not the days spent in the chase. There is a description of Hope End written by an eminent clergyman, to whom I was at once attracted by his literary style. This gentleman's diction contains so much clearness, force and elegance that I can not resist quoting him verbatim: "The residentiary buildings lie on the ascent of the contiguous eminences, whose projecting parts and bending declivities, modeled by Nature, display astonishing harmoniousness. It contains an elegant profusion of wood, disposed in the most careless yet pleasing order; much of the park and its scenery is in view of the residence, from which vantage-point it presents a most agreeable appearance to the enraptured beholder." So there you have it!

Here Elizabeth Barrett lived until she was twenty. She never had a childhood—'t was dropped out of her life in some way, and a Greek grammar inlaid instead. Of her mother we know little. She is never quoted; never referred to; her wishes were so whisperingly expressed that they have not reached us. She glides, a pale shadow, across the diary pages. Her husband's will was to her supreme; his whim her conscience. We know that she was sad, often ill, that she bore eight children. She passed out seemingly unwept, unhonored and unsung, after a married existence of sixteen years.

Edward Moulton Barrett had a sort of fierce, passionate, jealous affection for his daughter Elizabeth. He set himself the task of educating her from her very babyhood. He was her constant companion, her tutor, adviser, friend. When six years old she studied Greek, and when nine made translations in verse. Mr. Barrett looked on this sort of thing with much favor, and tightened his discipline, reducing the little girl's hours for study to a system as severe as the laws of Draco. Of course, the child's health broke. From her thirteenth year she appears to us like a beautiful spirit with an astral form; or she would, did we not perceive that this beautiful form is being racked with pain. No wonder some one has asked, "Where then was the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children?"

But this brave spirit did not much complain. She had a will as strong as her father's, and felt a Spartan pride in doing all that he asked and a little more. She studied, wrote, translated, read and thought. And to spur her on and to stimulate her, Mr. Barrett published several volumes of her work—immature, pedantic work—but still it had a certain glow and gave promise of the things yet to come.

One marked event in the life of Elizabeth Barrett occurred when Hugh Stuart Boyd arrived at Hope

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End. He was a fine, sensitive soul—a poet by nature and a Greek scholar of repute. He came on Mr. Barrett's invitation to take Mr. Barrett's place as tutor. The young girl was confined to her bed through the advice of physicians; Boyd was blind.

Here at once was a bond of sympathy. No doubt this break in the monotony of her life gave fresh courage to the fair young woman. The gentle, sightless poet relaxed the severe hours of study. Instead of grim digging in musty tomes they talked: he sat by her bedside holding the thin hands (for the blind see by the sense of touch), and they talked for hours—or were silent, which served as well. Then she would read to the blind man and he would recite to her, for he had the blind Homer's memory. She grew better, and the doctors said that if she had taken her medicine regularly, and not insisted on getting up and walking about as guide for the blind man, she might have gotten entirely well.

In that fine poem, *Wine of Cyprus,* addressed to Boyd, we see how she acknowledges his goodness. There is no wine equal to the wine of friendship; and love is only friendship—plus something else. There is nothing so hygienic as friendship.

Hell is a separation, and Heaven is only a going home to our friends.

Mr. Barrett's fortune was invested in sugar-plantations in Jamaica. Through the emancipation of the blacks his fortune took to itself wings. He had to give up his splendid country home—to break the old ties. It was decided that the family should move to London. Elizabeth had again taken to her bed. The mattress on which she lay was borne down the steps by four men; one man might have carried her alone, for she weighed only eighty-five pounds, so they say.

CRABB ROBINSON, who knew everything and everybody, being very much such a man as John Kenyon, has left on record the fact that Mr. Kenyon had a face like a Benedictine monk, a wit that never lagged, a generous heart, and a tongue that ran like an Alpine cascade.

A razor with which you can not shave may have better metal in it than one with a perfect edge. One has been sharpened and the other not. And I am sure that the men who write best do not necessarily know the most; Fate has put an edge on them—that 's all.

A good kick may start a stone rolling, when otherwise it rests on the mountain-side for a generation ❧ Kenyon was one type of the men who rest on the mountain-side. He dabbled in poetry, wrote book-reviews, collected rare editions, attended first nights, spoke mysteriously of " stuff " he was working on; and sometimes confidentially told his lady friends of his intention to bring it out when he had gotten it into shape, asking their advice as to bindings, etc. ❧ This kind of men rarely bring out their stuff, for the reason that they never get it into shape. When they refer to the novel they have on the stocks, they refer to a novel they intend to write. It is yet in the ink-bottle. And there it remains—all for the want of one good kick—but perhaps it 's just as well.

Yet these friendly beings are very useful members of society. They are brighter companions and better talkers than the men who exhaust themselves in creative work and at odd times favor their friends with choice samples of literary irritability. John Kenyon wrote a few bright little things, but his best work was in the encouragement he gave others. He sought out all literary lions and tamed them with his steady glance. They liked his prattle and good-cheer, and he liked them for many reasons—one of which was because he could go away and tell how he advised them about this, that and the other. Then he fed them, too.

And so unrivaled was Kenyon in this line that he won for himself the title of " The Feeder of Lions." Now, John Kenyon—rich, idle, bookish and generous—saw in the magazines certain fine little poems by one Elizabeth Barrett. He also ascertained that she had published several books. Mr. Kenyon bought one of these volumes and sent it by a messenger with a little note to Miss Barrett telling how much he had enjoyed it, and craved that she would inscribe her name and his on the fly-leaf and return by bearer. Of course she complied with such a modest request so gracefully expressed; these things are balm to poets' souls. Next, Mr. Kenyon called to thank Miss Barrett for the autograph. Soon after, he wrote to inform her of a startling fact that he had just discovered: they were kinsmen, cousins or something—a little removed, but cousins still. In a few weeks they wrote back and forth beginning thus: Dear Cousin.

And I am glad of this cousinly arrangement between lonely young people. They grasp at it; and it gives an excuse for a bit of closer relationship than could otherwise exist with propriety. Goodness me! is he not my cousin? Of course he may call as often as he chooses. It is his right.

But let me explain here that at this time Mr. Kenyon was not so very young—that is, he was not absurdly young: he was fifty. But men who really love books always have young hearts. Kenyon's father left him a fortune, no troubles had ever come his way, and his was not the temperament that searches them out. He looked young, acted young, felt young.

No doubt John Kenyon sincerely admired Elizabeth Barrett, and prized her work. And while she read his mind a deal more understandingly than he did her poems, she was grateful for his kindly attention and well-meant praise. He set about to get her poems into better magazines and to find better publishers for her work. He was not a gifted poet himself, but to dance attendance on one afforded a gratification to his artistic impulse. He could not write sublime verse himself, but he could tell others how. So Miss Barrett showed her poems to Mr. Kenyon, and Mr. Kenyon advised that the P's be made bolder and the tails of the Q's be lengthened. He also bought her a new kind of manuscript paper, over which a quill pen would glide with glee: it was the kind Byron used. Best of all, Mr. Kenyon brought his friends to call on Miss Barrett; and many of these were men with good literary instincts ❧ The meeting with these strong minds was no doubt a great help to the little lady, shut up in a big house and living largely in dreams.

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Mary Russell Mitford was in London about this time on a little visit, and of course was sought out by John Kenyon, who took her sightseeing. She was fifty years old, too: she spoke of herself as an old maid, but did n't allow others to do so. Friends always spoke of her as "Little Miss Mitford," not because she was little, but because she acted so. Among other beautiful sights that Mr. Kenyon wished to show gushing little Mary Mitford was a Miss Barrett who wrote things. So together they called on Miss Barrett.

¶ Little Miss Mitford looked at the pale face in its frame of dark curls, lying back among the pillows. Little Miss Mitford bowed and said it was a fine day; then she went right over and kissed Miss Barrett, and these two women held each other's hands and talked until Mr. Kenyon twisted nervously and hinted that it was time to go.

Miss Barrett had not been out for two months, but now these two insisted that she should go with them. The carriage was at the door, they would support her very tenderly, Mr. Kenyon himself would drive—so there could be no accidents and they would bring her back the moment she was tired. So they went, did these three, and as Mr. Kenyon himself drove there were no accidents.

I can imagine that James the coachman gave up the reins that day with only an inward protest, and after looking down and smiling reassurance Mr. Kenyon drove slowly towards the Park; little Miss Mitford forgot her promise not to talk incessantly; and the "dainty, white-porcelain lady" brushed back the raven curls from time to time and nodded indulgently.

¶ Not long ago I called at Number Seventy-four Gloucester Place, where the Barretts lived. It is a plain, solid brick house, built just like the ten thousand other brick houses in London where well-to-do tradesmen live. The people who now occupy the house never heard of the Barretts, and surely do not belong to a Browning Club. I was told that if I wanted to know anything about the place I should apply to the "Agent," whose name is 'Opkins and whose office is in Clifford Court, off Fleet Street. The house probably has not changed in any degree in these fifty years, since little Miss Mitford on one side and Mr. Kenyon on the other, tenderly helped Miss Barrett down the steps and into the carriage.

I lingered about Gloucester Place for an hour, but finding that I was being furtively shadowed by various servants, and discovering further that a policeman had been summoned to look after my case, I moved on.

That night after the ride, Miss Mitford wrote a letter home and among other things she said: "I called today at a Mr. Barrett's. The eldest daughter is about twenty-five. She has some spinal affection, but she is a charming, sweet young woman who reads Greek as I do French. She has published some translations from Aeschylus and some striking poems. She is a delightful creature, shy, timid, and modest."

¶ The next day Mr. Kenyon gave a little dinner in honor of Miss Mitford, who was the author of a great book called *Our Village*. That night when Miss Mitford wrote her usual letter to the folks down in the country, telling how she was getting along, she described this dinner-party. She says: "Wordsworth was there—an adorable old man. Then there was Walter Savage Landor, too, as splendid a person as Mr. Kenyon himself, but not so full of sweetness and sympathy. But best of all, the charming Miss Barrett, who translated the most difficult of the Greek plays, *Prometheus Bound*. She has written most exquisite poems, too, in almost every modern style. She is so sweet and gentle, and so pretty that one looks at her as if she were some bright flower." Then in another letter Miss Mitford adds: "She is of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face; large tender eyes, richly fringed by dark lashes; a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend that she was really the translator of Aeschylus and the author of the *Essay on Mind.*"

When Miss Mitford went back home, she wrote Miss Barrett a letter 'most every day. She addresses her as "My Sweet Love," "My Dearest Sweet," and "My Sweetest Dear." She declares her to be the gentlest, strongest, sanest, noblest and most spiritual of all living persons. And moreover she wrote these things to others and published them in reviews. She gave Elizabeth much good advice and some not so good. Among other things she says: "Your one fault, my dear, is obscurity. You must be simple and plain. Think of the stupidest person of your acquaintance, and when you have made your words so clear that you are sure he will understand, you may venture to hope it will be understood by others." ❧ I hardly think that this advice caused Miss Barrett to bring her lines down to the level of the stupidest person she knew. She continued to write just as she chose. Yet she was grateful for Miss Mitford's glowing friendship, and all the pretty gush was accepted, although perhaps with good large pinches of the Syracuse product.

Of course there are foolish people who assume that gushing women are shallow, but this is jumping at conclusions. A recent novel gives us a picture of "a tall soldier," who, in camp, was very full of brag and bluster. We are quite sure that when the fight comes on this man with the lubricated tongue will prove an arrant coward; we assume that he will run at the first smell of smoke. But we are wrong—he stuck; and when the flag was carried down in the rush, he rescued it and bore it bravely so far to the front that when he came back he brought another—the tawdry, red flag of the enemy!

I slip this in here just to warn hasty folk against the assumption that talkative people are necessarily vacant-minded. Man has a many-sided nature, and like the moon, reveals only certain phases at certain times. And as there is one side of the moon that is never revealed at all to dwellers on the planet Earth, so mortals may unconsciously conceal certain phases of soul-stuff from each other.

Miss Barrett seems to have written more letters and longer ones to Miss Mitford than to any of her other correspondents, save one. Yet she was aware of this

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rather indiscreet woman's limitations and wrote down to her understanding.

To Richard H. Horne she wrote freely and at her intellectual best. With this all-round, gifted man she kept up a correspondence for many years; and her letters now published in two stout volumes afford a literary history of the time. At the risk of being accused of lack of taste, I wish to say that these letters of Miss Barrett's are a deal more interesting to me than any of her longer poems. They reveal the many-sided qualities of the writer, and show the workings of her mind in various moods. Poetry is such an exacting form that it never allows the author to appear in dressing-gown and slippers; neither can he call over the back fence to his neighbor without loss of dignity.

Horne was author, editor and publisher. His middle name was Henry, but following that peculiar penchant of the ink-stained fraternity to play flimflam with their names, he changed the Henry to Hengist; so we now see it writ thus: R. Hengist Horne.

He found a market for Miss Barrett's wares. More properly, he insisted that she should write certain things to fit certain publications in which he was interested. They collaborated in writing several books. They met very seldom, and their correspondence has a fine friendly flavor about it, tempered with a disinterestedness that is unique. They encourage each other, criticize each other. They rail at each other in witty quips and quirks, and at times the air is so full of gibes that it looks as if a quarrel were appearing on the horizon—no bigger than a man's hand—but the storm always passes in a gentle shower of refreshing compliments.

Meantime, dodging in and out, we see the handsome, gracious and kindly John Kenyon.

Much of the time Miss Barrett lived in a darkened room, seeing no one but her nurse, the physician and her father. Fortune had smiled again on Edward Barrett—a legacy had come his way, and although he no longer owned the black men in Jamaica, yet they were again working for him. Sugar-cane mills ground slow, but small.

The brilliant daughter had blossomed in intellect until she was beyond her teacher. She was so far ahead that he called to her to wait for him. He could read Greek; she could compose in it. But she preferred her native tongue, as every scholar should. Now, Mr. Barrett was jealous of the fame of his daughter. The passion of father for daughter, of mother for son—there is often something very lover-like in it—a deal of whimsy! Miss Barrett's darkened room had been illumined by a light that the gruff and goodly merchant wist not of. Loneliness and solitude and physical pain and heart-hunger had taught her things that no book recorded nor tutor knew. Her father could not follow her; her allusions were obscure, he said, wilfully obscure; she was growing perverse ❧ ❧

Love is a pain at times. To ease the hurt the lover would hurt the beloved. He badgers her, pinches her, provokes her. One step more and he may kill her. ¶ Edward Barrett's daughter, she of the raven curls and gentle ways, was reaching a point where her father's love was not her life. A good way to drive love away is to be jealous. He had seen it coming years before; he brooded over it; the calamity was upon him. Her fame was growing: some one called her the Shakespeare of women. First, her books had been published at her father's expense; next, editors were willing to run their own risks, and now messengers with bank-notes waited at the door and begged to exchange the bank-notes for manuscript. John Kenyon said, "I told you so," but Edward Barrett scowled. He accused her foolishly; he attempted to dictate to her—she must use this ink or that. Why? Because he said so. He quarreled with her to ease the love-hurt smarting in his heart.

Poor, little, pale-faced poet! Earthly success has nothing left for thee! Thy thoughts, too great for speech, fall on dull ears. Even thy father, for whom thou first took up pen, doth not understand thee; and a mother's love thou hast never known. And fame without love—how barren! Heaven is thy home. Let slip thy thin, white hands on the thread of life and glide gently out at ebb of tide—out into the unknown. It can not but be better than this—God understands! Compose thy troubled spirit, give up thy vain hopes. See! thy youth is past, little woman; look closely! there are gray hairs in thy locks, thy face is marked with lines of care, and have I not seen signs of winter in thy veins? Earth holds naught for thee. Come, take thy pen and write, just a last good-by, a tender farewell, such as thou alone canst say. Then fold thy thin hands, and make peace with all by passing out and away, out and away—God understands!

ELIZABETH BARRETT was thirty-seven, and Miss Mitford, up to London from the country for a couple of days, wrote home that she had lost her winsome beauty.

John Kenyon had turned well into sixty, but he carried his years in a jaunty way. He wore a moss-rose bud in the lapel of his well-fitting coat. His linen was immaculate, and the only change people saw in him was that he wore spectacles in place of a monocle. ¶ The physicians allowed Mr. Kenyon to visit the darkened room whenever he chose, for he never stayed so very long, neither was he ever the bearer of bad news.

Did the greatest poetess of the age (temporarily slightly indisposed) know one Browning—Robert Browning, a writer of verse? Why, no; she had never met him, but of course she knew of him, and had read everything he had written. He had sent her one of his books once. He was surely a man of brilliant parts—so strong and farseeing! He lives in Italy, with the monks, they say. What a pity the English people do not better appreciate him!

"But he may succeed yet," said Mr. Kenyon. "He is not old."

"Oh, of course, such genius must some day be recognized. But he may be gone then—how old did you say he was?"

Mr. Kenyon had not said; but he now explained that Mr. Browning was thirty-four, that is to say, just the

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age of himself, ahem! Furthermore, Mr. Browning did not live in Italy—that is, not now, for at that present moment he was in London. In fact, Mr. Kenyon had lunched with him an hour before. They had talked of Miss Barrett (for who else was there among women worth talking of!) and Mr. Browning had expressed a wish to see her. Mr. Kenyon had expressed a wish that Mr. Browning should see her, and now if Miss Barrett would express a wish that Mr. Browning should call and see her, why, Mr. Kenyon would fetch him—doctors or no doctors ❧ And he fetched him.

And I 'm glad, are n't you?

Now Robert Browning was not at all of the typical poet type. In stature, he was rather short; his frame was compact and muscular. In his youth, he had been a wrestler—carrying away laurels of a different sort from those which he was to wear later. His features were inclined to be heavy; in repose his face was dull, and there was no fire in his glance. He wore loose-fitting, plain, gray clothes, a slouch-hat and thick-soled shoes. At first look you would have said he was a well-fed, well-to-do country squire. On closer acquaintance you would have been impressed with his dignity, his perfect poise and his fine reserve. And did you come to know him well enough you would have seen that beneath that seemingly phlegmatic outside there was a spiritual nature so sensitive and tender that it responded to all the finer thrills that play across the souls of men. Yet if there ever was a man who did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, it was Robert Browning. He was clean, wholesome, manly, healthy, inside and out. He was master of self.

Of course, the gentle reader is sure that the next act will show a tender love-scene. And were I dealing with the lives of Peter Smith and Martha the milk-maid, the gentle reader might be right.

But the love of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett is an instance of the Divine Passion. Take off thy shoes, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground! This man and woman had gotten well beyond the first flush of youth; there was a joining of intellect and soul which approaches the ideal. I can not imagine anything so preposterous as a "proposal" passing between them; I can not conceive a condition of hesitancy and timidity leading up to a dam-bursting "avowal." They met, looked into each other's eyes, and each there read his fate: no coyness, no affectation, no fencing—they loved. Each at once felt a heart-rest in the other. Each had at last found the other self.

That exquisite series of poems, *Sonnets From the Portuguese,* written by Elizabeth Barrett before her marriage and presented to her husband afterward, was all told to him over and over by the look from her eyes, the pressure of her hands, and in gentle words (or silence) that knew neither shame nor embarrassment ❧ ❧

And now it seems to me that somewhere in these pages I said that friendship was essentially hygienic. I wish to make that remark again, and to put it in italics. The Divine Passion implies the most exalted form of friendship that man can imagine. ¶ Elizabeth Barrett ran up the shades and flung open the shutters. The sunlight came dancing through the apartment, flooding each dark corner and driving out all the shadows that lurked therein. It was no longer a darkened room.

The doctor was indignant; the nurse resigned. Miss Mitford wrote back to the country that Miss Barrett was "really looking better than she had for years." As for poor Edward Moulton Barrett—he raved. He tried to quarrel with Robert Browning, and had there been only a callow youth with whom to deal, Browning would simply have been kicked down the steps, and that would have been an end of it. But Browning had an even pulse, a calm eye and a temper that was imperturbable. His will was quite as strong as Mr. Barrett's ❧ ❧

And so it was just a plain runaway match—the ideal thing after all. One day when the father was out of the way they took a cab to Marylebone Parish Church and were married. The bride went home alone, and it was a week before her husband saw her; because he would not be a hypocrite and go ask for her by her maiden name. And had he gone, rung the bell and asked to see Elizabeth Barrett Browning, no one would have known whom he wanted. At the end of the week, the bride stole down the steps alone, leading her dog Flush by a string, and met her lover-husband on the corner. Next day, they wrote back from Calais, asking forgiveness and craving blessings, after the good old custom of Gretna Green. But Edward Moulton Barrett did not forgive—still, who cares! ❧ Yet we do care, too, for we regret that this man, so strong and manly in many ways, could not be reconciled to this exalted love. Old men who nurse wrath are pitiable sights. Why could not Mr. Barrett have followed the example of John Kenyon?

Kenyon commands both our sympathy and admiration. When the news came to him that Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were gone, it is said that he sobbed like a youth to whom has come a great, strange sorrow. For months he was not known to smile, yet after a year he visited the happy home in Florence. When John Kenyon died he left by his will fifty thousand dollars "to my beloved and loving friends, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, his wife." ❧ ❧

The old-time novelists always left their couples at the church-door. It was not safe to follow further—they wished to make a pleasant story. It seems meet to take our leave of the bride and groom at the church: life often ends there. However, it sometimes is the place where life really begins. It was so with Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning—they had merely existed before; now, they began to live.

Much, very much has been written concerning this ideal mating, and of the life of Mr. and Mrs. Browning in Italy. But why should I write of the things of which George William Curtis, Kate Field, Anthony Trollope and James T. Fields have written? No, we will leave the happy pair at the altar, in Marylebone Parish Church, and while the organ peals the wedding-march we will tiptoe softly out.

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Sonnet From the Portuguese

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Can it be right to give what I can give?
To let thee sit beneath the fall of tears
As salt as mine, and hear the sighing years
Re-sighing on my lips renunciative
Through these infrequent smiles which fail to live
For all thy adjurations? O my fears,
That this can scarce be right! We are not peers,
So to be lovers; and I own, and grieve,
That givers of such gifts as mine are, must
Be counted with the ungenerous. Out, alas!
I will not soil thy purple with my dust,
Nor breathe my poison on thy Venice-glass,
Nor give thee any love—which were unjust.
Beloved, I only love thee! let it pass.

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Assists, Assaults and Ali-Bi's

—ALI BABA, Censor.



Letters on The Fra From Far-Away Friends!

I must congratulate you on the excellent magazine you are putting out. It is certainly superior reading.
Moose Jaw, Sask., Canada. *H. C. Atack.*

You are to be congratulated on keeping *The Fra* up to its high standard of excellence.
Freshfields Taupiri, Waikata, North Island, N. Z. *Mrs. Minnie Matheson.*

The new *Fra* impressed me the same as the New York Hippodrome did on my first visit. It was too good and there was too much for a quarter.
Brock, Sask., Canada *A. J. Wolff.*

The Fra is without doubt the greatest value for the money yet published. Long live *The Fra!*
Roland, Man., Canada. *C. S. Jones.*

In the new *Fra* the mass of the reading seems to be more compact, and I think that readers will appreciate this. I hope that the illustrations, too, will be a permanent feature. The portrait and group views in the August number make me feel like a "long-distance Roycrofter," that I know you all intimately, and not the least of these is the rugged mug of "Ali Baba."
Labor Member of Parliament, 23 Alpha Road, Parnell, Auckland, N. Z. *John Payne.*

I tell you this: to read your *Fra* makes me forget trivial troubles, feel better toward my fellow creatures, makes me love my work, enjoy my leisure, and wake up each morning with the feeling that Life is worth living. I have nothing large enough to measure the amount of pleasure and good that has come to me through reading *The Fra* of The Roycrofters.
Westport, New Zealand. *Isabel M. McNee.*

I beg to remark that *The Fra* is the finest all-around publication issued and same is an inspiration at our home.
Strathmore, Alta, Canada. *Theodore Schulte.*

You have had a big job given to you. To follow a genius and especially one of your father's caliber is almost the impossible; but you have the game in hand.
Glasgow, Scotland. *Alec. P. Somerville.*

The new *Fra* is fine. I have discussed it with many of your readers in England, and they all agree that *The Fra* of today is better than ever.
Director, "The Advertising World," Kingsway, London, W. C. *H. Val Fisher.*

Your "Felicitations" were good. I appreciated them very much, commencing with "Not since the world," etc. What a pity that Mr. Shay is Irish!??? Still I love the Irish people for their wit, bravery and nobility of heart. An Irishman and a German, did you ever notice that they will work together? Did you ever notice that an Englishman and an Irishman—"No"? At heart, all Irishmen all thank Germany for licking "Hengland" and throw their caps up in the air every time another trench is won. I believe Irish sympathy is with Germany.
Borongan, Samar, P. I. *A. F. Kunz.*

"Friends of the Devil," "Bogus Americans," "Poverty," and "Hillis Confesses" were delicious. *The Fra* is fortunate in its Editor.
20 Broodfield Ave., Leeds, Eng. *Spencer T. James.*

Delighted with the new *Fra*. Glad to know through this Magazine and his writing Elbert Hubbard lives.
Kenova, Ont., Canada. *Joseph Chamberlain.*

The new *Fra* just received in England announces that Mr. Shay is the new Editor. Felix Shay has all the attributes essential to taking Elbert Hubbard's place. He is a forceful writer, has a decidedly individualistic point of view, and is one of the best speakers I have ever listened to. About three years ago he came to England. Those who had the privilege of hearing him at the Thirty Club expressed themselves as having heard one of the best American orators that so far had visited this country.

Felix Shay is a man of extraordinary vitality. He electrifies his audience. He concentrates his thoughts into sentences of dynamic force. I have never heard a speaker receive quite so much applause as Mr. Shay did on that night at the Thirty Club Meeting.

He is one of the leading lights in American journalism. I am sure that Elbert Hubbard II and The Roycrofters made no mistake when they picked Mr. Shay for the colossal job of filling Elbert Hubbard's shoes, and that he will do it better than any other man I know of there is no question.
London, England. *Higham's Magazine.*

Anent the new *Fra*, put me on your monthly "Who's Who" as saying that with all due reverence to the departed I think the new Magazine contains more of the mental white corpuscles than it ever had. I'm strong for it.
Honolulu, Hawaii. *R. E. Lambert.*

The new *Fra* is making a strong play for survival and will make good. Not as strong yet as its forbear, whose pilot was a strong hand with a master mind to direct its course; but the new in due time and place may and can even exceed the old. Does not the New always become greater than the Old?
Edmonton, Alta, Canada. *R. C. Ghostley, D. O.*

The Fra is better than ever, and I like him in his short sleeves and overalls. He is the only magazine I know of that does not suffer by being taken out into the sunshine. Whether I share him with my best friend, or take him for long tramps across the sunlit prairie, or enjoy his society in odd moments, he is always sincere and true, and refreshing as a prairie wind.
Gilpin, Alta, Canada. *Laura Thorsmark.*

I think the new *Fra* so good that I am renewing my subscription, which lapsed some time ago. That's the best thing I can say for it, is it not?
Gen. Mgr. Sheldon School of Business Science, Markham's Buildings, Cape Town, S.A. *W. G. Fern.*

There can be only one opinion on the subject of the new *Fra*, and with all due reverence to your Pater we confess that the new number appeals to us as a more artistic production. I wonder when my next subscription is due? Will you let me know? Thanks!
Brister & Co., Box 1811, Johannesburg, S. A. *E. R. Martin.*

The Fra is classy and good. It is different from all the other publications as Alaskans are different from all other people. For this reason we have a brotherly feeling for it.
Gen. Agt., White Pass and Yukon Route, Fairbanks, Alaska. *J. W. Fairborn.*

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Your new *Fra* is fine, but neither I nor any one else I have shown it to likes the brown-paper cover so well as the old style, and we do not like your "sans" type heading either.

The old typography was best—ever a thing of beauty. But the "stuff" even lightens up the horrific darkness of our present London evening. Felix is fine. So are the advertisements.

Chelsea, London. *Harrington Edwards.*

Your skit, "A Raise in Pay," is worth many times *The Fra* subscription-price.

It gets to one, has the punch, establishes the pedagogic "point of contact."

To you and to your "punch" we one and all raise our hats.

Publishers and Manufacturers, *John Cottam.*
London, Canada.

My opinion of *The Fra* is emphasized by sending enclosed subscription and trust to renew it for many months if it keeps up to the standard of excellence it now has. It is the best gotten-up, best written, and most progressive magazine I have come across. It is a credit to all concerned and to the U. S. A.

41 Judge Street, *Sidney H. Wickerson.*
East Sidney, N. S. W., Australia.

I have followed Elbert Hubbard, his original writing and his beautiful work, and I think the world has been a bit smaller through his going away.

The Philistine has given me much pleasure. Therefore, I am sorry that this only magazine of its kind in the world has gone. Alas! it must be so. You are right. No one could have continued this work.

Are you going to engrave a medallion of your late Father as a token of remembrance to us Immortals? I enclose a subscription-blank and am sending $2 money-order. Hoping that you will succeed in following the great Elbert Hubbard, I am an old friend of The Roycrofters.

Goteborg, Sweden. *Wald Zachrissons.*

I did n't know until my return that dear old Elbert Hubbard and his wife had gone down. It was a tremendous shock. An American told me on board the *Kildonan Castle* as we were coming into Table Bay. Then I thought of all the inspiration and help which I had received from *The Fra* and I felt that it was all over. The new *Fra* has convinced me that I was wrong. I know now that Elbert Hubbard has laid the foundations, broad and deep, of a work that will go on.

60 St. George St., Cape Town, S. A. *W. H. Terry.*

Enclosed find remittance for $2 for renewal subscription to *The Fra* dating from October. I feel that I can not miss a copy of this publication; I enjoy the method in which the different subjects are handled.

137 Kingsway, Winnipeg, Man., *N. T. MacMillan.*
Canada.

Am enclosing check and marked subscription-blank for another year of *The Fra*. In passing would say that I know of no other paper that gives me the feeling of time not wasted, and it is about the only one I read from cover to cover.

Toronto, Canada. *J. E. Tankard.*

You ask for opinions of the new *Fra*. I am delighted with it, and when I tore the wrapper off the first issue and saw the old familiar butcher-paper cover I started right off with a very friendly feeling toward the new paper. The Philistinish look of the new *Fra* cover struck me as an excellent means of insuring it a welcome reception from those who regret the loss of the little Magazine.

Wanganui, New Zealand. *John D. Anderson.*

I should like to take this opportunity of congratulating you upon your paper. It seems to me to represent all that is best of the American spirit. I trust that it will never lose any of its vigor in exposing all that is insincere and upholding all that stands for genuine progress.

104 High Holborn *Harold J. Lloyd.*
London, W. C.

I should like very much to be able to write just as I feel after reading your article on Edith Cavell. For some time I have missed the "punch" Elbert Hubbard was wont to give Kaiserism in almost every issue from East Aurora since the outbreak of the Great War. In fact, I had figured out that you were probably so anti-Brit sh that you did n't feel called on to attack an enemy of Britain.

37 Riverview Ave., London, Ont., *C. G. Froggert.*
Canada.

Without in any way disparaging the eminent editor who has passed away, my opinion is that the new *Fra* is quite up to the quality of its predecessor, and if it continues on its present level your readers will have no cause to shy bricks at you.

I enclose a post-office order in payment of the cost and postage of the blessings asked for.

Wangainui, New Zealand. *A. W. Wigzell.*

I am greatly interested in the new *Fra* and read it monthly from A to Z. Your Editor is going strong, and is undoubtedly in Class A. More power and still greater success to him. With Bert Hubbard I am delighted. He writes so that we can not but read, and is proving himself a "chip off the old block." My two boys aged seven and ten will enjoy his "Little Journeys Camp" tonight before they sleep. It is my little surprise for today, and well I know will it be appreciated.

Shandwick Place, *Alexander Wilkie.*
Edinburgh, Scotland.

I find *The Fra* most interesting. In fact, I could not do without it. I thought when your father died, the interest would have gone, but you seem to keep it up to its previous high standard. I offer you my heartiest congratulations. Of all the magazines I read, it is by far and away the most interesting indeed. I wish it could be made a weekly instead of a monthly, as I look forward almost with impatience to its arrival.

34 Lower Abbey St., Dublin, Ireland. *J. C. Percy.*

GERMAN LETTERS

Gustav Cheeseswimmer
Imperial Brewery, Munich, Germany

Your *Fra* is against der Kaiser and Gott. You do not understand! You are a fool, Germany has Von der War. Germany is All-All. Remove my name — etc.

Adolph Sauerheimer
23 Scrapple St., Berlin, Germany

You iss a Liar, a Tief, und an Englisher — Cancel my *Fra* Subscription at vonce.

Herr Von Vilyum Von Gassucker
Chemist, Hamburg, Germany

Vait, vait, I say. Vait 'till ve vipe oudt dose Allies. Den you ve vill get — Go on talk mit you mout — but vait. Your *Fra* is not American — it is not patriotic — it is not — — but vait!

Delivery of these German letters has been delayed by the English Fleet — But the text as anticipated is 99 44-100% pure.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

In April, 1916, the size of THE FRA will be reduced a wee bit to make it easier for the Reader to handle; and the Cover-Paper will be changed! Though we put the suggestion into operation, the suggestion primarily came from FRA Subscribers. We were influenced by a Two-thirds Volunteer Vote!

Now then, this month of March we want some more Constructive Criticism. Usually when a Publication asks for Criticism, it means a Compliment! Not us! We would appreciate it to have every subscriber to THE FRA who has not yet written us, give a frank opinion. If it is complimentary, it will have additional value. If it is critical, it will receive courteous consideration. Will you help us to give you an IMPROVED FRA?

THE ROYCROFTERS

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Could You Use More Personal Energy?

Could You in Your Daily Life Use From Thirty to Fifty Per-cent More Energy and Greater Recuperative Power, Greater Vitality, a Keener Mind, a Stronger Heart and a Thoroughly Balanced Nervous System—a Greater Realization of Life? Could You, in Other Words, Make Profitable Use of Greater Energy?

Have you derived that satisfaction in living which a thoroughly virile, energetic and keen organism makes posssible? Are you interested in increasing your powers of living, in making your life unusually long, pleasurable and successful, free of all inefficiencies and infirmities?

Not Self-Abnegation But Self-Assertion — Self-Evolution

What one man calls prosperity, another man calls poverty. It all depends upon the standard of living. What one man calls virility and energy, another man calls weakness and stagnation. What one man calls perfect health, another man would regard as inferior physiological efficiency.

You no doubt would be surprised to learn that you are but half alive, and that you have missed the best part of your existence through remaining satisfied with and clinging to inferior health, inferior vitality and inferior energy. Thousands of individuals have learned by demonstration that they, in reality were living inferior lives, even though they regarded themselves in good health and vitality.

My book will enable you to determine for yourself whether or not you are unconsciously leading an inferior life. It tells how to improve your every capacity.

Energy Is the Foundation of Life, Health and Success.

Energetic people are fruitful people. They are the people who produce art, literature and wealth, in a million forms. They create farms, factories, mines, banks, parks, schools and buildings that scrape the sky. They produce the industries of the world. They have inspiration, intuition, sense, judgment, ambition, initiative, the will to do and the compelling qualities. They are the ruling people. I offer you the opportunity to be one of them.

Men and women of all ages and conditions profit through Conscious Evolution.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA
1916 Aeolian Building,
New York City, N. Y.

It is futile to describe the Swoboda kind of health and energy by words. You must experience for yourself to appreciate it, and at the same time, to realize in what way you are living an inferior life.

What Others Have to Say

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your System to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude, I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"I never felt so well before in my life."

"I have searched for just this kind of a System and physical improvement for three years. I am a blacksmith, but your System gives me results which my work and exercise cannot equal. I enclose my check with pleasure."

"I feel ashamed that I hesitated so long to give your System a trial; now I wonder why everyone does not take it. I am 73 years old, but your System is making a young man of me."

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your System too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your System highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your System developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your System is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your System too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

I Have At Least 50,000 Similar Testimonials

MY NEW COPYRIGHTED BOOK IS FREE. It explains the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and the human body as it has never been explained before. It will startle, educate, and enlighten you.

My book explains my new theory of the mind and body. It tells, in a highly interesting and simple manner, just what, no doubt, you, as an intelligent being, have always wanted to know about yourself.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of the natural laws to your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It also explains the dangers and after-effects of exercise and of excessively deep breathing.

Write today for my Free Book and full particulars before it slips your mind.

You owe it to yourself at least to learn the full facts concerning the Swoboda System of conscious evolution for men and women.

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Judge

The Happy Medium

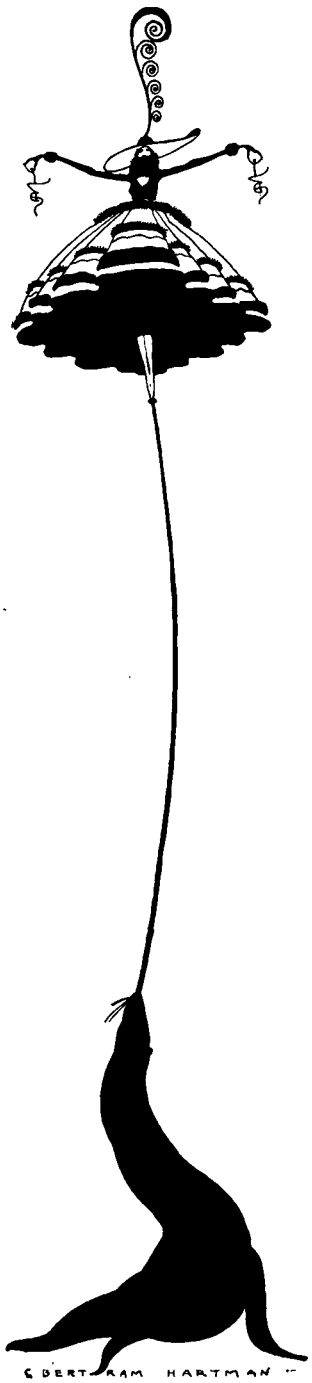
BREVITY may give Wit a soul, but it takes Quotation to make it immortal.

From San Francisco to Amsterdam the exchange columns quote Judge as the "happy medium" of expression for representative American humor.

Notice the clippings you read and you'll see "Judge" everywhere. If reading Judge *quoted* doesn't convince you of its superiority we suggest:

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One dollar brings you three months of Judge—to make you acquainted—which means thirteen jolly week ends, also thirteen frame-worthy color covers by America's best illustrators.



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FRA March — No subscription renewed at the one dollar rate.

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I FEEL in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down: the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky ❧ The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years ❧ The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple ❧ It is a fairy-tale, and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, "I have finished my day's work," but I can not say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn.—*Victor Hugo*.

❧

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A Remarkable Souvenir of the War

Boardman Robinson's Passport



BOARDMAN ROBINSON is ranked among America's foremost artists. At 21 he went to Paris where he lived the life of a poor student for two years, drawing and studying without relaxation. Coming to New York in 1904, with no money, he became an employee of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. This work gave him the wonderful breadth of vision and the warm and human sympathy which led to his selection by Metropolitan Magazine as the artist to accompany John Reed and picture to Metropolitan readers the terrible conditions that the war has inflicted upon the people of Europe.

An exact reproduction of the original passport and the envelope containing it

A silent story of the struggles of this great artist with frontier functionaries in his long and danger-fraught journey from New York to Petrograd and back by way of the Balkans and Italy for the Metropolitan.

You can clearly distinguish the signatures of some thirty odd diplomatic consular and military officials.

Size — 28 1-2 by 11 Inches

Few of the thousands of people, who have been reading John Reed's remarkable articles and have been enjoying Boardman Robinson's illustrations, realize the dangers that these two men have gone through to secure the first-hand information they have given Metropolitan readers. Boardman Robinson's passport gives you this story which both Reed and Robinson are reluctant to tell. By examining the passport closely you can follow Boardman Robinson through his entire journey from New York to Petrograd and back again by way of all the Balkan countries and Italy.

We have made an exact reproduction of this remarkable document. It is 28½ by 11 inches and is enclosed in an exact reproduction of the envelope in which Boardman Robinson carried it. It is hardly possible to conceive a souvenir of the great European War so remarkable as this one. It is a souvenir your friends will want to see—a souvenir that you can be proud to own.

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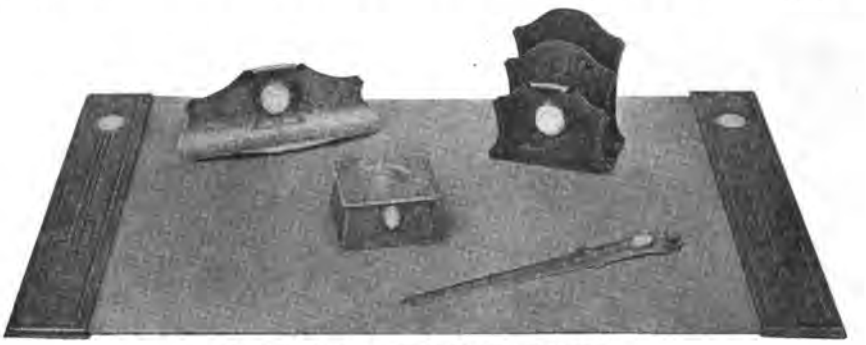
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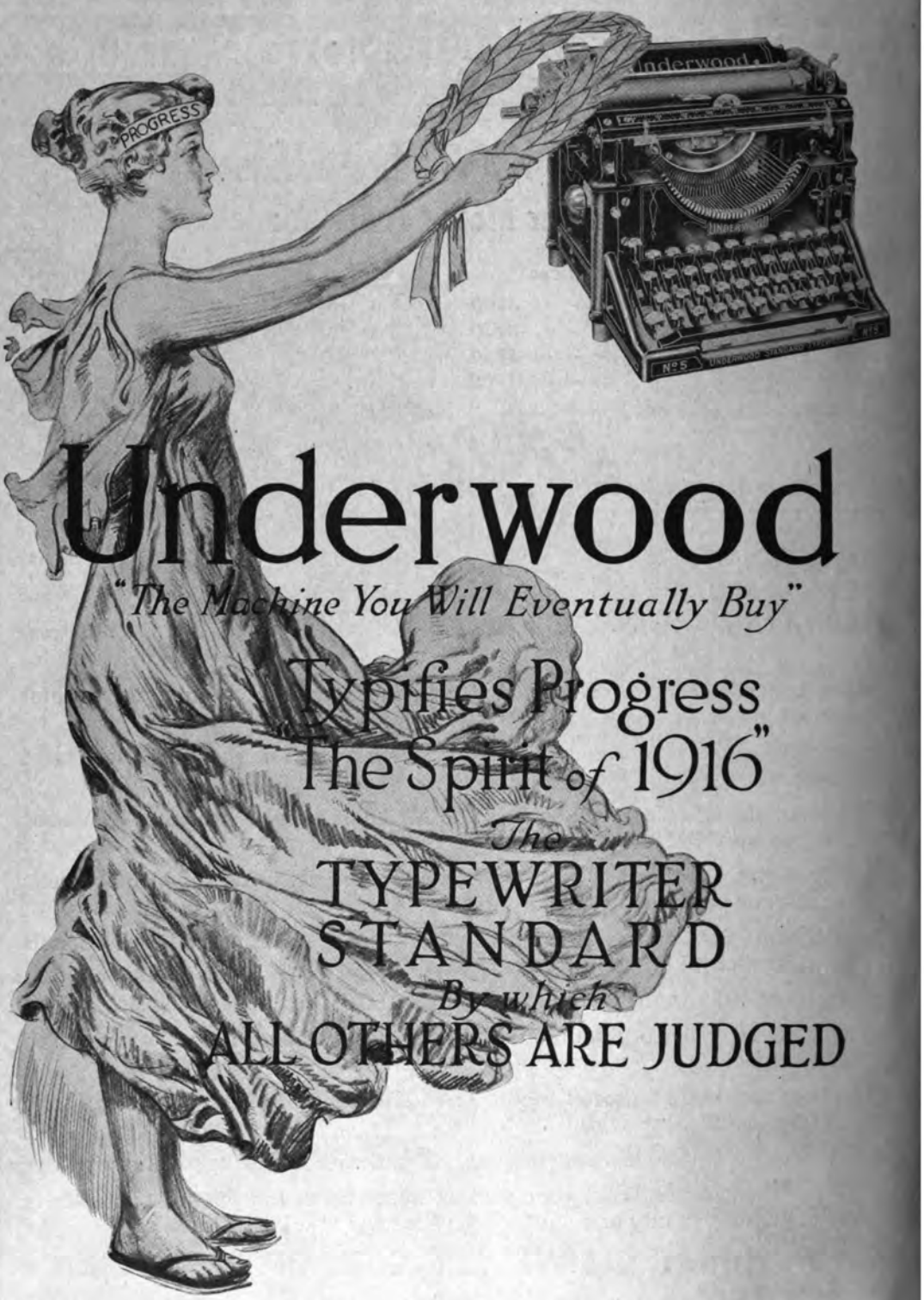
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IT requires two to make a home. The first home was made when a woman, cradling in her loving arms a baby & & crooned a lullaby. All the tender sentimentality we throw around a place is the result of the sacred thought that we live there with some one else. It is our home. The home is a tryst—the place where we retire and shut the world out. Lovers make a home, just as birds make a nest, and unless a man knows the spell of the divine passion I can hardly see how he can have a home at all; for of all blessings no gift equals the gentle, trusting, loving companionship of a good woman.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

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IDEAS are born; they have their infancy, their youth—their time of stress and struggle—they succeed, they grow senile, they nod, they sleep, they die; they are buried and remain in their graves for ages. And then they come again in the garb of youth, to slaughter and slay—and inspire and liberate. And this death and resurrection goes on forever. In Time, there is nothing either new or old: there is only the rising and the falling of the Infinite Tide.—*Elbert Hubbard*

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